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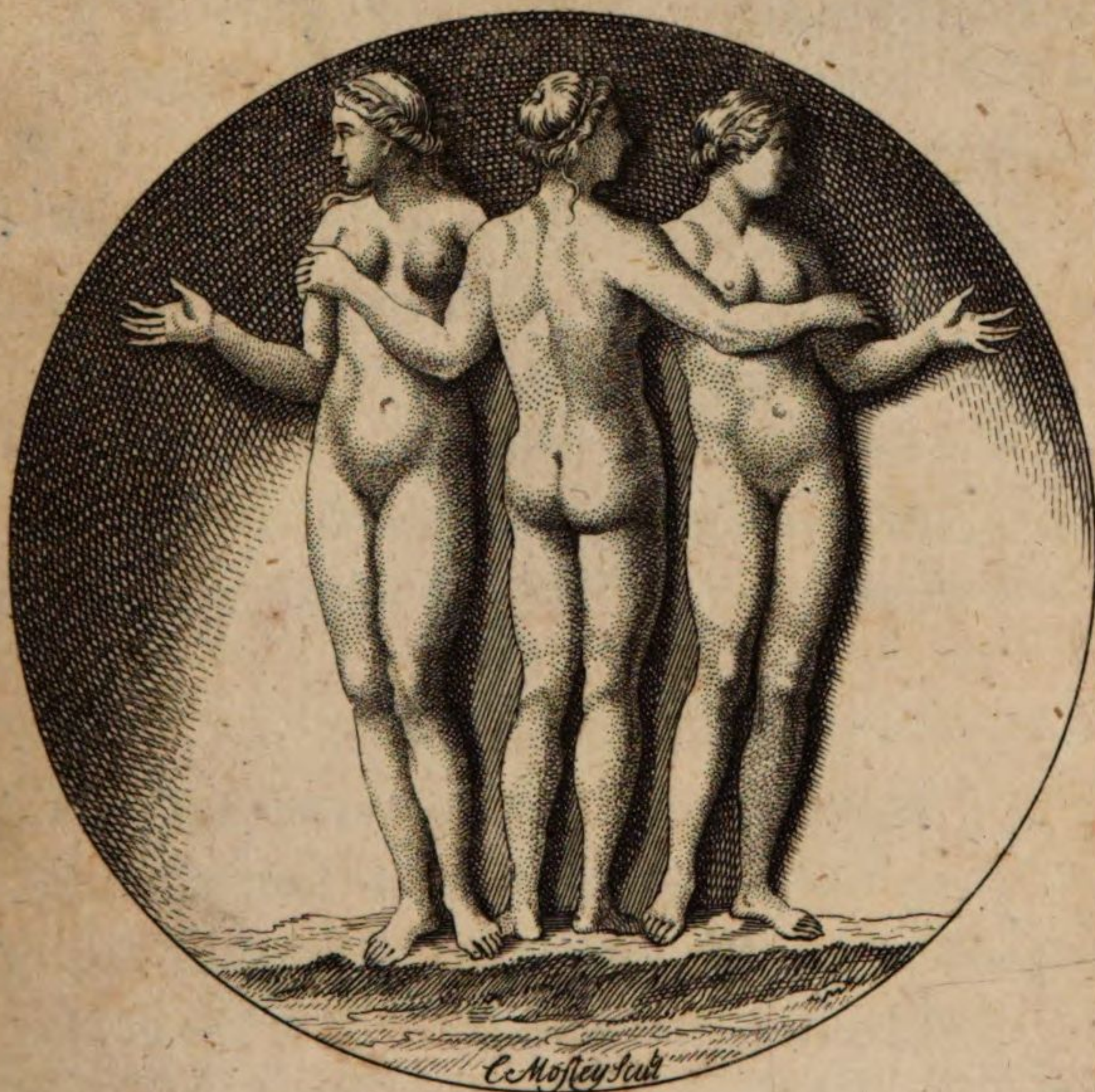


A
COLLECTION
OF

POEMS.

By SEVERAL HANDS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.



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BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

The CHOICE of HERCULES.

A
POEM.

I.

NOW had the son of Jove mature, attain'd
 The joyful prime: when youth, elate and
 Steps into life; and follows unrestrain'd [gay,
 Where passion leads, or prudence points the way:
 In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
 Or vice, rank weed, strikes deep her pois'nous root;
 Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
 By just degrees; fair bloom of fairest fruit:
 For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,
 The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

II.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
 For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides fought
 Retirement; nurse of contemplation sage;
 Step following step, and thought succeeding thought:
 Musing, with steady pace the youth pursu'd
 His walk; and lost in meditation stray'd

Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
 Conversing ; while intent his mind survey'd
 The dubious path of life : before him lay
 Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry way.

III.

Much did the view divide his wavering mind :
 Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst of fame ;
 Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
 His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame.
 When, lo ! far off two female forms he spies ;
 Direct to him their steps they seem to bear :
 Both large and tall, exceeding human size ;
 Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
 Graceful, yet each with different grace, they move ;
 This, striking sacred awe ; that, softer, winning love.

IV.

The first, in native dignity surpass'd ;
 Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more :
 Health, o'er her looks, a genuine lustre cast ;
 A vest, more white than new-fall'n snow she wore.
 August she trod, yet modest was her air ;
 Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
 Still she drew near ; and nearer still more fair,
 More mild appear'd : yet such as might inspire
 Pleasure corrected with an awful fear ;
 Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The

V.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue ;
 But bold her mien ; unguarded rov'd her eye :
 And her flush'd cheeks confests'd at nearer view
 The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.

All soft and delicate, with airy swim
 Lightly she danc'd along ; her robe betray'd
 Thro' the clear texture ev'ry tender limb,
 Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade :
 And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin, [skin.
 Her stature shew'd more tall ; more snowy-white, her

VI.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance ;
 Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw :
 Then all around her cast a careless glance,
 To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
 As they came near, before that other dame
 Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
 With hasty step ; nor of repulse afraid,
 Ran to the youth, and with a kiss address'd :
 With winning fondness on his neck she hung ;
 Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue.

VII.

“ Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay ?
 “ Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy
 “ Securely follow, where I lead the way ; [mind ?
 “ And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.

- “ With me retire, from noise, and pain, and care;
 “ Embath’d in blifs, and wrapt in endless ease :
 “ Rough is the road to fame, thro’ blood and war;
 “ Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
 “ With me retire, from toils and perils free ;
 “ Leave honour to the wretch! pleasures were made
 [for thee.

VIII.

- “ Then will I grant thee all thy soul’s desire ;
 “ All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight :
 “ All that thy thought can frame, or wish require,
 “ To steep thy ravish’d senses in delight.
 “ The sumptuous feast, enhanc’d with music’s
 “ Fittest to tune the melting soul to love: [found;
 “ Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around ;
 “ The fragrant bow’r, cool fountain, shady grove :
 “ Fresh flowers, to strew thy couch, and crown thy head ;
 “ Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy
 [bed.

IX.

- “ These will I freely, constantly supply ;
 “ Pleasures, nor earn’d with toil, nor mix’d with woe:
 “ Far from thy rest repining want shall fly ;
 “ Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
 “ Mature the copious harvest shall be thine ;
 “ Let the laborious hind subdue the soil :
 “ Let the rash soldier spoils of war to win ;
 “ Won by the foldier thou shalt share the spoil :
 “ These

“These softer cares my blest allies employ,
 “New pleasures to invent ; to wish, and to enjoy.”

X.

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught :
 He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid ;
 Still gaz'd, and listen'd : then her name besought :
 “My name, fair youth, is Happiness, she said.
 “Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain :
 “They share my bliss ; they best can speak my praise :
 “Tho' slander call me Sloth—detraction vain !
 “Heed not what slander, vain detracter, says :
 “Slander, still prompt true merit to defame ;
 “To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest
 [name.”

XI.

By this, arriv'd the fair majestic maid :
 (She all the while, with the same modest pace,
 Compos'd advanc'd.) “Know, Hercules, she said
 “With manly tone, thy birth of heav'nly race ;
 “Thy tender age that lov'd instruction's voice,
 “Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave and wise ;
 “When manhood should confirm thy glorious
 “Now expectation waits to see thee rise. [choice :
 “Rise, youth ! exalt thyself, and me : approve
 “Thy high descent from heav'n ; and dare be worthy
 Jove.

XII.

[disguise ;

- “ But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not
 “ The steep ascent must be with toil subdu’d :
 “ Watchings and cares must win the lofty prize,
 “ Propos’d by heav’n ; true bliss, and real good.
 “ Honour rewards the brave and bold alone ;
 “ She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base :
 “ Danger and toil stand stern before her throne ;
 “ And guard, (so Jove commands) the sacred place.
 “ Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
 “ And pay the price of fame ; labour, and care, and pain.

XIII.

- “ Wou’dst thou engage the god’s peculiar care ?
 “ O Hercules, th’ immortal powers adore !
 “ With a pure heart, with sacrifice and pray’r
 “ Attend their altars ; and their aid implore.
 “ Or wou’dst thou gain thy country’s loud ap-
 “ Lov’d as her father, as her god ador’d ? [plause,
 “ Be thou the bold assertor of her cause ;
 “ Her voice, in council ; in the fight, her sword.
 “ In peace, in war, pursue thy country’s good : [blood
 “ For her, bare thy bold breast ; and pour thy generous

XIV.

[oppress,

- “ Woud’st thou, to quell the proud and list th’
 “ In arts of war and matchless strength excel ?
 “ First conquer thou thyself. To ease, to rest,
 “ To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.

“ The night alternate, due to sweet repose,
 “ In watches waste ; in painful march, the day :
 “ Congeal’d, amidst the rigorous winter’s snows ;
 “ Scorch’d, by the summer’s thirst-inflaming ray.
 “ Harden’d by toil, thy limbs shall boast new might :
 “ Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight.

XV.

[engage ;

“ Hear’st thou, what monsters then thou must
 “ What danger, gentle youth, she bids thee prove ?
 (Abrupt says Sloth :) “ ill fit thy tender age
 “ Tumult and wars ; fit age, for joy and love.
 “ Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy !
 “ To these I lead : no monsters here shall stay
 “ Thine easy course : no cares thy peace annoy :
 “ I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way.
 “ Short is my way ; fair, easy, smooth, and plain :
 “ Turn, gentle youth ! with me, eternal pleasures reign.

XVI.

“ What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine !
 “ (Virtue with scorn reply’d :) who sleep’st in ease
 “ Insensate ; whose soft limbs the toil decline
 “ That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please.
 “ Draining the copious bowl, ere thirst require ;
 “ Feasting, ere hunger to the feast invite :
 “ Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire ;
 “ Whom luxury supplies with appetite:

“ Yet nature loaths ; and you employ in vain
 “ Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

XVII.

“ The sparkling nectar, cool'd with summer
 “ The dainty board, with choicest viands spread ;
 “ To thee are tasteless all ! sincere repose
 “ Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.
 “ For thou art only tir'd with indolence :
 “ Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought ;
 “ Th' imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense
 “ In dull oblivious interval of thought :
 “ That kindly steals th' inactive hours away [the day.
 “ From the long, ling'ring space, that lengthens out

XVIII.

“ From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
 “ Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights :
 “ Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours ;
 “ Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
 “ Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove
 “ Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortal blisful place ;
 “ For ever banish'd from the realms above,
 “ To dwell on earth, with man's degenerate race :
 “ Fitter abode ! on earth alike disgrac'd ;
 “ Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

“ Fond

XIX.

- “ Fond wretch, that vainly weeneſt all delight
 “ To gratify the ſenſe reſerv'd for thee !
 “ Yet the moſt pleaſing object to the ſight,
 “ Thine own fair action, never didſt thou ſee.
 “ Tho' lull'd with ſoſteſt ſounds thou lieſt along;
 “ Soft muſick, warbling voices, melting lays: [ſong
 “ Ne'er did'ſt thou hear, more ſweet than ſweeteſt
 “ Charming the ſoul, thou ne'er did'ſt hear thy
 “ No——to thy revels let the fool repair: [praiſe !
 “ To ſuch, go ſmooth thy ſpeech ; and ſpread thy
 XX. [tempting ſnare

XX.

- “ Vaſt happineſs enjoy thy gay allies !
 “ A youth, of follies ; an old age, of cares :
 “ Young, yet enervate ; old, yet never wiſe ;
 “ Vice waſtes their vigour, and their mind impairs.
 “ Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtleſs eaſe,
 “ Reſerving woes for age, their prime they ſpend ;
 “ All wretched, hopeleſs, in the evil days,
 “ With ſorrow, to the verge of life they tend.
 “ Griev'd with the preſent ; of the paſt, aſham'd ;
 “ They live, and are deſpis'd : they die, nor more are
 XXI. [nam'd.

XXI.

[nam'd.

- “ But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell :
 “ Me, his ſupreme delight, th'almighty fire
 “ Regards well-pleas'd : whatever works excel,
 “ All or divine, or human, I inſpire.

“ Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
 “ In union meet conjoin’d, with me reside:
 “ My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart;
 “ The surest policy, the wisest guide. [to bind
 “ With me, true friendship dwells: she deigns
 “ Those generous souls alone, whom I before have
 XXII. [join’d.

“ Nor need my friends the various costly feast;
 “ Hunger to them th’ effects of art supplies:
 “ Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest; [rise.
 “ Sweet is their sleep: light, chearful, strong they
 “ Thro’ health, thro’ joys, thro’ pleasure, and
 renown,
 “ They tread my paths; and by a soft descent,
 “ At length to age all gently sinking down,
 “ Look back with transport on a life well-spent:
 “ In which, no hour flew unimprov’d away;
 “ In which, some generous deed distinguish’d every day’

XXIII. [pleat,
 “ And when, the destin’d term at length com-
 “ Their ashes rest in peace; eternal fame
 “ Sounds wide their praise: triumphant over fate,
 “ In sacred song, for ever lives their name.
 “ This, Hercules, is happiness! Obey
 “ My voice, and live. Let thy celestial birth
 “ Lift, and enlarge, thy thoughts. Behold the way
 “ That leads to fame; and raises thee from earth

“Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,
 “Pursue the glorious path; and claim thy native skies.”

XXIV.

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
 New vigour to his soul; that sudden caught

The generous flame: with great intent his heart
 Swells full; and labours with exalted thought:

The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
 Thro' all her fraudulent arts in clearest light

Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
 Unveil'd she stood, confest before his sight:

False firen!—All her vaunted charms, that shone
 So fresh erewhile, and fair; now wither'd, pale, and gone.

XXV.

No more, the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
 Masks her dissembled looks: each borrow'd grace
 Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds her eyes
 Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.

As when fair Iris has a while display'd
 Her watry arch, with gaudy painture gay;

While yet we gaze, the glorious colours fade,
 And from our wonder gently steal away:

Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,
 Now lowers the low-hung cloud; all gloomy to the
 sight.

XXVI.

But virtue more engaging all the while
 Disclos'd new charms; more lovely, more serene;
 Beaming sweet influence. A milder smile
 Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.

“Lead, goddess, I am thine! (transported cry'd

“Alcides :) O propitious pow'r, thy way

“Teach me! possess my soul; be thou my guide:

“From thee, O never, never let me stray!”

While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd;
 With all the goddesses fill'd, already glow'd his breast.

XXVII.

The heav'nly maid, with strength divine endu'd
 His daring soul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:

Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
 Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.

Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,
 By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,

From fiercest monsters, thro' her pow'rful aid,
 He free'd the earth: thro' her, he gain'd the skies.

'Twas virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;
 Crown'd, with eternal youth: among the Gods a God.

An ODE

To the

People of GREAT-BRITAIN.

*In Imitation of the Sixth ODE of the Third Book of
HORACE.*

Written in 1746.

I.

BRITON! the thunder of the wrath divine,
Due to thy father's crimes, and long with-held
from thine,
Shall burst with tenfold rage on thy devoted head;
Unless with conscious terrors aw'd,
By meek, heart-struck repentance led,
Suppliant thou fall before th' offended god:
If haply yet thou may'st avert his ire;
And stay his arm out-stretch'd to launch th' avenging fire.

II.

Did not high god of old ordain,
When to thy grasp he gave the sceptre of the main,
That empire in this favour'd land,
Fix'd on religion's solid base should stand?

When

When from thy struggling neck he broke
 Th' inglorious, galling, papal yoke,
 Humbled the pride of haughty Spain,
 And freed thee by the woman-hero's hand ;
 He then confirm'd the strong decree :

“ Briton, be virtuous and be free ;

“ Be truth, be sanctity thy guide :

“ Be humble : fear thy god ; and fear thou none beside.

III.

Oft has th' offended pow'r his rising anger shown :

Led on by his avenging hand

Rebellion triumphs in the land :

Twice have her barbarous sons our war-train'd hosts
 o'er-thrown.

They fell a cheap inglorious prey ;

Th' ambitious victor's boast was half suppress'd,

While heav'n-bred fear, and wild dismay,

Unman'd the warrior's heart, and reign'd in ev'ry breast.

IV.

Her arms to foreign lands Britannia bore ;

Her arms, auspicious now no more !

With frequent conquest where the fires were
 crown'd ;

The sons ill-fated fell, and bit the hostile ground :

The tame, war-trading Belgian fled,

While in his cause the Briton bled :

The

The Gaul stood wond'ring at his own success ;
 Oft did his hardiest bands their wonted fears confess,
 Struck with dismay, and meditating flight :
 While the brave foe still urg'd th' unequal fight,
 While WILLIAM with his father's ardour fir'd,
 Through all th' undaunted host the generous flame in-
 V. [spir'd!

But heavier far the weight of shame
 That sunk Britannia's naval fame :
 In vain she spreads her once-victorious sails :
 Or fear, or rashness, in her chiefs prevails ;
 And wildly these prevent, those basely shun the fight :
 Content with humble praise, the foe
 Avoids the long-impending blow ;
 Improves the kind escape, and triumphs in his flight.
 VI.

The monstrous age, which still encreasing years debase,
 Which teems with unknown crimes, and genders new
 disgrace.
 First, unrestrain'd by honour, faith, or shame,
 Confounding ev'ry sacred name,
 The hallow'd nuptial bed with lawless lust profan'd :
 Deriv'd from this polluted source
 The dire corruption held its course
 Through the whole canker'd race, and tainted all the
 land.

VII.

The rip'ning maid is vers'd in ev'ry dangerous art,
 That ill adorns the form while it corrupts the heart :
 Practis'd to dress, to dance, to play,
 In wanton mask to lead the way,
 To move the pliant limbs, to roll the luring eye ;
 With folly's gayest partizan's to vye
 In empty noise and vain expence ;
 To celebrate with flaunting air
 The midnight revels of the fair ;
 Studious of ev'ry praise, but virtue, truth, and sense.

VIII.

Thus lesson'd in intrigue her early thought improves,
 Nor meditates in vain forbidden loves :
 Soon the gay nymph, as nature leads, shall rove
 Free and at large amid th' Idalian grove ;
 Or haply jealous of the voice of fame,
 Mask'd in the matron's sober name,
 With many a well-dissembled wile
 The kind, convenient husband's care beguile ;
 More deeply vers'd in Venus' mystic lore,
 Yet for such meaner arts too lofty and sublime,
 The proud, high-born, patrician whore,
 Bears unabash'd her front ; and glories in her crime.

IX.

IX.

Hither from city and from court
 The votaries of love resort;
 The rich, the great, the gay and the severe;
 The pension'd architect of laws;
 The patriot loud in virtue's cause;
 Proud of imputed worth the peer:
 Regardless of his faith, his country, or his name,
 He pawns his honour and estate,
 Nor reckons at how dear a rate
 He purchases disease, and servitude, and shame.

X.

Not from such dastard fires, to ev'ry virtue lost,
 Sprung the brave youth which Britain once could boast:
 Who curb'd the Gaul's usurping sway,
 Who swept th' unnumber'd hosts away,
 In Agincourt, and Cressy's glorious plain;
 Who dy'd the seas with Spanish blood,
 Their vainly-vaunted fleets subdu'd, [main.
 And spread the mighty wreck o'er all the vanquish'd

XI.

[known:
 No;—'twas a generous race, by worth transmissive
 In their bold breasts their father's spirit glow'd;
 In their pure veins their mother's virtue flow'd:
 They made hereditary praise their own.

The

The fire his emulous offspring led
 The rougher paths of fame to tread ;
 The matron train'd their spotless youth
 In honour, sanctity, and truth ;
 Form'd by th' united parent's care,
 The sons, tho' bold, were wise ; the daughters chaste,
 XII. [tho' fair.

How time, all-wasting, ev'n the worst impairs,
 And each foul age to dregs still fouler runs !
 Our fires more vicious ev'n than theirs,
 Left us, still more degenerate heirs,
 To spawn a baser brood of monster-breeding sons.

P S Y C H E:

O R,

The GREAT METAMORPHOSIS.

A POEM, written in Imitation of SPENCER.

I.

WHERE early Phœbus sheds his milder beams,
 The happy gardens of Adonis lay :
 There time, well pleas'd to wonne, a youth beseems,
 Ne yet his wings were fledg'd, ne locks were grey ;
 Round

Round him in sweet accord the *seasons* play
 With fruites and blossoms meint, in goodly gree;
 And dancing hand in hand rejoyce the lea.
 Sick garden's now no mortal wight can see,
 Ne mote they in my simple verse describen be.

II.

The temper'd clime full many a tree affords;
 Those many trees blush forth with ripen'd fruit;
 The blushing fruit to feast invites the birds;
 The birds with plenteous feasts their strength recruite,
 And warble songs more sweet than shepherd's flute.
 The gentle stream that roll'd the stones among,
 Charm'd with the place, almost forgot its suite;
 But list'ning, and responding to the song,
 Loit'ring, and winding often, murmured along.

III.

Here Panacea, here Nepenthè grew,
 Here Polygon, and each ambrosial weed;
 Whose vertues could decayed health renew,
 And, answering exhausted nature's need,
 Mote eath a mortal to immortal feed.
 Here lives Adonis in unfading youth;
 Cœlestial Venus grants him that rich meed,
 And him successive evermore renew'th,
 In recompence for all his faithful love and truth.

IV.

IV.

Not she, I ween, the wanton queen of love,
 All buxom as the waves from whence she rose,
 With her twin-sons, who idly round her rove,
 One Eros hight, the other Anteros;
 Albeit brothers, different as foes:
 This sated, sullen, apt for bickermment;
 That hungry, eager, fit for derring-does.
 That flies before, with scorching flames ybrent;
 This foll'wing douts those Flames with peevish discon-

V.

[tent.

Cœlestial Venus does such ribaulds shun,
 Ne dare they in her purlues to be seen:
 But Cupid's torch, fair mother's fairest son,
 Shines with a steady unconsuming sheen;
 Not fierce, yet bright, coldness and rage between.
 The backs of lyons fellonest he strode;
 And lyons tamely did themselves amene:
 On natures wild full sov'reignly he rode;
 Wild natures, chang'd, confess'd the mild puissant god.

VI.

A beauteous fay, or heav'n descended spright,
 Sprung from her fire, withouten females aid,
 (As erst Minerva did) and Psyche hight,
 In that enclosure happy sojourn made.

No.

No art some heel'd uncomeliness betray'd,
 But nature wrought her many-colour'd stole;
 Ne tarnish'd like an Æthiopian maid,
 Scorch'd with the suns that ore her beauties roll;
 Ne faded like the dames who bleach beneath the pole.

VII.

Nor shame, nor pride of borrow'd substance wrought
 Her gay embroidery and ornament:
 But she who gave the gilded insect's coat
 Spun the soft filk, and spread the various teint:
 The gilded insect's colours yet were feint
 To those which nature for this fairy wove.
 Our grannams thus with diff'rent dyes besprent
 Adorn'd, in naked majesty, the grove,
 Charm'd our great fires, and warm'd our frozen clime
 to love.

VIII.

On either side, and all adown her back,
 With many a ring at equal distance plac'd,
 Contrary to the rest, was heben black,
 With shades of green, quick changing as she pass'd;
 All were on ground-work of bright gold ore-cast.
 The black gave livelood to the greenish hue,
 The green still deep'd the heben ore it lac'd;
 The gold, that peep'd atween and then withdrew,
 Gave lustre to them both, and charm'd the wondring
 view.

IX.

IX.

It seem'd like arras, wrought with cunning skill,
 Where kindly meddle colours, light, and shade :
 Here flows the flood ; there rising wood or hill
 Breaks off its course ; gay verdure dities the mead.
 The stream, depeinten by the glitt'rand braid,
 Among the hills now winding seems to hide ;
 Now shines unlook'd for thro' the op'ning glade,
 Now in full torrent pours its golden tyde ;
 Hills, woods, and meads refresh'd, rejoicing by its side.

X.

Her Cupid lov'd, whom Psyche lov'd again.
 He, like her parent and her belamour,
 Sought how she mote in sickness remain,
 From all malengine safe, and evil stour.
 " Go, tender coſſet, ſaid he, forray ore
 " Theſe walks and lawnds ; thine all theſe buſ-
 kets are ;
 " Thine ev'ry ſhrub, thine ev'ry fruite and flower:
 " But oh ! I charge thee, love, the roſe forbear ;
 " For prickles ſharp do arm the dang'rous roſiere.

XI.

" Prickles will pain, and pain will baniſh love :
 " I charge thee, Psyche, then the roſe forbear.
 " When faint and ſick, thy languors to remove,
 " To yon ambroſial ſhrubs and plants repair ;

" Thou

“ Thou weetest not what med’cines in them are:

“ What wonders follow their repeated use

“ N’ote thy weak sense conceive, should I declare;

“ Their labour’d balm, and well concocted juice,

“ New life, new forms, new thews, new joys, new
XII. [worlds produce.

“ Thy term of tryal past with constancy,

“ That wimpling slough shall fall like filth away;

“ On pinions broad, uplifted to the sky,

“ Thou shalt, astert, thy stranger self survey.

“ Together, Psyche, will we climb and play;

“ Together wander through the fields of air,

“ Beyond where suns and moons mete night and

“ I charge thee, O my love, the rose forbear, day.

“ If thou wouldst scathe avoid. Psyche, forewarn’d,
XIII. [beware!”

“ How sweet thy words to my enchanted ear!

(With grateful, modest confidence she said;)

“ If Cupid speak, I could for ever hear:

“ Trust me, my love, thou shalt be well obey’d.

“ What rich purveyance for me hast thou made,

“ The prickly rose alone denied! the rest

“ In full indulgence giv’n! ’twere to upbraid

“ To doubt compliance with this one request:

“ How small, and yet how kind, Cupid, is thy behest!

XIV.

XIV.

- “ And is that kindness made an argument
 “ To raise me still to higher scenes of bliss?
 “ Is the acceptance of thy goodness meant
 “ Merit in me for farther happiness?
 “ No merit and no argument, I wifs,
 “ Is there besides in me unworthy maid:
 “ Thy gift the very love I bear thee is.
 “ Trust me, my love, thou shalt be well obey’d;
 “ To doubt compliance here, Cupid, were to upbraid.

XV.

Withouten counterfesaunce thus she spoke;
 Unweeting of her frailty. Light uprose
 Cupid on easy wing: yet tender look,
 And oft reverted eye on her bestows;
 Fearfull, but not distrustfull of her vows.
 And mild regards she back reflects on him:
 With aching eye pursues him as he goes;
 With aching heart marks each diminish’d limb;
 Till indistinct, diffus’d and lost in air he seem.

XVI.

He went to set the watches of the east,
 That none mote rush in with the tyde of wind:
 He went to Venus to make fond request
 From fleshly firm to loosen Psyche’s mind,

And

And her effoons transfew. She forelore pin'd ;
 And mov'd for solace to the glassy lake,
 To view the charms that had his heart entwin'd.
 She saw, and blush'd, and smil'd ; then inly spake :
 “ These charms I cannot choose but love, for Cupid's
 XVII. [sake.”

But sea-born Venus 'gan with envy stir
 At bruite of their great happiness ; and fought
 How she mote wreak her spight : then call'd to her
 Her sons, and op'd what rankled in her thought ;
 Asking who'd venture ore the mounds to vau't
 To breed them scathe unwares ; to damp the joy
 Of blisful Venus, or to bring to nought
 The liefest purpose of her dearling boy,
 Or urge them both their minion Psyche to destroy.
 XVIII.

Eros recul'd, and noul'd the work atchieve.
 “ Bold is th' attempt, said he, averse from love ;
 “ If love inspires I could derreign to reave
 “ His spear from Mars, his levin-brond from Jove.”
 Him Anteros, snob'd furly. “ Gallefs dove !
 “ Than love's, spight's mightier prowess understond :
 “ If spight inspires, I dare all dangers prove ;
 “ And if successful, stand the levin-brond,
 “ When hurlen angry forth from Jove's avenging hond.

XIX.

He said, and deffly t'wards the gardens flew ;
 Horribly smiling at his foul emprise.
 When, nearer still and nearer as he drew,
 Unsufferable brightness wounds his eyes
 Forth beaming from the crystal walls ; he tries
 A rear to move, averted from the blaze.
 But now no longer the pure æther buoys
 His grosser bodies disproportion'd peaze ;
 Down drops, plumb from his tow'ring path, the trea-
 [chor base.

XX.

So ore Avernus, or the Lucrine lake,
 The wistless bird pursues his purpos'd flight :
 Whether by vapours noy'd that thenceforth break,
 Or else deserted by an air too light,
 Down tumbles the fowl headlong from his height.
 So Anteros astonied fell to ground,
 Provok'd, but not accoid at his straunge plight.
 He rose, and wending coasts it round and round
 To find unguarded pass, hopeless to leap the mound.

XXI.

As on the margin of a stream he stood,
 Slow rolling from that paradise within,
 A snake's out-case untenanted he view'd :
 Seizing the spoil, albe it worthless been,

He

He darts himself into the vacant skin.
 In borrow'd gear, th' exulting lofel glides,
 Whose faded hues with joy flush bright again :
 Triumphant ore the buoyant flood he rides ;
 And shoots th' important gulph, borne on the gentle
 XXII. [tydes.

So shone the brazen gates of Babylon ;
 Armies invain her muniments assail :
 So strong, no engines could them batter down ;
 So high, no ladders could the ramparts scale ;
 So flank'd with tow'rs, besiegers n'ote avail ;
 So wide, sufficient harvests they enclose :
 But where might yields, there stratagems prevail.
 Faithless Euphrates thro' the city flows,
 And through his channel pours the unexpected foes.
 XXIII.

He sails along in many a wanton spire ;
 Now floats at length, now proudly rears his crest :
 His sparkling eyes and scales, instinct with fire,
 With splendor, as he moves, the waves ore kest :
 And the waves gleam beneath his flaming breast.
 As through the battle, set in full array,
 When the sun walks in radiant brightness drest ;
 His beams, that on the burnish'd helmits play,
 The burnish'd helms reflect, and spread unufal day.

XXIV.

So on he fares, and stately wreaths about,
 In semblaunce like a seraph glowing bright;
 But without terror flash'd his lightnings out,
 More to be wonder'd at, than to affright.

The backward stream soon led the masker right
 To the broad lake, where hanging ore the flood
 (Narcissus like, enamour'd with the sight
 Of his own beauties) the fond Psyche stood,
 To mitigate the pains of lonely widowhood.

XXV.

Unkenn'd of her, he raught the embroider'd bank;
 And thrô the tangled flouretts west aside
 To where a rosiere, by the river dank,
 Luxuriant grew in all its blowing pride,
 Not far from Psyche; arm'd with scaly hide
 He clamb the thorns, which no impression make;
 His glitt'rand length, with all its folds untied,
 Plays floating ore the bush: then silence brake,
 And thus the nymph, astonied at his speech, bespake.

XXVI.

“ O fairest, and most excellent, compleat
 “ In all perfections, sovrein queen of nature!
 “ The whole creation bowing at thy feet
 “ Submissive pays thee homage! wondrous creature,

“ If

“ If ought created thou ! for ev’ry feature
 “ Speaks thee a goddess issued from the skie ;
 “ Oh ! let not me offend, unbidden waiter,
 “ At awful distance gazing thus !— But why
 “ Should gazing thus offend ? or how unbidden I ?

XXVII.

“ The sun that wakes those flourets from their beds,
 “ Or opes these buds by his soft influence,
 “ Is not offended that they peep their heads,
 “ And shew they feel his pow’r by their quick sense,
 “ Off’ring at his command, their sweet incense,
 “ Thus I, drawn here, by thy enliv’ning rays,
 “ (Call not intrusion my obedience !)
 “ Perforce, yet willing thrall, am come to gaze,
 “ To pay my homage meet, and bask in beauties blaze.”

XXVIII.

Amaz’d she stood, nor could recover soon :
 From contemplation suddenly abraid ;
 Starting at speech unusual : yet the tune
 Struck footly on her ear, and concert made
 With her own thoughts. Nor with less pleasure
 Her eye delighted o’er his glossy skin ; [stray’d
 Yet frightened at the thorn on which he play’d :
 Pleasure with horror mixt ! she hung between
 Suspended ; yields, recoils, uncertain where to lin.

XXIX.

At length she spoke : “ Reptile, no charms I know
 “ Such as you mention : yet what e’er they are,
 “ (And nill I lessen what the gods bestow)
 “ Their is the gift, and be the tribute their !
 “ For them these beauties I improve with care,
 “ Intent on them alone from eve to morn.
 “ But reed me, reptile, whence this wonder rare,
 “ That thou hast speech, as if to reason born ?
 “ And how, unhurt you sport on that forbidden thorn ?

XXX.

“ Say, why forbidden thorn ? the foe replied :
 “ To every reptile, every insect free,
 “ Has malice harsh to thee alone denied
 “ The fragrance of the rose enjoy’d by me ?
 “ — ’Twas love, not malice, form’d the kind decree,
 (Half-wroth, she cried :) “ Thine all these buskets are,
 “ Thine fruite and flow’r, were Cupid’s words to me :
 “ But oh ! I charge thee, love, the rose forbear ;
 “ For prickles sharp do arm the dang’rous rosiere.

XXXI.

“ Prickles will pain, and pain will banish love :
 “ I charge, thee, Psyche, then the rose forbear.
 “ When faint and sick, thy languors to remove,
 “ To yon ambrosial shrubs, and plants repair ;
 “ Thou

“ Thou weetest not what medicines in them are.

“ What wonders follow their repeated use

“ N’ote thy weak sense conceive, should I declare:

“ Their labour’d balm, and well concocted juice,

“ New life, new forms, new thews, new joys, new
XXXII. [worlds produce.

“ Thy term of tryal past with constancy,

“ That wimpling slough shall fall like filth away;

“ On pinions broad up-lifted to the skie,

“ Thou shalt, astert, thy stranger self survey.

“ Together Psyche, will we climb and play;

“ Together wander through the fields of air,

“ Beyond where suns and moons mete night and day.

“ I charge thee, O my love’ the rose forbear,

“ If thou wouldst scathe avoid. Psyche, forewarn’d,
XXXIII. [beware!”

Out burst the frannion into open laugh:

She blush’d, and frown’d at his uncivil mirth.

Then, soften’d to a smile, as hiding half

What mote offend if boldly utter’d forth,

He seem’d t’ assay to give his answer birth:

But stop’d; and chang’d his smiles to looks of ruth.

“ Is this, (quoth he) fit guerdon for thy worth?

“ Does Cupid thus impose upon thy youth? [truth?

“ Dwells then in heav’n such envy, void of love and

XXXIV.

- “ Is this the instance of his tenderneſs,
 “ To envy Psyche what to worms is given?
 “ To cut her off from preſent happineſs
 “ With feign’d reverſion of a promis’d heav’n?
 “ By threatnings falſe from true enjoyments driven!
 “ How innocent the thorn to touch, he knows:
 “ Where are my wounds? or where th’ avenging
 “ How ſoftly bluſh theſe colours of the roſe? [lewin?
 “ How ſweet—(and div’d into the flow’r)—its fra-
 grance flows?

XXXV.

- “ Diſadvantageous are thy terms of tryal?
 “ No longer Psyche then the roſe forbear.
 “ What is to recompence the harſh denyal,
 “ But dreams of wand’ring thro’ the fields of air,
 “ And joys, I know not what, I know not where!
 “ As eath, on leafy pinions borne, the tree
 “ Mote ruſh into the ſkyes, and flutter there,
 “ As thou ſoar yon, and quit thy due degree:
 “ Thou for this world wert made; this world was made
 [for thee.

XXXVI.

- “ In vain you’d fly to yonder ſhrubs and plants;
 “ Bitter their taſte, and worthleſs their effect:
 “ Here is the polychreſt for all thy wants;
 “ No panacea, like the roſe, expect.

“ Mu

“ Mute as my fellow-brutes, as them abject
 “ And reasonless was I, till haply woke
 “ By tasting of the rose, (O weak neglect
 “ In thee the while !) the dawn of sapience broke
 “ On my admiring soul, I reason’d, and I spoke.

XXXVII.

“ Nor this the only change ; for soon I found
 “ The brisker spirits flow in fuller tyde ;
 “ And more than usual lustre spread around :
 “ Such vertue has the rose, in me well tried.
 “ But wise, I ween, thy lover has denied
 “ Its use to thee ; I join him too ; beware
 “ The dang’rous rose. — For such thy beauty’s pride
 “ ’Twere death to gaze on, if improv’d ! — Forbear
 “ To sharp that wit, too keen ! — Touch not the

XXXVIII.

[rosiere.]

Uncheckt, indulg’d, her growing passions rise :
 Wonder, to see him safe, and hear his telling ;
 Ambition vain, to be more fair and wise ;
 And rage, at Cupid’s misconceiv’d false dealing :
 Various the gusts, but, all one way impelling,
 She plung’d into the bottom of the tree,
 And snatch’d the rose, ne dreaded pain or quelling :
 Off drops the snake, nor farther staid to see ;
 But rush’d into the flood, and vanish’d presently.

XXXIX.

Full many a thorn her tender body rent;
 Full many a thorn within the wounds remain,
 And throbbing cause continually dreriment;
 While gory drops her dainty form distain.
 She wishes her lost innocence again,
 And her lost peace, lost charms, lost love to find;
 But shame upbraids her with a wish so vain:
 Despair succeeded, and aversion blind;
 Pain fills her tortur'd sense, and horror clouds her mind.

XL.

Her bleeding, faint, disorder'd, wo-begon,
 Stretcht on the bank beside the fatal thorn,
 Venus, who came to seek her with her son,
 Beheld. She stop'd : And albe heav'nly born,
 Ruthful of others woe, began to mourn.
 The loss of Venus' smiles sick nature found;
 As frost-nipt drops the bloom, the birds forelorn
 Sit hush'd, the faded sun spreads dimness round;
 The clatt'ring thunders crash, and earthquakes rock the
 [ground.

XLI.

Then arming with a killing frown her brow
 "Die, poor unhappy"—Cupid suppliant broke
 The unfinish'd sentence; and with dueful bow
 Beg'd her to doff the keenness of her look,

Which

Which nature feeling to her center shook.

“ Then how should Psyche bear it? Spare the maid;
 “ ’Tis plain that Anteros his spight has wroke:
 “ Shall vengeance, due to him, on her be laid?
 “ Oh! let me run, and reach th’ ambrosial balms,”
 XLII. [he said.

“ Ah what would, Cupid ask? the queen replies;
 “ Can all those balms restore her peace again?
 “ Wouldst thou a wretched life immortalize;
 “ Wouldst thou protract, by potent herbs, her pain?
 “ Love bids her die; thy cruel wish restrain—
 “ Why then (quoth he) in looms of fate were wove
 “ The lives of those, in long successive train,
 “ From her to spring, thro’ yon bright tracts to rove,
 “ Due to the skyes, and meant to shine in fields above!

XLIII.

“ Say, would thy goodness envy them the light
 “ Appointed for them, or the good prevent
 “ Foreseen from them to flow? erasing quite
 “ The whole creation through avengement?
 “ One only species from its order rent
 “ The whole creation shrivels to a shade.—
 “ —Better all vanish’d, said she, than he meint
 “ In wild confusion, through free will misled,
 “ And tempted to go wrong from punishment delay’d.”

XLIV.

“ Let me that exemplary vengeance bear,
 (Benign return'd her amiable son.)

“ Justice on her would lose its aim ; severe

“ In vain, productive of no good ; for none

“ Could by that desolating blow be won.

“ So falls each generous purpose of the will

“ Correct, extinguish'd by abortion :

“ Whence justice would its own intendments spill,

“ And cut off vertue by the stroke meant vice to kill.

XLV.

“ Yet lest impunity should forehead give

“ To vice, in me let guilt adopted find

“ A victim ; here a while vouchsafe me live

“ Thy proof of justice mixt with mercy kind !” —

“ — Oh ! strange request (quoth she) of pity blind !

“ How shouldst thou suffer, who didst ne'er offend ?

“ How canst thou bear to be from me disjoin'd ?

“ To wander here, where nature 'gins to wend

“ To waste and wilderness, and pleasures have an end ?”

XLVI.

“ You, Venus, suffer, (said he) when you strike

“ Not for your own, but others foul offence :

“ Why not permitted I to do the like,

“ When greater good, I see, will coult from thence ?

“ That

- “ That greater good orepays all punishments ;
 “ And makes my suff’rings, pleasure: if they prove
 “ A means to conquer Anteros, dispense
 “ Healing to Psyche’s wounds, regain her love,
 “ And lead her, with her happy sons, to realms above.”

XLVII.

- “ To thy entreaties Psyche’s life I give,
 Replied th’ indulgent mother to her son.
 “ But yet deform’d, and minish’d let her live ;
 “ ’Till thou shalt grant a better change foredone :
 “ Nor shall that change, but thro’ death gates be won.
 “ This meed be thine, ore her and hers to reign !
 “ Already nature puts her horrors on :
 “ Away !—I to my bow’r of bliss again !
 “ Thou to thy task of love, and voluntary pain.”

XLVIII.

- “ She went ; and, like a shifted stage, the scene
 “ Vanish’d at once ; th’ ambrosial plants were lost ;
 “ The jarring seasons brought on various teen ;
 “ Each fought, each seeking, each by other crost.
 “ Young spring to summer flies from winter’s frost ;
 “ While sweltry summer thirsts for autumn’s bowl,
 “ Which autumn holds to winter ; winter toft
 “ With scorn away, young spring inflames his soul :
 Still craving, never pleas’d, thus round and round they
 roll.

XLIX.

XLIX.
 Th' inclement airs bind up the sluggish foil ;
 The sluggish foil the toilsome hand requires,
 Yet thankless pays with four harsh fruits the toil,
 Ne willing yields but ragged thorns and briers.
 Birds, birds pursue, as hunger's rage inspires ;
 Their sweetest songs are now but songs of woe.
 Here from th' encroaching shore the wave retires ;
 There hoarse floods roar, impetuous torrents flow,
 Invade the land, and the scarce harvests overthrow.

L.
 Stretched on the bank eftsoons th' inviting form
 Of Psyche faded ; brac'd up lank and slim,
 Her dwindled body shrunk into a worm ;
 Her make new-moulded, chang'd in ev'ry limb,
 Her colours only left, all pale and dim :
 Doom'd in a caterpillar's shape to lout.
 Her passions ill such worthless thing beseem ;
 Pride, rage, and vanity to banish out,
 She creeping crawls, and drags a loathsome length about.

LI.
 How Cupid wash'd her noysome filth away ;
 What arts he tried to win her love again ;
 By what wiles guileful Ant'ros did assay,
 By leasing, still her recreant to maintain,

And render Cupid's kindly labours vain:
 Their combat, Cupid's conquest, Pysche's crown,
 (My day's set task here ended) must remain
 Unfung; far nobler verse mote they renown:
 Unyoke the toiled steers, the weary sun goes down.

JOVI ELEUTHERIO:

Or, an OFFERING to

LIBERTY.

*Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi que imperiosus;
 Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
 Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
 Fortis; et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus.*

HOR. Serm. Lib. II. Sat. 7.

HAIL LIBERTY! whose presence glads th' abode
 Of heav'n itself, great attribute of god!
 By thee sustain'd, th' unbounded spirit runs,
 Moulds orbs on orbs, and lights up suns on suns;
 By thee sustain'd, in love unwearied lives,
 And uncontroul'd creates, supports, forgives:

No

No pow'r, or time, or space his will withstood;
Almighty! endless! infinite in good!

“ If so, why not communicate the bliss,
“ And let man know what this great blessing is ?”
Say what proportion, creature, wouldst thou claim;
As thy creator's, in extent, the same?
Unless his other attributes were join'd
To poise the will, and regulate the mind,
Goodness to aim, and wisdom to direct,
What mighty mischiefs must we thence expect?
The maker knows his work; nor judg'd it fit
To trust the rash resolves of human wit:
Which prone to hurt, too blind to help, is still
Alike pernicious, mean it good or ill.

A whim, t' improvements making fond pretence,
Would burst a system in experiments;
Sparrows and cats indeed no more should fear,
But Saturn tremble in his distant sphere:
Give thee but footing in another world,
Say, Archimedes, where should we be hurl'd?

A spritely wit, with liquor in his head,
Would burn a globe to light him drunk to bed:
Th' Ephesian temple had escap'd the flame,
And heav'n's high dome had built the madman's fame.

The sullen might, when malice boil'd within,
Strike out the stars to intimate his spleen:

Not

Not poppy-heads had spoke a Tarquin crost,
Nature's chief spring had broke, and all been lost.

Nor less destructive would this licence prove,
Tho' thy breast flam'd with universal love.

In vain were thy benevolence of soul ;

Soon would thy folly disconcert the whole.

No rains, or snows should discompose the air,

But flow'rs and sun-shine drain the weary year ;

No clouds should sully the clear face of day ;

No tempest rise, — to blow a plague away.

Mercy should reign untir'd, unstain'd with blood,

Spare the frail guilty, — to eat up the good :

In their defence, rise, sacred justice, rise,

Awake the thunders sleeping in the skies,

Sink a corrupted city in a minute.

— Wo ! to the righteous ten who may be in it !

Pick out the bad, and sweep them all away.

— So leave their babes to cats and dogs a prey.

Such pow'r, without god's wisdom and his will,

Were only an omnipotence of ill.

Suited to man can we such pow'r esteem ?

Fiends would be harmless, if compar'd with him.

Say then, shall all his attributes be given ?

His essence follows, and his throne of heaven ;

His very unity. Proud wretch ! shall he

Un-god himself to make a god of thee ?

How

How wide, such lust of liberty confounds!
 Would less content thee, prudent mark the bounds.
 “ Those which th’ almighty monarch first design’d,
 “ When his great image seal’d the human mind ;
 “ When to the beasts the fruitful earth was given,
 “ To fish the ocean, and to birds their heaven,
 “ And all to man ; whom full creation, stor’d,
 “ Receiv’d as it’s proprietor, and lord.
 “ E’er earth, whose spacious tract unmeasur’d spreads,
 “ Was slic’d by acres and by roods to shreds :
 “ When trees and streams were made a general good ;
 “ And not as limits, meanly to exclude :
 “ When all to all belong’d ; e’er pow’r was told
 “ By number’d troops, or wealth by counted gold :
 “ E’er kings, or priests their tyranny began,
 “ Or man was vassal’d to his fellow-man.

O Halcyon state ! when man begun to live !
 A blessing worthy of a god to give !
 When, on th’ unspotted mind, his maker drew
 The heav’nly characters, correct and true.
 All useful knowledge, from that source, supply’d,
 No blindness sprung from ignorance or pride ;
 All proper blessings, from that hand, bestow’d,
 No mischiefs, or from want or fulness flow’d ;
 The quick’ning passions gave a pleasing zest,
 While thankful man submitted to be blest :

Simplicity

Simplicity was wisdom, temperance health,
 Obedience pow'r, and full contentment wealth.
 So happy once was man ! till the vain elf
 Shook off his guide, and set up for himself.
 Smit with the charms of independency,
 He scorns protection, raging to be free.
 Now, self-expos'd, he feels his naked state,
 Shrinks with the blast, or melts before the heat ;
 And blindly wanders, as his fancy leads,
 To starve on wastes, or feast on pois'nous weeds.
 Now to the savage beasts an obvious prey,
 Or crafty men, more savage still than they :
 No less imprudent to his breast to take
 The friend unfaithful, or th' envenom'd snake ;
 Equally fatal, whether on the Nile,
 Or in the city, weeps the crocodile.

Nor yet less blindly deviates learned pride,
 In Ætna burn'd, or drown'd amid the tide ;
 Boasts of superior sense, then raves to see
 (When contradicted,) fools less wise than he ;
 Mates with his great creator, vainly bold
 To make new systems, or to mend the old ;
 Shapes out a deity ; doubts, then denies ;
 And, drunk with science, curses god and dies.

Not heav'nly wisdom, only, is with-held,
 But the free bounty of the self-sown field :

No

No more, as erst, from nature's ready feast,
 Rises the satisfy'd, but temp'rate guest ;
 Cast wild abroad, no happy mean preserves ;
 By choice he surfeits, by constraint he starves ;
 Toils life away upon the stubborn plain,
 T'extort from thence the slow reluctant grain ;
 The slow reluctant grain procur'd to-day,
 His less industrious neighbour steals away ;
 Hence fists and clubs the village-peace confound,
 Till sword and cannon spread the ruin round ;
 For time and art but bring from bad to worse :
 Unequal lots succeed unequal force,
 Each lot a feveral curse. Hence rich and poor :
 This pines, and dies neglected at the door ;
 While gouts and fevers wait the loaded mess,
 And take full vengeance for the poor's distress.

No more the passions are the springs of life ;
 But seeds of vice, and elements of strife ;
 Love, social love, t' extend to all design'd,
 Back to its fountain flows, to self confin'd :
 Source of misfortunes ! the fond husband's wrong,
 The maid dishonour'd, and deserted young !
 The mischief spreads, when vengeance for the lust
 Unpeople's realms, and calls the ruin just.
 Hence, Troy, thy fate, the blood of thousands spilt,
 And orphans mourning for unconscious guilt.

Thus

Thus love destroys, for kinder purpose giv'n,
 And man corrupts the blessings meant by heav'n,
 Self-injur'd, let us censure HIM no more :
 Ambition makes us slaves, and av'rice poor.

What arts the wild disorder shall controul,
 And render peace with virtue to the soul ?
 Out-reason interest, balance prejudice,
 Give passion ears, and blinded error eyes ?
 Arm the weak hand with conquest, and protect
 From guile, the heart too honest to suspect ?
 For this, mankind, by sad experience taught,
 Again their safety in dependence fought :
 Press'd to the standard, sued before the throne,
 And durst rely on wisdom not their own.
 Hence Saturn rul'd in peace th' Ausonian plains,
 While Salian songs to virtue won the swains. [springs:

But pois'nous streams must flow from poison'd
 The priests were mortal, and meer men the kings.
 What aid from monarchs mighty to enslave !
 What good from teachers cunning to deceive ?
 Allegiance gives defensive arms away ;
 And faith usurps imperial reason's sway.

Let civil Rome, from faithful records, tell
 What royal blessings from her Nero fell.
 When those, prefer'd all grievance to redress,
 Bought of their prince a licence to oppress ;

When

When uncorrupted merit found no place,
 But left the trade of honour to the base.
 See industry, by draining imposts curst,
 Starve in the harvest, in the vintage thirst !
 In vain for help th' insulted matron cries,
 'Twas death in husbands to have ears and eyes :
 Fatal were beauty, virtue, wealth, or fame ;
 No man in aught a property could claim ;
 No, not his sex : strange arts the monster try'd,
 And sporus, spite of nature, was his bride.
 Unhurt by foes proud Rome for ages stands,
 Secure from all, but her protector's hands.
 Recall your pow'rs, ye Romans, back again ;
 Unmake the monarch, and ne'er fear the man.
 Naked, and scorn'd, see where the abject flies !
 And, once un-cæsar'd, soon the fidler dies.

Next, holy Rome, thy happiness declare,
 While peace and truth watch round the sacred chair.
 Peace !—which from racks and persecution flows !
 Myfterious truths !—which every sense oppose !
 That god made man, was all th' unlearn'd could reach ;
 That man makes god, th' enlighten'd fathers teach.
 Men, blind and partial, need a light divine ;
 Which popes new trim, and teach it how to shine.
 Rude nature dreads accusing guilt, unknown
 The balmy doctrine, that dead saints atone :

The careful pontiff, merciful to save,
 Hoards up a fund of merit from the grave;
 And righteous hands the equal balance hold,
 Nor weigh it out, but to just sums of gold,
 Sole judge, he deals his pardon, or his curse;
 Not heav'n itself the sentence can reverse:
 Grac'd with his sceptre, awful with his rod,
 This man of sin usurps the seat of god;
 Disarm'd, and unador'd th' almighty lies,
 And quits to saints his incense, and his skies:
 No more the object of our fears, or hope;
 The creature, and the vassal of the pope.
 "From fanes and cities scar'd, fly swift away!"
 — To the rude lybian in his wilds a prey.
 "The blood-stain'd sword from the fell tyrant wrest!"
 — Thousands unsheath'd shall threat thy naked breast.
 "The dogmatist's imperious aid disdain!"
 — So sink in brutish ignorance again.
 "Is there no medium, must we victims fall
 "To one man's LUST, or to the RAGE of all?
 "Is reason doom'd a certain slave to be,
 "To our blind PASSIONS, or a priest's DECREE?"
 Hail happy Albion! whose distinguish'd plains
 This temp'rate mean, tho' dearly earn'd, maintains!
 Senates (the wills of individuals check'd,)
 The strength and prudence of the realm collect;

Each

Each yields to all, that each may thence receive
 The full assistance which the whole can give:
 For this, thy Patriots lawless pow'r withstood,
 And bought their children's charter with their blood.
 While reverend years, and various-letter'd age,
 Dispassion'd open the mysterious page;
 Not one alone the various judgment sways,
 But prejudice the general voice obeys:
 For this, thy martyrs wak'd the bloody strife,
 Asserting truth with brave contempt of life.
 Oh OXFORD! let deliver'd Britain know
 From thy fam'd seats her several blessings flow.
 Th' accouter'd barons, and assisting knights,
 In thee prepar'd for council, or for fights,
 Plan'd, and obtain'd her * civil liberty:
 Truth found her fearless † witnesses in thee;
 When, try'd as gold, faints, from thy tort'ring
 Rose up to heav'n, Elijah-like, in fires. [pyres,
 Peace to thy wall! and honour to thy name!
 May age to age record thy gathering fame!

* By the Oxford-provisions A. D. 1258; at which
 time the commons are supposed first to have obtain'd
 the privilege of representatives in parliament.

† In the imprisonment, disputes and sufferings of our
 first reformers, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer at Ox-
 ford A. D. 1554—6.

While

While thy still favour'd seats pour forth their youth,
Brave advocates of liberty and truth!

In fair succession rise to bless the realm!

Fathers in church, and statesmen at the helm!

“ But factious synods thro' resentment err;

“ And venal senates private good prefer:

“ How wild the faith which wrangling sophs dispose!

“ The laws how harsh of pension'd aye's and no's!

Wilt thou by no authority be aw'd,

Self-excommunicated, Self-outlaw'd?

Expunge the creed, the decalogue reject?

If they oblige not, nor will they protect.

You fear no God;—Convinc'd by what you say,

Knaves praise your wit, and swear your lands away.

Corrupt not wives, erase it if you will;

The injur'd husband blots out,—do not kill.

From God his sabbaths steal, for sport, not need;

Why hangs the wretch, who steals thy purse for bread?

Or shall each schismatic thy faith new mould,

Or senates stand by patriot mobs controul'd?

Drive back, ye floods! roll, Xanthus, to your spring!

Go, crown the people, and subject the king;

Break rule to pieces, analyse its pow'r,

And every atom to its lord restore:

As mixt with knaves, or fools, the weak, or brave,

A dupe, a plague, a tyrant, or a slave.

“ What shall I do; how hit the happy mean
 “ ’Twixt blind submission, and unruly spleen?
 Consult your watch: you guide your actions by’t;
 And great its use, tho’ not for ever right.
 What, tho’ some think implicit faith be due,
 And dine at twelve if their town-clock strike two?
 Or others bravely squir their watch away,
 Disdain a guide, and guess the time of day?
 Their guess so lucky, or their parts so great,
 They come on all affairs, but just too late:
 You neither choose. Nor trav’ling thro’ the street,
 Correct its hand by every one you meet;
 Yet scruple not, if you should find at one
 It points to six, to set it by the SUN.

Aim at the bliss that’s suited to thy state,
 Nor vainly hope for happiness compleat;
 Some bounds imperfect natures must include,
 And vice and weakness feel defects of good.
 Nor is it blind necessity alone;
 Contriving wisdom, in the whole, we own:
 And in that wisdom satisfy’d may trust,
 In its restraints, as merciful, as just.
 By these thy selfish passions it corrects;
 By these from wrong thy weakness it protects;
 In sovereign power thy safety’s heaven’s design;
 Some faults permitted, as the scourge of thine.

Abfurd

Absurd the wish of all men, if express;
 Each grieves, that he's not lord of all the rest.
 Why then should we complain, or thanksless live,
 Because not blest with more than God can give?
 Would you be safe from others? 'tis but due,
 That others also should be safe from you.
 It is not virtue wakes the clam'rous throng;
 Each claims th' exclusive privilege, to wrong.
 Whence ceaseless faction must embroil the mad;
 Alike impatient, under A, or Zad.

How patriot Cromwell fights for liberty!
 He shifts the yoke, then calls the nation free.
 He cannot bear a monarch on a throne;
 But vindicates his right—to rule alone.

Macheath roars out for freedom in his cell;
 And Tindal wisely would extinguish hell.
 Macheath's approv'd by all whom Tyburn awes,
 And trembling guilt gives Tindal's page applause.
 O sage device, to set the conscience free [see.
 From dread! He winks, then says that heav'n can't
 Both blindly plan the paradise of fools,
 Peace without laws, and virtue without rules.

Full of the Roman let the school-boy quote,
 And rant all Lucan's rhapsodies by rote.
 Gods! shall he tremble at a mortal's nod!
 His generous soul disdains the tyrant's rod.

Forc'd to submit, at length he tastes the fruit ;
 Finds wealth and honours blossom from its root.
 Would thy young soul be like the Roman free,
 From Romans paint thy form of LIBERTY :
 The goddess offers gifts from either hand ;
 * Th' auspicious bonnet, with the Prætor's wand ;
 The privilege of that would'st thou not miss,
 Bend, and submit beneath the stroke of this.

See Furioso on his keeper frown,
 Depriv'd the pretious privilege to drown ;
 Greatly he claims a right to his undoing :
 The chains that hold him, hold him from his ruin.
 Kindly proceed ; strict discipline dispense ;
 Till water-gruel low'rs him down to sense.

“ Why this to me? am I the froward boy,
 “ Or knave to wrong, or madman to destroy ? ”
 Will thy denial prove that thou art none ?
 'Tis Newgate's logic : thou art all in one.
 Blind to their good, to be instructed loth,
 † Men are but children of a larger growth ;
 If no superior force the will controul,
 Self-love's a villain, and corrupts the soul ;
 Wild and destructive projects fire our brains ;
 We are all madmen, and demand our chains.

* In this manner they represent LIBERTY on
 their medals.

† Dryden in all for love.

Know

Know your own sphere, content to be a man,
 Well pleas'd to be as happy as you can :
 Lose not all good, by shunning ills in vain ;
 'Tis wiser to enjoy than to complain.
 Some evils must attend imperfect states ;
 But discontent new worlds of ills creates.

Hush thy complaints, nor quarrel with thy God :
 If just the stroke, approving kiss the rod.
 By man if injur'd, turn thy eyes within ;
 Thou'lt find recorded some unpunish'd sin ;
 Then heav'n acquit : and with regard to man,
 Coolly th' amount of good and evil scan ;
 If greater evils wait the wish'd redress,
 Grieve not that thou art free to choose the less.

Unknown to courts, ambition's thirst subdu'd,
 My lesson is to be obscurely good ;
 In life's still shade, which no man's envy draws,
 * To reap the fruit of government and laws.
 In fortune's round, as on the globe, I know
 No top, no bottom, no where high or low ;
 Wherever station'd, heav'n in prospect still,
 That points to me, the zenith of her wheel.

“ What double-tax'd, unpension'd, unprefer'd,
 “ In such bad times be easy ! most absurd !

* Legum idcirco servi sumus, ut liberi esse possimus.
 Cic.

Yet heav'n vouchsafes the daily bread intreated;
 And these bad times have left me free to eat it:
 My taxes, gladly paid, their nature shift;
 If just, cheap purchase; if unjust, a gift:
 Nor knows ambition any rank so great;
 My servants kings and ministers of state!
 They watch my couch, my humble roof defend;
 Their toil the means, my happiness the end.

My freedom to compleat, convinc'd I see
 † Thy service, heav'n, is perfect LIBERTY.
 The † will, conform'd to thy cœlestial voice,
 Knows no restraint, for duty is her choice:
 What ills thou sendest, thankful I approve,
 As kind corrections, pledges of thy love:
 In every change, whatever stage I run,
 My daily wish succeeds; **THY WILL BE DONE.**

† Τοῦ λογῶ τὴς ἐπομιλίας ἀξίον ἔστι μόνως ἐλευθέρως τομιζέσθαι.
 PLUT. de Audit.

‡ Μόνοι γὰρ, ἃ δὲ βέλονται, μαθόντες, ὡς βέλονται ζῶσι.
 Ibid.

An

*An Epistle from a Swiss Officer,
to his Friend at Rome.*

FROM horrid mountains ever hid in snow,
And barren lands and dreary plains below,
To you, dear sir, my best regards I send,
The weakest reas'ner, as the truest friend.
Your arguments, that vainly strive to please,
Your arts, your country, and your palaces,
What signs of Roman grandeur still remain—
Much you have said; and much have said in vain.
Fine pageants these for slaves, to please the eye;
And put the neatest dress on misery!

Bred up to slav'ry and dissembled pain,
Unhappy man! you trifle with your chain:
But shou'd your friend with your desires comply,
And sell himself to Rome and slavery;
He cou'd not wear his trammels with that art,
Or hide the noble anguish of his heart:
You'd soon repent the livery you gave;
For, trust me, I shou'd make an awkward slave.

Falsely you blame our barren rocks and plains,
Happy in freedom and laborious swains:

Our peasants chearful to the field repair,
 And can enjoy the labours of the year ;
 Whilst yours, beneath some tree, with mournful eyes,
 Sees for his haughty lord his harvests rise :
 Then silent, sighs ; but stops his slavish breath :
 He silent sighs ; for should he speak, 'tis death.
 Hence from our field the lazy grain we call,
 Too much for want, for luxury too small ;
 Whilst all Campania's rich inviting soil
 Scarce knows the plowshare, or the reaper's toil.

In arms we breed our youth. To dart from far,
 And aim aright the thunder of the war ;
 To whirl the faulchion, and direct the blow ;
 To ward the stroke, or bear upon the foe.
 Early in hardships thro' the woods they fly,
 Nor feel the piercing frost, or wintry sky,
 Some prowling wolf or foamy boar to meet,
 And stretch the panting savage at their feet,
 Inur'd by this, they seek a nobler war,
 And show an honest pride in ev'ry scar ;
 With joy the danger and the blood partake,
 Whilst ev'ry wound is for their country's sake.
 But you, soft warriors, forc'd into the field,
 Or faintly strike, or impotently yield ;
 For well this universal truth you know,
 Who fights for tyrants is his country's foe.

I envy not your arts, the Roman schools,
 Improv'd, perhaps, but to inflave your souls.
 May you to stone, or nerves or beauty give,
 And teach the soft'ning marble how to live :
 May you the passions in your colours trace,
 And work up every piece with every grace ;
 In airs and attitudes be wond'rous wise,
 And know the arts to please, or to surprize ;
 In music's softest sounds consume the day,
 Sounds, that would melt the warrior's soul away :
 Vain efforts these, an honest fame to raise ;
 Your painters, and your eunuchs, be your praise :
 Grant us more real goods, you heav'nly pow'rs !
 Virtue, and arms, and liberty be ours.
 Weak are your offers to the free and brave,
 Or bribes, the grand machines to work a slave :
 Hear me, ye rocks, ye mountains, and ye plains,
 The happy bounds of our Helvetian swains !
 In thee, my country, will I fix my seat ;
 Nor envy the poor wretch that would be great :
 My life and arms I dedicate to thee ; ———
 For know, it is my int'rest to be free.

L I F E burthensome, because we
know not how to use it.

An HORATIAN Epistle.

WHAT, fir,—a month and not one line afford?
'Tis well:—how finely some folks keep their
I own my promise.—But to steal an hour, [word !
'Midst all this hurry — 'tis not in my pow'r.
Where life each day does one fix'd order keep,
Successive journies, weariness and sleep.
Or if our scheme some interval allows,
Some hours design'd for thought and for repose ;
Soon as the scatter'd images begin
In the mind to rally—company breaks in :
Reason, adieu, there's no more room to think ;
For all the day behind is noise and drink.
Thus life rolls on, but not without regret,
Whene'er at morning in some cool retreat
I walk alone :—'tis then in thought I view
Some sage of old ; 'tis then I think of you :
Whose breast no tyrant passions ever seize,
No pulse that riots, blood that disobey's ;
Who follow but where judgment points the way,
And whom too busy sense ne'er led astray.

Not that you joys with moderation shun,
 You taste all pleasures, but indulge in none.
 Fir'd by this image, I resolve anew:
 'Tis reason calls, and peace and joy's in view.
 How blest'd a change! a long adieu to sense:
 Oh shield me, sapience! virtue's reign, commence!
 Alas, how short a reign!—the walk is o'er,
 The dinner waits, and friends some half a score.
 At first to virtue firm, the glass I fly,
 'Till some fly sot,—“Not drink the family!”
 Thus gratitude is made to plead for sin;
 My trait'rous breast a party forms within:
 And, inclination brib'd, we never want
 Excuse—“'Tis hot, and walking makes one faint.”
 Now sense gets strength; my bright resolves decay,
 Like stars that melt at the approach of day:
 Thought dies; and ev'n at last your image fades a-
 My head grows warm; all reason I despise: [way.
 “To-day be happy, and to-morrow wise.”
 Betray'd so oft, I'm half persuaded now,
 Surely to fail, the first step is to vow.

The country lately! 'twas my wish: oh there!
 Gardens, diversions, friends, relations, air.
 For London now, dear London, how I burn!
 I must be happy, sure, when I return.

Whoever hopes true happiness to see,
 Expects what never was, nor e'er will be:
 The nearest ease, since we must suffer still,
 Are they, who dare be patient under ill.

Whilom a fool saw where a fiddle lay ;
 And after poring round it, 'gan to play :
 Above, below, across, all ways he tries ;
 He tries in vain, 'tis discord all, and noise :
 Fretting he threw it by : then thus the lout ;
 " There's music in it, could I fetch it out."
 If life does not its harmony impart,
 We want not instruments, but have not art.
 'Tis endless to defer our hopes of ease,
 Till crosses end, and disappointments cease.
 The sage is happy, not that all goes right,
 His cattle feel no rot, his corn no blight ;
 The mind for ease is fitted to the wise,
 Not so the fool's :—'tis here the difference lies ;
 Their prospect is the same, but various are their eyes.

The Duty of Employing one's Self.

AN HORATIAN EPISTLE.

Otium potius, quam nihil agere.

FEW people know it, yet, dear fir, 'tis true,
 Man should have somewhat evermore to do.
 Hard labour's tedious, every one must own;
 But surely better such by far, than none.
 The perfect drone, the quite impertinent,
 Whose life at nothing aims, but—to be spent;
 Such heaven visits for some mighty ill:
 'Tis sure the hardest labour to sit still.
 Hence that unhappy tribe who nought pursue:
 Who sin, for want of something else to do.

Sir John is bless'd with riches, honour, love,
 And to be bless'd indeed, needs only move.
 For want of this, with pain he lives away
 A lump of hardly-animated clay:
 Dull till his double bottle does him right;
 He's easy, just at twelve o'clock at night.
 Thus for one sparkling hour alone he's blest;
 Whilst spleen and head-ach seize on all the rest.

Their

Their indolence, some with black humours fills ;
 Racking their brains with visionary ills.
 Hence what loud outcries, and well-meaning rage,
 What endless quarrels at the present age !
 How many blame ! how often may we hear,
 ‘ Such vice !—well, sure, the last day must be near !’
 T’ avoid such freaks, imagination-pains,
 The sad creation of distemper’d brains,
 Dispatch, dear friend ! move, labour, sweat, run, fly,
 Do aught—but think the day of judgment nigh.

There are, who’ve lost all relish for delight :
 With them no earthly thing is ever right.
 T’ expect to alter to their taste, were vain ;
 For who can mend so fast, as they complain ?
 Whate’er you do, shall be a crime with such ;
 One while you’ve lost your tongue, then talk too much,
 Thus shall you meet their waspish censure still ;
 As hedge-hogs prick you, go which side you will.
 Oh ! pity these whene’er you see ’em swell !
 Folks call ’em cross—poor men ! they are not well.
 How many such in indolence grown old,
 With vigour ne’er do any thing, but scold ?
 Who spirits only from ill-humour get ;
 Like wines that die, unless upon the fret ?

Weary’d of flouncing to himself alone,
 Acerbus keeps a man to fret upon.

The fellow's nothing in the earth to do,
 But to sit quiet, and be scolded to.
 Piffes and oaths, whene'er the master's sour'd,
 All largely on the scape-goat slave are pour'd.
 This drains his rage ; and tho' to John so rough,
 Abroad you'd think him complaisant enough.

As for myself, whom poverty prevents
 From being angry at so great expence ;
 Who, should I ever be inclin'd to rage,
 For want of slaves, war with myself must wage ;
 Must rail, and hear ; chastising, be chastiz'd ;
 Be both the tyrant, and the tyranniz'd ;
 I choose to labour, rather than to fret :
 What's rage in some, in me goes off in sweat.
 If times are ill, and things seem'd never worse,
 Men, manners to reclaim—I take my horse.
 One mile reforms 'em, or if aught remain
 Unpurg'd——'tis but to ride as far again.
 Thus on myself in toils I spend my rage ;
 I pay the fine, and this absolves the age.

Sometimes, still more to interrupt my ease,
 I take my pen, and write—such things as these.
 Which though all other merit be deny'd,
 Shew my devotion still to be employ'd.
 Add too, tho' writing be itself a curse,
 Yet some distempers are a cure for worse.

And

And since 'midst indolence, spleen will prevail,
 Since who do nothing else, are sure to rail:
 Man should be suffer'd thus to play the fool,
 To keep from hurt, as children go to school.

You shou'd not rhyme in spite of nature?—true,
 Yet sure 'tis greater trouble if you do;
 And if 'tis lab'ring only, men profess,
 Who writes the hardest, writes with most success.

Thus for myself, and friends, I do my part,
 Prompting doubly the pains-taking art.
 First to myself, 'tis labour to compose;
 To read such lines, is drudgery to those.

On SCRIBLING *against* GENIUS.

An HORATIAN EPISTLE.

Dear SIR,

NO single rule's more frequently enjoin'd,
 Than this, "Observe the byass of your mind."
 However just by ev'ry one confes'd,
 There's not a rule more frequently transgress'd.
 For mortals, to their int'rest blind, pursue
 The thing they like, not that they're fit to do.

This

This Verro's fault: by frequent praises fir'd,
 He several parts had try'd, in each admir'd.
 That Verro was not ev'ry way compleat,
 'Twas long unknown, and might have been so yet:
 But music-mad, th' unhappy man pursu'd
 That only thing heav'n meant he never shou'd;
 And thus, his proper road to fame neglected,
 He's ridicul'd for that he but affected.

Wou'd men but act from nature's secret call,
 Or only, where that fails, not act at all;
 If not their skill, they'd shew at least good sense,—
 They'd get no fame—nor wou'd they give offence.

Not that where some one merit is deny'd,
 Men must be ev'ry way unqualify'd.
 Nor hold we, like that wrong-concluding wight,
 A man can't fish——because he cou'd not write.
 View all the world around: each man design'd
 And furnish'd for some fav'rite part you find.
 That, sometimes low; yet this, so small a gift,
 Proves nature did not turn him quite adrift.
 The phlegmatic, dull, awkward, thick, gross-witted,
 Have yet some clumsy work for which they're fitted.
 'Twas never known, in men a perfect void,
 Ev'n I and T——ld might be well employ'd;
 Wou'd we our poverty of parts survey,
 And follow as our genius led the way.

What

What then ? obedient to that turn of mind
 Shou'd men jog on to one dull path confin'd ;
 From that small circle never dare depart,
 To strike at large, and snatch a grace from art !
 At least with care forbidden paths pursue,
 Who quits the road, shou'd keep it still in view.
 From Genius some few scapes may be allow'd,
 But ever keep within its neighbourhood.

But C——r, faithless to his byass see,
 With giant-sin opposing heav'n's decree.
 Still fond where he shou'd not, he blunders on
 With all that haste fools make to be undone.
 Want of success his passion but augments,
 Like eunuchs rage of love, from impotence.

'Mongst all the instances of Genius crost,
 The rhyming tribe are who offend the most.
 Each piddling wretch who hath but common sense,
 Or thinks he hath, to verse shall make pretence.
 Why not ? 'tis their diversion, and 'twere hard
 If men of their estates shou'd be debarr'd.
 Thus wealth with them gives every thing beside ;
 As people worth so much are qualify'd ;
 They've all the requisites for writing fit,
 All but that one——some little share of wit.
 Give way, ye friends, nor with fond pray'rs proceed
 To stop the progress of a pen full speed.

'Tis

'Tis heav'n, incens'd by some prodigious crime,
 Thus for men's sins determines them to rhyme.
 Bad men, no doubt ! perhaps 'tis vengeance due
 For shrines they've plunder'd, or some wretch they flew.
 Whate'er it be, sure grievous is th' offence,
 And grievous is (heav'n knows !) its recompence.
 At once in want of rhyme and want of rest,
 Plagues to themselves, and to mankind a jest ;
 Seduc'd by th' empty form of false delight —
 Such in some men their deadly lust to write !

Ev'n I, whose genius seems as much forgot,
 Mine when I write, as yours when you do not ;
 Who gravely this abuse in men condemn,
 My self allowing, what I blame in them,
 With no pretence to Phoebus' aid divine,
 Nor the least int'rest in the tuneful nine,
 With all the guilt of impotence in view,
 Griev'd for past sins, but yet committing new ;
 Whate'er the wits may say, or wise may think,
 I'm fooling ev'ry day with pen and ink.
 When all who'd have me well, begin t'advise,
 ' That being witty, is not being wise ;
 ' That if the voice of int'rest might be heard,
 ' For one who wears a gown, — wou'd be prefer'd —
 Incorrigibly deaf, I feign a yawn,
 And mock their just conclusions, e'er they're drawn.

If

If to my practice, they oppos'd my theme,
 Said bluntly, I but swim against the stream:
 With all the rancour of a bard in rage,
 I'd quote 'em half the writers of the age;
 Who in a wrath of verse, with all their might
 Write on, howe'er unqualify'd to write.

The **ENTHUSIAST:**

OR THE

LOVER of NATURE.

A P O E M.

By Mr. WARTON.

Rure vero barbaroque lætatur. MARTIAL.

————— *Ut! mihi devio*

Rupes, & vacuum nemus

Mirari libet! ——— HORACE.

YE green-rob'd Dryads, oft' at dusky eve
 By wondering shepherds seen, to forests brown,
 To unfrequented meads, and pathless wilds,
 Lead me from gardens deckt with art's vain pomps.
 Can gilt alcoves, can marble-mimic gods,

Parterres

Parterres embroider'd, obelisks, and urns
 Of high relief; can the long, spreading lake,
 Or vista lessening to the sight; can Stow
 With all her Attic fanes, such raptures raise,
 As the thrush-haunted copse, where lightly leaps
 The fearful fawn the rustling leaves along,
 And the brisk squirrel sports from bough to bough,
 While from an hollow oak, whose naked roots
 O'erhang a pensive rill, the busy bees
 Hum drowsy lullabies? The bards of old,
 Fair nature's friends, sought such retreats, to charm
 Sweet Echo with their songs; oft' too they met
 In summer evenings, near sequester'd bow'rs,
 Or mountain-nymph, or muse, and eager learnt
 The moral strains she taught to mend mankind.
 As to a secret grot Ægeria stole
 With patriot Numa, and in silent night
 Whisper'd him sacred laws, he list'ning sat
 Rapt with her virtuous voice, old Tyber leant
 Attentive on his urn, and hush'd his waves.

Rich in her weeping country's spoils Versailles
 May boast a thousand fountains, that can cast
 The tortur'd waters to the distant heav'ns;
 Yet let me choose some pine-topt precipice
 Abrupt and shaggy, whence a foamy stream,
 Like Anio, tumbling roars; or some bleak heath,

Where

Where straggling stand the mournful juniper,
 Or yew-tree scath'd; while in clear prospect round,
 From the grove's bosom spires emerge, and smokes
 In bluish wreaths ascends, ripe harvests wave,
 Low, lonely cottages, and ruin'd tops
 Of Gothic battlements appear, and streams
 Beneath the sun-beams twinkle——the shrill lark,
 That wakes the wood-man to his early task,
 Or love-sick Philomel, whose luscious lays
 Sooth lone night-wanderers, the moaning dove
 Pitied by listening milkmaid, far excell
 The deep-mouth'd viol, the soul-lulling lute,
 And battle-breathing trumpet. Artful sounds!
 That please not like the choristers of air,
 When first they hail th' approach of laughing May.

Can Kent design like nature? mark where Thames
 Plenty and pleasure pours thro' * Lincoln's meads;
 Can the great artist tho' with taste supreme
 Endu'd, one beauty to this Eden add?
 Tho' he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly scorns
 Formality and method, round and square
 Disdaining, plans irregularly great.

Creative Titian, can thy vivid strokes,
 Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie
 With

* The earl of Lincoln's terrace at Weybridge in Surry,
 one of the finest spots in Europe.

With the rich tints that paints the breathing mead?
 The thousand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell
 Snow-clad and meek, the vermil-tinctur'd rose,
 And golden crocus? — Yet with these the maid,
 Phillis or Phœbe, at a feast or wake,
 Her jetty locks enamels; fairer she,
 In innocence and home-spun vestments drest,
 Than if cœrulean saphires at her ears
 Shone pendent, or a precious diamond-cross
 Heav'd gently on her panting bosom white.

Yon' shepherd idly stretcht on the rude rock,
 Listening to dashing waves, and sea-mews clang
 High-hovering o'er his head, who views beneath
 The dolphin dancing o'er the level brine,
 Feels more true blifs than the proud admiral,
 Amid his vessels bright with burnish'd gold
 And filken streamers, tho' his lordly nod
 Ten thousand war-worn mariners revere.
 And great Æneas* gaz'd with more delight
 On the rough mountain shagg'd with horrid shades,
 (Where cloud-compelling Jove, as fancy dream'd,
 Descending shook his direful Ægis black)
 Than if he enter'd the high Capitol
 On golden columns rear'd, a conquer'd world
 Exhausted to enrich its stately head:

More

* Æneid VIII.

More pleas'd he slept in poor Evander's cott
 On shaggy skins, lull'd by sweet nightingales,
 Than if a Nero, in an age refin'd,
 Beneath a gorgeous canopy had plac'd
 His royal guest, and bade his minstrels sound
 Soft slumb'rous Lydian airs to sooth his rest.

* Happy the first of men, ere yet confin'd
 To smoaky cities ; who in sheltering groves,
 Warm caves, and deep-sunk vallies liv'd and lov'd,
 By cares unwounded ; what the sun and showers,
 And genial earth untillag'd could produce,
 They gather'd grateful, or the acorn brown,
 Or blushing berry ; by the liquid lapse
 Of murm'ring waters call'd to slake their thirst,
 Or with fair nymphs their sun-brown limbs to bathe ;
 With nymphs who fondly clasp'd their fav'rite youths,
 Unaw'd by shame, beneath the beechen shade,
 Nor wiles, nor artificial coyness knew.
 Then doors and walls were not ; the melting maid
 Nor frowns of parents fear'd, nor husband's threats ;
 Nor had curs'd gold their tender hearts allur'd ;
 Then beauty was not venal. Injur'd love,
 O whither, God of raptures, art thou fled ?
 While avarice waves his golden wand around,
 Abhorr'd magician, and his costly cup
 Prepares with baneful drugs, t' enchant the souls.

* See Lucretius, lib. V.

In

In earth's first infancy (as sung the * bard,
 Who strongly painted, what he boldly thought)
 Tho' the fierce north oft smote with iron whip
 Their shiv'ring limbs, tho' oft the bristly boar
 Or hungry lion 'woke them with their howls,
 And scar'd them from their moss-grown caves to rove
 Houseless and cold in dark tempestuous nights;
 Yet were not myriads in embattel'd fields
 Swept off at once, nor had the raging seas
 O'erwhelm'd the found'ring bark and shrieking crew;
 In vain the glassy ocean smil'd to tempt
 The jolly sailor unsuspecting harm,
 For commerce ne'er had spread her swelling sails,
 Nor had the wond'ring Nereids ever heard
 The dashing oar: then famine, want, and pine,
 Sunk to the grave their fainting limbs, but us
 Diseaseful dainties, riot and excess,
 And feverish luxury destroy; in brakes
 Or marshes wild unknowingly they cropt
 Herbs of malignant juice, to realms remote
 While we for powerful poisons madly roam,
 From every noxious herb collecting death.
 What tho' unknown to those primæval fires,
 The well-arch'd dome, peopled with breathing forms
 By fair Italia's skilful hand, unknown
 The shapely column, and the crumbling busts

VOL. III.

D

* Lucretius.

Of awful ancestors in long descent?
 Yet why should man mistaken deem it nobler
 To dwell in palaces, and high-rooft halls,
 Then in God's forests, architect supreme!
 Say, is the Persian carpet, than the field's
 Or meadow's mantle gay, more richly wov'n;
 Or softer to the votaries of ease,
 Than bladed grass, perfum'd with dew-dropt flow'rs?
 O taste corrupt! that luxury and pomp
 In specious names of polish'd manners veil'd,
 Should proudly banish nature's simple charms!
 All-beauteous nature! by thy boundless charms
 Opprest, O where shall I begin thy praise,
 Where turn th' ecstatic eye, how ease my breast
 That pants with wild astonishment and love!
 Dark forests, and the opening lawn, refresh'd
 With ever gushing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,
 The balmy bean-field, the gay-clover'd close,
 So sweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,
 The playful lamb, the distant water-fall
 Now faintly heard, now swelling with the breeze,
 The sound of pastoral reed from hazel-bower,
 The choral birds, the neighing steed, that snuffs
 His dappled mate, stung with intense desire,
 The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs
 Betwixt the green leaves blush, the azure skies,
 The chearful sun that thro' earth's vitals pours
 Delight and health and heat; all, all conspire

To raise, to sooth, to harmonize the mind,
 To lift on wings of praise, to the great fire
 Of being and of beauty, at whose nod
 Creation started from the gloomy vault
 Of dreary Chäos, while the grieved king
 Murmur'd to feel his boisterous power confin'd.

What are the lays of artful Addison,
 Coldly correct, to Shakespear's warblings wild?
 Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
 Fair fancy found, and bore the smiling babe
 To a close cavern: (still the shepherds shew
 The sacred place, whence with religious awe
 They hear, returning from the field at eve,
 Strange whisp'rings of sweet music thro' the air)
 Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,
 She fed the little prattler, and with songs
 Oft' sooth'd his wondering ears, with deep delight
 On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.

Oft' near some crowded city would I walk,
 Listening the far-off noises, rattling carrs,
 Loud shouts of joy, sad shrieks of sorrow, knells
 Full slowly tolling, instruments of trade,
 Striking mine ears with one deep-swelling hum.
 Or wandring near the sea, attend the sounds
 Of hollow winds, and ever-beating waves.
 Ev'n when wild tempests swallow up the plains,
 And Boreas' blasts, big hail, and rains combine

D a To

To shake the groves and mountains, would I fit,
 Pensively musing on th' outrageous crimes
 That wake heav'n's vengeance : at such solemn hours,
 Dæmons and goblins thro' the dark air shriek,
 While Hecat with her black-brow'd sisters nine,
 Rides o'er the earth, and scatters woes and deaths.
 Then too, they say, in drear Ægyptian wilds
 The lion and the tiger prowl for prey
 With roarings loud ! the list'ning traveller
 Starts fear-struck, while the hollow-echoing vaults
 Of pyramids encrease the deathful sounds.

But let me never fail in cloudless nights,
 When silent Cynthia in her silver car
 Thro' the blue concave slides, when shine the hills,
 Twinkle the streams, and woods look tipt with gold,
 To seek some level mead, and there invoke
 Old midnight's sister Contemplation sage,
 (Queen of the rugged brow, and stern-fixt eye)
 To lift my soul above this little earth,
 This folly-fetter'd world ; to purge my ears,
 That I may hear the rolling planets song,
 And tuneful turning spheres : if this be barr'd,
 The little Fayes that dance in neighbouring dales,
 Sipping the night-dew, while they laugh and love,
 Shall charm me with aërial notes.—As thus
 I wander musing, lo, what awful forms
 Yonder appear ! sharp-ey'd Philosophy
 Clad in dun robes, an eagle on his wrist,

First

First meets my eye ; next, virgin Solitude
 Serene, who blushes at each gazer's sight ;
 Then Wisdom's hoary head, with crutch in hand,
 Trembling, and bent with age ; last Virtue's self
 Smiling, in white array'd, who with her leads
 Sweet Innocence, that prattles by her side,
 A naked boy ! — Harra's'd with fear I stop,
 I gaze, when Virtue thus — ' Whoe'er thou art,
 ' Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld,
 ' In these my midnight-walks ; depart, and say
 ' That henceforth I and my immortal train
 ' Forsake Britannia's isle ; who fondly stoops
 ' To Vice, her favourite paramour.' — She spoke,
 And as she turn'd, her round and rosy neck,
 Her flowing train, and long ambrosial hair,
 Breathing rich odours, I enamour'd view.

O who will bear me then to western climes,
 (Since Virtue leaves our wretched land) to fields
 Yet unpolluted with Iberian swords ;
 To isles of innocence, from mortal view
 Deeply retir'd, beneath a plantane's shade,
 Where Happiness and Quiet sit enthron'd ;
 With simple Indian swains, that I may hunt
 The boar and tiger thro' Savannahs wild,
 Thro' fragrant desarts, and thro' citron-groves.
 There fed on dates and herbs, would I despise

The far-fetch'd cates of Luxury, and hoards
 Of narrow-hearted Avarice ; nor heed
 The distant din of the tumultuous world.
 So when rude whirlwinds rouse the roaring main,
 Beneath fair Thetis fits, in coral caves,
 Serenely gay, nor sinking failors cries
 Disturb her sportive nymphs, who round her form
 The light fantastic dance, or for her hair
 Weave rosy crowns, or with according lutes
 Grace the soft warbles of her honied voice.

An ODE to FANCY.

By the same.

O Parent of each lovely muse,
 Thy spirit o'r my soul diffuse,
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fatling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,

Thy

Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 An all-commanding magic wand,
 Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow
 'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
 While the vast, various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes;
 O lover of the desert, hail!
 Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 'Midst falls of water you reside,
 'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
 With green and grassy dales between,
 'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
 Where never human art appear'd,
 Nor ev'n one straw-rooft cott was rear'd,
 Where NATURE seems to sit alone,
 Majestic on a craggy throne;
 Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
 To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,

And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,
 Each evening warbling thee to rest ;
 Then lay me by the haunted stream,
 Wrapt in some wild, poetic dream,
 In converse while me hinks I rove
 With SPENSER thro' a fairy grove ;
 Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
 By the sweetly-soothing sound !
 Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
 Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
 Where JOY and white-rob'd PEACE resort,
 And VENUS keeps her festive court,
 Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,
 Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
 Where LAUGHTER rose-lip'd HEBE leads ;
 Where ECHO walks steep hills among,
 List'ning to the shepherd's song :
 Yet not these flowery fields of joy,
 Can long my pensive mind employ,
 Haste, FANCY, from the scenes of folly
 To meet the matron MELANCHOLY,

Goddeſs

Goddess of the tearful eye,
 That loves to fold her arms and sigh;
 Let us with silent footsteps go
 To charnels and the house of woe,
 To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
 Where each sad night some virgin comes,
 With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
 Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
 Or to some Abby's mould'ring tow'rs,
 Where, to avoid cold wint'ry show'rs,
 The naked beggar shivering lies,
 While whistling tempests round her rise,
 And trembles lest the tottering wall
 Should on her sleeping infants fall.
 Now let us louder strike the lyre,
 For my heart glows with martial fire,
 I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
 My big tumultuous bosom beat;
 The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
 A thousand widows' shrieks I hear,
 Give me another horse, I cry,
 Lo! the base GALLIC squadrons fly;
 Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
 To battle hurries me away?
 'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war,

There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where Tumult and Destruction reign ;
 Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead ;
 Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With fullen joy surveys the ground,
 And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
 Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield !
 O guide me from his horrid scene
 To high-archt walks and alleys green,
 Which lovely LAURA seeks, to shun
 The fervors of the mid-day sun ;
 The pangs of absence, O remove,
 For thou can'st place me near my love,
 Can'st fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss,
 While her ruby lips dispense
 Luscious nectar's quintessence !
 When young-ey'd SPRING profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose,
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To SUMMER tells her tender tale,
 When AUTUMN cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
 When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold,
 At every season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, FANCY, hear.

O warm, enthusiastic maid,
 Without thy powerful, vital aid,
 That breathes an energy divine,
 That gives a soul to every line,
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
 Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.

O hear our prayer, O hither come
 From thy lamented SHAKESPEAR's tomb,
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
 Musing o'er thy darling's grave ;
 O queen of numbers, once again
 Animate some chosen swain,
 Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,
 May rise above the rhyming throng.
 Who with some new, unquall'd song
 May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
 With terror shake, and pity move,
 Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
 O deign t'attend his evening walk,
 With him in groves and grottos talk ;
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart ;

Like light'ning, let his mighty verse
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
 With native beauties win applause,
 Beyond cold critic's studied laws:
 O let each Muse's fame encrease,
 O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE!

STANZAS *written on taking the
 Air after a long Illness.*

By the same.

I.

HALL, genial sun! I feel thy powerful ray
 Strike vigorous health into each languid vein;
 Lo, at thy bright approach, are fled away
 The pale-ey'd sisters Grief, Disease, and Pain.

II.

O hills, O forests, and thou painted mead,
 Again admit me to your secret seats,
 From the dark bed of pining sickness free'd,
 With double joy I seek your green retreats.

III.

Yet once more, O ye rivers, shall I lie,
 In summer evenings on your willow'd banks,
 And unobserv'd by passing shepherd's eye,
 View the light Naiads trip in wanton ranks.

IV.

Each rural object charms, so long unseen,
 The blooming orchards, the white wand'ring flocks,
 The fields array'd in sight-refreshing green,
 And with his loosen'd yoke the wearied ox.

V.

Here let me stop beneath this spreading bush,
 (While Zephyr's voice I hear the boughs among)
 And listen to the sweet thick-warbling thrush,
 Much have I wish'd to hear her vernal song.

VI.

The Dryad health frequents this hallow'd grove,
 (O when may I the lovely virgin meet?)
 From morn till dewy evening will I rove
 To find her haunts, and lay an off'ring at her feet.

THE

THE ESTIMATE of LIFE,

IN THREE PARTS.

A POEM.

By JOHN GILBERT COOPER *Esq*;

Αλλ' ετ' απολειθαι τα κακα δυνατον, (υπεναντιον γαρ τι τω αγαθω αλει ειναι
αναγκη) τ' ε θεοις αυτα ιδρυθαι. την δε θνητην φυσιν και τονδε τον
τεπον περι πολει εξ αναγκης, διο και πειραθαι χρη ενθενδε εκεισε φευ-
γειν ολολαχιστα φυγη δε, ομοιωσις θεω καλα το δυνατον. ομοιωσις δε,
δικαιον και οσιον μελα φρονεσεως γεγενηται. Plat. Theat.

Part I.

MELPOMENE ; or, The Melancholy.

——— *Reason thus with Life ;
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would weep.*

Shakesp. Meas. for Meas.

OFFSPRING of folly and of noise,
Fantastick train of airy joys,
Cease, cease your vain delusivel ore,
And tempt my serious thoughts no more.

Thou

Ye horrid forms, ye gloomy throng,
 Who hear the bird of midnight's song;
 Thou too DESPAIR, pale spectre, come,
 From the self-murd'rer's haunted tomb,
 Whilst sad MELPOMENE relates,
 How we're afflicted by the fates.

What's all this wish'd for empire, Life!
 A scene of mis'ry, care, and strife;
 And make the most, that's all we have,
 Betwixt the cradle and the grave.
 The being is not worth the charge,
 Behold the estimate at large.
 Our youth is silly, idle vain;
 Our age is full of care and pain;
 From wealth accrues anxiety;
 Contempt and want from poverty;
 What trouble bus'ness has in store!
 How idleness fatigues us more!
 To reason, th' ignorant are blind;
 The learned's eyes are too refin'd;
 Each wit deems every wit his foe,
 Each fool is naturally so;
 And ev'ry rank and ev'ry station
 Meet justly with disapprobation.
 Say, man, is this the boasted state,
 Where all is pleasant, all is great?

Alas ! another face you'll see,
 Take of the veil of vanity.
 Is aught in pleasure, aught in pow'r,
 Has wisdom any gift in store,
 To make thee stay a single hour ?

Tell me ye youthful, who approve,
 Th' intoxicating sweets of love,
 What endless nameless throbs arise,
 What heart-felt anguish and what sighs,
 When jealousy has gnaw'd the root,
 Whence love's united branches shoot.
 Or grant that Hymen lights his torch,
 To lead you to the nuptial porch,
 Behold ! the long'd-for rapture o'er !
 Desire begins to lose it's pow'r,
 Then cold indifference takes place,
 Fruition alters quite the case ;
 And what before was extasy,
 Is scarcely now civility.
 Your children bring a second care,
 If childless, then you want an heir,
 So that in both alike you find,
 The same perplexity of mind.

Do pow'r or wealth more comfort own ?
 Behold yon pageant on a throne,

Where filken swarms of flattery,
 Obsequious wait his asking eye.
 But view within his tortur'd breast,
 No more the downy seat of rest,
 Suspicion casts her poison'd dart,
 And guilt, that scorpion, stings his heart.

Will knowledge give us happiness?
 In that, alas ! we know there's less,
 For every pang of mental woe,
 Springs from the faculty, to *know*.

Hark ! at that death-betok'ning knell,
 Of yonder doleful passing bell,
 Perhaps a friend, a father's dead,
 Or the lov'd part'ner of thy bed !
 Perhaps thy only son lies there,
 Breathless upon the sable bier !
 Say, what can ease the present grief,
 Can former joys afford relief ?
 Those former joys remember'd still,
 The more augment the recent ill,
 And where you seek for comfort, gain
 Additional increase of pain.
 What woes from moral ills accrue !
 And what from natural ensue !
 Disease and casualty attend
 Our footsteps to the journey's end ;

The cold catarrh, the gout and stone,
 The dropſy, jaundice, joyn'd in one,
 The raging fever's inward heat,
 The pale conſumption's fatal ſweat,
 And thouſand more diſtempers roam,
 To drag us to th' eternal home.
 And when ſolution ſets us free
 From priſon of mortality,
 The ſoul dilated joins in air,
 To go, alas! we know not where,
 And the poor body will become
 A clod within a lonely tomb.
 Reflection ſad! ſuch bodies muſt
 Return, and mingle with the duſt!
 But neither ſenſe nor beauty have
 Deſenſive charms againſt the grave,
 Nor virtue's ſhield, nor wiſdom's lore,
 Nor true religion's ſacred pow'r;
 For as that charnel's earth you ſee,
 E'en, my EUDOCIA, you will be.

Part II.

Part II.

CALLIOPE : or, The Chearful.

*Inter cuncta leges et percunctabere doctos
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum.*

HOR. Lib. I. Ep. 18.

G RIM Superstition hence away
To native night, and leave the day,
Nor let thy hellish brood appear,
Begot on Ignorance and Fear.
Come gentle Mirth, and Gaiety,
Sweet daughters of Society ;
Whilst fair CALLIOPE pursues
Flights worthy of the chearful muse.

O Life, thou great essential good,
Where ev'ry blessing's understood !
Where Plenty, Freedom, Pleasure meet,
To make each fleeting moment sweet,
Where moral Loves and Innocence,
The balm of sweet Content dispense,
Where Peace expands her turtle wings,
And Hope a constant requiem sings,

With

With easy thought my breast inspire,
 To thee I tune the sprightly lyre.
 From Heav'n this emanation flows,
 To Heaven again the wand'rer goes,
 And whilst employ'd beneath on earth,
 It's boon attendants, Ease and Mirth,
 Join'd with the Social Virtues three,
 And their calm parent Charity,
 Conduct it to the sacred plains,
 Where Happiness terrestrial reigns.
 'Tis Discontent alone destroys,
 The harvest of your ripening joys,
 Resolve to be exempt from woe,
 Your resolution keeps you so.
 Whate'er is needfull man receives,
 Nay more superfluous nature gives,
 Indulgent parent, source of bliss,
 Profuse of goodness to excess!
 For thee 'tis, man, the Zephyr blows,
 For thee the purple vintage flows,
 Each flow'r it's various hue displays,
 The lark exalts her vernal lays,
 To view yon azure vault is thine,
 And my EUDOCIA's form divine.
 Hark! how the renovating Spring,
 Invites the feather'd choir to sing,

Spontaneous

Spontaneous mirth and rapture glow,
 On ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry bough,
 Their little airs a lesson give,
 They teach us mortals how to live,
 And well advise us whilst we can,
 To spend in joy the vital span.
 Ye gay and youthful all advance,
 Together knit in festive dance,
 See blooming HEBE leads the way,
 For youth is Nature's holiday.
 If dire misfortune should employ
 Her dart to wound the timely joy,
 Sollicit Bacchus with your pray'r,
 No earthly goblin dares come near,
 Care put's an easier aspect on,
 Pale Anger smooths her threat'ning frown,
 Mirth comes in Melancholy's stead,
 And Discontent conceals her head.
 The thoughts on vagrant pinions fly,
 And mount exulting to the sky,
 Thence with enraptur'd view look down,
 On golden empires all their own.

Or let, when Fancy spreads her sails,
 Love waft you on with easier gales,
 Where in the soul bewitching groves,
 EUPHROSUNE sweet goddess roves;

'Tis

'Tis rapture all, 'tis extasy !
 An earthly immortality !
 This all the ancient Bards employ'd,
 'Twas all the ancient Gods enjoy'd,
 Who often from the realms above,
 Came down on earth t'indulge in love.

Still there's one greater bliss in store,
 'Tis virtuous Friendship's social hour,
 When goodness from the heart sincere,
 Pours forth compassion's balmy tear,
 For from those tears such transports flow,
 As none but friends, and angels know.

Blest state ! where ev'ry thing conspires,
 To fill the breast with heav'nly fires !
 Where for a while the soul must roam,
 To pre-conceive the state to come,
 And when thro' life the journey's past,
 Without repineing or distaste,
 Again the spirit will repair,
 To breathe a more cœlestial air,
 And reap, where blessed beings glow,
 Completion of the joys below.

Part III.

TERPSICHORE : Or, The Moderate.

— διδὼ δ' αγαθον τε κακον τε.

Hom. Od. ②.

*Hæc satis est orare Jovem. Qui donat et aufert,
Det vitam, det opes; æquum mi animnm ipse parabo.*

HOR. Lib. 1. Ep. 18.

DESCEND, Astræa, from above,
Where Jove's cœlestial daughters rove,
And deign once more to bring with thee,
Thy earth-deserting family,
Calm Temperance, and Patience mild,
Sweet Contemplation's heav'nly child,
Reflection firm, and Fancy free,
Religion pure, and Probity,
Whilst all the Heliconian throng
Shall join TERPSICHORE in song.

E're man, great Reason's lord was made,
Or the world's first foundations laid,
As high in their divine abodes,
Consulting fate the mighty gods,

Jove

Jove on the chaos looking down,
Spoke thus from his imperial throne.

“ Ye deities and potentates,
“ Aerial pow’rs, and heav’nly states,
“ Lo, in that gloomy place below,
“ Where darkness reigns and discord now,
“ There a new world shall grace the skies,
“ And a new creature form’d arise,
“ Who shall partake of our perfections,
“ And live and act by our directions,
“ (For the chief bliss of any station,
“ Is naught without communication)
“ Let therefore ev’ry godhead give,
“ What this new being should receive,
“ But care important must be had,
“ To mingle well of good and bad,
“ That by th’ allaying mixture, he
“ May not approach to deity.

The soveriegn spake, the gods agree,
And each began in his degree.
Behind the throne of Jove there stood,
Two vessels of cœlestial wood,
Containing just two equal measures,
One fill’d with pains, and one with pleasures ;

The

The Gods drew out from both of these,
 And mixt 'em with their essences,
 (Which essences are heav'nly still,
 When undisturb'd by nat'ral ill,
 And man to moral good is prone,
 Let but the moral pow'rs alone,
 And not pervert 'em by tuition,
 Or conjure 'em by superstition)
 Hence man partakes an equal share,
 Of pleasing thoughts and gloomy care,
 And pain and pleasure e'er shall be,
 As * PLATO says, in company.

Receive the one, and soon the other,
 Will follow to rejoin his brother.

Those who with pious pain pursue
 Calm virtue by her sacred clue,
 Will surely find the mental treasure
 Of virtue, only real pleasure:
 Follow the pleasurable road,
 That fatal Siren reckons good,
 'Twill lead thee to the gloomy cell,
 Where pain and melancholy dwell.

Health is the child of abstinence,
 Disease of a luxurious sense;
 Despair, that hellish fiend, proceeds
 From loosen'd thoughts, and impious deeds,

Vol. III.

E

And

* See the *PHÆDO* of *Plato*.

And the sweet offspring of content,
 Flows from the mind's calm government.
 Thus, man, thy state is free from woe,
 If thou would'st chuse to make it so.
 Murmur not then at Heav'n's decree,
 The gods have giv'n thee liberty,
 And plac'd within thy conscious breast,
 Reason, as an unerring test,
 And should'st thou fix on misery,
 The fault is not in them, but thee.

HONOUR

H O N O U R.

A

P O E M.

By the Rev. Mr. BROWN.

Inscribed to the Rt. Hon. the Ld. Visc. LONSDALE.

*Hic Manus ob Patriam pugnando vulnera passi;
 Quique Sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat;
 Quique pii Vates, & Phœbo digna locuti,
 Inventas aut qui Vitam excoluere per Artes,
 Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
 Omnibus his nivea cinguntur Tempora vitta.* VIR. EN. VI.

————— *Who shall go about
 To cozen Fortune, and be honourable
 Without the Stamp of Merit?*

SHAKESPEAR.

YES: all, my Lord, usurp fair HONOUR's name,
 Tho' false as various be the boasted claim:
 Th' ambitious miser swells his boundless store,
 And dreads that highest scandal, to be poor;
 His wiser heir derides the dotard's aim,
 And bids profusion bribe him into fame.

E 2

Verse 1, &c. The various and ridiculous pretensions of
 mankind to Honour and Fame enumerated.

I M I T A T I O N S.

Ver. 1, &c. Oui, l'honneur, Valincour, est cheri dans le monde—
 L'Ambitieux le met souvent a tout bruler,
 L'Ava'e à voir chez lui le Pactole rouler,
 Une faux brave à vanter sa proësse friole,

Oft' Honour, perching on the ribbon'd breast,
 Sneers at weak justice, and defies th' arrest ;
 She dwells exulting on the tongues of kings ;
 She wakes the muse to flight, and plumes her wings ;
 The foldier views her in the shining blade ;
 The pedant 'midst the lumber in his head.
 She to fell Treason the disguise can lend,
 And sheath her sword remorseless in a friend :
 Her throne's fantastic pride, we often see 10
 Rear'd on the tombs of Truth and Honesty :
 Fops, templars,-courtiers, slaves,-cheats, Patriots,-all
 Pretend to hear, and to obey her call.

Where fix we then ?--Each boasting thus his own,
 Say, does *true* Honour dwell with all, or none ?

The truth, my Lord, is clear :--Tho' impious pride
 Is ever self-ador'd, self-deify'd :

Verse 21. Tho' they are thus inconstant and contradictory, yet true Honour is a thing fixed and determinate.

Verse 29. If we would form an impartial judgment of what is truly honourable, we must abstract all considerations which regard ourselves.

IMITATIONS.

Un vrai fourbe, à jamais ne garder sa parole,
 Ce Poete à noircir d'insipides Papiers,
 Ce marquis à savoir frauder ces ereanciers. _____
 Interrogeons marchands, financiers, gens du guerre,
 Courtisans, magistrats, chez eux, si je les croi,
 L'Interet ne peut rien, l'honneur seul fait la loi,

BOILEAU Sat. 11.

Though fools by passion or self-love betray'd,
 Fall down and worship what themselves have made;
 Still does the Goddess in her form divine, 25
 O'er each grim idol eminently shine;
 Array'd in lasting majesty, is known
 Thro' every clime and age, unchang'd, and One,

But how explor'd?--Take reason for your guide,
 Discard self-love; set passion's glass aside; 30
 Nor view her with the jaundic'd eye of pride.
 Yet judge not rashly from a partial view
 Of what is wrong or right, or false or true;
 Objects too near deceive th'observer's eye;
 Examine those which at due distance lie. 35
 Scarce is the structure's harmony descry'd
 'Midst the tall column's, and gay order's pride;
 But tow'rd the destin'd point your sight remove,
 And this shall lessen still, and that improve;
 New beauties gain upon your wond'ring eyes, 40
 And the fair Whole in just proportion rise.
 Thus Honour's true proportions best are seen,
 Where the due length of ages lies between:
 This separates pride from greatness, show from worth,
 Detects false beauty, real grace calls forth; 45

E 3

Points

Verse 32. Not only so, but we must remove ourselves to a proper distance from the object we examine, lest some part shoul^d predominate in our eye, and occasion a false judgment of the whole.

Points out what merits praise, what merits blame,
Sinks in disgrace, or rises into fame.

Come then, from past examples let us prove
What raises hate, contempt, esteem, or love.

Can greatness give true Honour? can expence?
Can luxury? or can magnificence? 51

Wild is the purpose, mad the fruitless aim,
Like a vile prostitute to bribe fair fame;
Persuasive splendor vainly temps her ear,
And e'en all-potent gold is baffled here. 55

Ye pyramids, that once could threat the skies,
Aspiring tow'rs, and cloud-wrapt wonders, rise!
To latest age your founder's pride proclaim;
Record the tyrant's greatness; tell his name; (stone
No more:--The treacherous brick and mould'ring
Are sunk in dust: the boasting title gone:
Pride's trophies, swept by Time's devouring flood,
'Th' inscription want, to tell where once they stood.
But could they rival Nature, Time defy,
Yet what record but Vice or Vanity? 65

His.

Verse 48. Therefore the surest method is, to prove by
past examples what commands our love and esteem.

Verse 50, &c. Expence and Grandeur cannot give
true Honour: Their most splendid monuments vanish;
and even should they last for ever, could not bestow real
glory, if only the records of Pride, Tyranny and Vice.

His the true glory, tho' his name unknown,
 Who taught the arch to swell ; to rise, the stone ;
 Not his, whose wild command fair art obey'd,
 Whilst folly dictated, or passion sway'd.

No : spite of greatness, pride and vice are seen,
 Shameful in pomp, conspicuously mean. 71

In vain, O St - - d - - y, thy proud forests spread ;
 In vain each gilded turret rears its head ;
 In vain thy Lord commands the stream to fall,
 Extends the view, and spreads the smoth canal, 75
 While guilt's black train each conscious walk invade,
 And cries of orphans haunt him in the shade.

Mistaken man ! by crimes to hope for fame !
 Thy imag'd glory leads to real shame :
 Is villainy self-hated ? thus to raise 80
 Upbraiding monuments of foul disgrace ?
 Succeeding times, and ages yet unborn,
 Shall view the guilty scene with honest scorn ;
 Disdain each beauty thy proud folly plann'd,
 And curse the labours of oppression's hand. 85

Next, view the Heroe in th' embattl'd field :
 True Honour's fruit can conquest's laurel yield ?

E 4

Him

Verse 72, &c. Much less if purchas'd by Oppression and Guilt.

Verse 86, &c. True Honour is not to reaped from unjust Conquest : It is not Victory, but a just Cause that can engage our Esteem.

Him only honour'd, only lov'd we find,
 Who fights not to destroy, but save mankind :
 Pelides' fury may our wonder move, 90
 But god-like HECTOR is the man we love.
 See WILLIAM's sword a tyrant's pride disarm :
 See Lewis trembling under MARLB'RO's arm :
 Say, which to human kind are friends or foes ?
 And who detests not These, and loves not Those ?
 Conquest unjust can ne'er command applause ;
 'Tis not the vict'ry charms you, but the cause :
 Not Cæsar's self can feign the patriot's part, 98
 Nor his false virtues hide his poison'd heart :
 But round thy brows the willing laurels twine,
 Whose voice † wak'd freedom in the savage mine !
 Yes : truly glorious, only great is he
 Who conquers, or who bleeds for liberty.
 “ Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 “ From Macedonia's mad-man to the Swede. 105
 Like baleful comets flaming in the skies,
 At destin'd times th' appointed scourges rise ;
 A while in streaming lustre sweep along,
 And fix in wonder's gaze th' admiring throng ;

But

IMITATIONS.

Verse 98. Du premier des Cæsars on vante les exploits ;
 Mais dans quel tribunal, jugé suivant les loix,
 Eut il pû disculper son injuste manie ?

BOILEAU Sat. 11.

† GUSTAVUS VASA.

But reason's eye detects the spurious ray, 110
 And the false blaze of glory dies away.

Now all th' aërial cells of wit explore;
 The mazy rounds of science travel o'er;
 Search all the deep recesses of the mind,
 And see, if there true Honour sits enshrin'd. 115

Alas, nor wit nor science this can boast,
 Oft' dash'd with error, oft' in caprice lost!
 Transient as bright the short-liv'd bubbles fly,
 And modes of wit, and modes of science die.
 See Rab'lais once the idol of the age; 120

Yet now neglected lies the smutted page!
 Of once renown'd Des Cartes how low the fall,--
 His glory with his whirlpools vanish all!
 See folly, wit--and weakness, wisdom stain,--
 And Villars witty--Bacon wise in vain! 125

Oft' vice corrupts what sense and parts refine,
 And clouds the splendor of the brightest line,
E 5 Sullies

Verse 116. Neither is true Glory to be obtained by Wit or Science: They are chimerical: Sometimes attended with folly, and weakness; often stained with vice, and so render their possessors mischievous and infamous.

I M I T A T I O N S.

Verse 126. Je ne puis estimer ces dangereux auteurs,
 Qui de l'honneur en vers infames desertent,
 Trahissant la vertu sur un papier coupable,
 Aux yeux de leur lecteurs rendent le vice amiable.--
 En vain l'esprit est plein d'un noble vigueur;
 Le vers se sent toujours des bassesses du cœur.

BOILEAU l'Art Poet. Ch. 4,

Sollies what Congreve, and what Dryden writ,--
 This fashion's slave ; as that, the slave of wit.
 In vain fair Genius bids the laurel shoot, 130
 The deadly worm thus eating at the root :
 Corroded thus, the greenest wreaths decay,
 And all the poet's honours fall away ;
 Quick as autumnal leaves, the laurels fade,
 And droop on Rochester's and Otway's head. [fair?

Where then is found TRUE HONOUR, heavenly
 Ask, LONSDALE, ask your heart--she dictates there.

Yes: 'tis in VIRTUE :--That alone can give
 The lasting Honour, and bid glory live :
 On virtue's basis only fame can rise, 140
 To stand the storms of age, and reach the skies :
 Arts, conquest, greatness, feel the stroke of fate,
 Shrink sudden, and betray th' incumbent weight ;
 Time with contempt the faithless props surveys,
 " And buries mad-men in the heaps they raise. 145

'Tis virtue only can the bard inspire,
 And fill his raptur'd breast with lasting fire :
 Touch'd by th' ethereal ray each kindled line
 Beams strong : still virtue feeds the flame divine ;
 Where'er she treads she leaves her footsteps bright,
 In radiant tracts of never-dying light ; 151

These

Verse 183. The foundation of true Honour is Virtue only.

These shed the lustre o'er each sacred name, [flame
 Give SPENCER's clear, and SHAKESPEAR's noble
 Blaze to the skies in MILTON's ardent song,
 And kindle the brisk-fallying fires of YOUNG;
 These gild each humble verse in modest GAY;
 These give to SWIFT the keen, soul-piercing ray;
 Mildly thro' ADDISON's chaste page they shine,
 And glow and warm in POPE's immortal line.

Nor less the Sage must live by Virtue's aid; 160
 Truth must support him, or his glories fade;
 And truth and virtue differ but in name,
 Like light and heat—distinguish'd, yet the same.

To truth from virtue the ascent is sure;
 The wholesome stream implies the fountain pure; 165
 To taste the spring we oft' essay in vain:
 Deep lies the source, too short is reason's chain;
 But those the issues of pure truth we know,
 Which in clear strength thro' virtue's channel flow:
 Error in vain attempts the foul disguise, 170
 Still tasted in the bitter wave of vice;

E 6

Drawn

Verse 53. It is Virtue only that gives the Poet lasting glory: this proved by instances.

Verse 164. The Philosopher can only hope for true glory from the same source; because Truth is his object, and nothing can be Truth that tends to destroy Virtue and Happiness.

Drawn from the springs of Falsehood all confess
 Each baneful drop that poisons happiness ;—
 G--rd-n's thin shallows, Tindal's muddy page,
 And Morgan's gall, and Woolston's furious rage ; 175
 Th' envenom'd stream that flows from Toland's quill,
 And the rank dregs of Hobbes and Mandeville.

De-

Verse 174. Hence appears the madness, infamy, and falsehood of those destructive schemes set on foot by the sect called Free Thinkers.

R E M A R K S.

G-rd-ns thin Shallows.] The work here characterized is entitled “ The Independent Whig, or a Defence of our ecclesiastical Establishment ” : Yet it may be truly affirmed, that there is not one institution of the Church of England, but what is there misrepresented, and ridiculed with the lowest and most despicable scurrility.

Tindal's muddy Page.] Alluding to the Confusion of Ideas, which that dull writer labours under.

Morgan.] His Character is thus drawn by an excellent writer—“ Who by the peculiar felicity of a good choice, “ having learned his Morality of our Tindal, and his Philosophy of your [the Jews] Spinoza, calls himself, by “ the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher. WARB. div. Leg. of Moses dem Vol. II. Ded. p. 20.

Toland.] A noted advocate for that species of Atheism commonly called Pantheism.

Hobbes.] It is confessed he was a man of Genius and Learning : Yet thro' a ridiculous affectation of being regarded as the founder of new Systems, he has advanced many things even below confutation.

Mandeville.] The Author of that monstrous heap of contradiction and absurdity, “ *The Fable of the Bees or* “ *private Vices publick Benefits.*” The reader, who is acquainted with the writings of these Gentlemen, will pro-

Detested names ! yet sentenc'd ne'er to die ;

Snatch'd from ob'ivion's grave by infamy !

Insect-opinions, hatch'd by folly's ray, 180

Bask in the beam that wing'd them, for a day :

Truth, phoenix-like immortal, tho' she dies,

With strength renew'd shall from her ashes rise.

See, how the lustre of th' ATHENIAN * sage

Shines thro' the lengthen'd gloom of many an age !

Virtue alone so wide the beam cou'd spread,

And throw the lasting glory round his head.

See NEWTON chase conjecture's twilight ray,

And light up nature into certain day !

He wide creation's trackless mazes trod ; 190

And in each atom found the ruling God.

Unrival'd pair ! with truth and virtue fraught !

Whose lives confirm'd whate'er their reason taught !

Whose far-stretch'd views, and bright examples join'd

At once t'enlighten and perswade mankind ! 195

Hail, names rever'd ! which time and truth proclaim

The first as fairest in the list of fame.

Kings
probably observe a kind of climax in this place ; ascending from those who have attempted to destroy the several fences of virtue, to the wild boars of the wood that root it up.

Verse 180. Falsehood short-lived : Truth eternal.

* Socrates.

Verse 184, &c. Examples of the two most illustrious philosophers that ever adorned the world ; the one excellent in moral, the other in natural knowledge.

Kings, statesmen, patriots, thus to glory rise ;
 On virtue grows their fame, or soon it dies ;
 But grafted on the vigorous stock, 'tis seen 200
 Brighten'd by age, and springs in endless green :
 Pride, folly, vice, may blossom for an hour,
 Fed by court-sun-shine, and poetic show'r ;
 But the pale tendrils, nurs'd by flattery's hand,
 Unweary'd tendance, fresh supplies demand ; 205
 By heats unnatural push'd to sudden growth,
 They sicken at th' inclement blasts of truth ;
 Shook by the weakest breath that passes by,
 Their colours fade, they wither, droop, and die.

* * * * *

'Tis virtue only that shall grow with time, 210
 Live thro' each age, and spread thro' ev'ry clime.
 See god-like patriots, gen'rous, wise, and good,
 Stand in the breach, and stem corruption's flood !
 See martyr-bishops at the stake expire,
 Smile on the faggot, and defy its fire !

How

Verse 198, &c Kings, statesmen, and patriots must build their fame on Virtue.

Verse 204. Flattery cannot raise folly or vice into true glory.

R E M A R K S.

See martyr-bishops, &c.] The catalogue of these heroes, thro' the several ages of Christianity, is too large to be inserted in a work of this nature: Those of our own Country were RIDLEY, LATIMER, and the good (tho' less fortunate) CRANMER.

How great in exile HYDE and TULLY shone!
 How ALFRED's virtues brighten'd all his throne!
 From worth like this unbidden glories stream;
 No borrow'd blaze it asks, nor fortune's beam;
 Affliction's gloom but makes it still more bright, 220
 As the clear lamp shines clearest in the night.

Thus various honours various states adorn,
 As different stars with different glory burn;
 Their orbs too wider, as their sphere is higher;
 Yet all partake the same celestial fire. 225

See then heav'n's endless bounty, and confess,
 Which gives in Virtue fame and happiness!
 See mankind's folly, who the boon despise,
 And grasp at pain and infamy in Vice!

Not so the man who mov'd by virtue's laws, 230
 Reveres himself—and gains, not seeks applause;
 Whose views concenter'd, all to virtue tend;
 Who makes true glory but his second end;
 Still sway'd by what is fit, and just, and true,
 Who gives to all whate'er to all is due; 235

When

Verse 222. Thus it appears that every one has the power of obtaining true honour, by promoting the happiness of mankind in his proper station.

Verse 226. And thus the love of fame, tho' often perverted to bad ends is naturally conducive to virtue and happiness.

Verse 230, &c. True honour characterized and exemplify'd.

When parties mad sedition's garb put on,
 Snatches the highest praise, — and is of none :
 Whilst round and round the veering patriots roll,
 Unshaken points to Truth, as to his pole ;
 Contemns alike what factions praise or blame ; 240
 O'er rumour's narrow orbit soars to fame :
 Unmov'd whilst malice barks, or envy howls,
 Walks firm to virtue thro' the scoffs of fools ;
 No minion flatters ; gains no selfish end ; 244
 His own--his king's--his country's--mankind's friend :--
 Him virtue crowns with wreaths that ne'er decay ;
 And glory circles him with endless day.

Such he who deep in VIRTUE roots his fame ;
 And such thro' ages shall be LONSDALE's name.

A N

A N
E S S A Y o n S A T I R E :

Occasion'd by the

D E A T H of Mr. P O P E.

By the same.

*O sacred weapon, left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence !
To all, but heav'n-directed hands, deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.*

FA T E gave the word, the cruel arrow sped,
And P O P E lies number'd with the mighty dead.
Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night :
Guilt at the signal rowzing all her train,
Broods o'er the glories of her growing reign :
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb :
With inextinguishable rage they burn,
And snake-hung Envy hisses o'er his urn.

But thou whose eye, from passion's film refin'd,
Can see true greatness in an honest mind ;

Can

Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
 And taste the raptures of a PURE delight ;
 O visit oft his awful page with care,
 And view the bright assemblage treasur'd there. —
 Yet deign to hear the efforts of a muse,
 Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues ;
 Intent from this great archetype to draw,
 Or faintly shadow SATIRE's pow'r and law ;
 Pleas'd, if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
 And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's generous end.

I. In ev'ry breast there burns an active flame,
 The love of glory, or the dread of shame :
 The passion ONE, tho' diff'rent forms it wear,
 As brighten'd into hope, or sunk by fear :
 The lisping infant, and the hoary fire,
 And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire :
 The charms of praise the coy, the modest woo,
 And fly from glory that she may pursue :
 (As Galatea *, playful on the green,
 Hides in the grove, yet wishes to be seen :)
 She, pow'rful goddess, rules the wise and great ;
 Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet :
 Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
 And sways alike the scepter and the spade.

Heav'n

* ————— Galatea lasciva puella
 Fugit ad falices, sed se cupit ante videri.

VIRG.

Heav'n thus in man it's friendly pow'r displays,
 To urge him on to deeds that merit praise:
 But man, vain man, to folly only wise,
 Rejects the manna sent him from the skies:
 With rapture hears corrupted passion's call,
 Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
 As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
 He for imagin'd substance quits the true:
 Eager to catch the visionary prize,
 In quest of glory plunges deep in vice;
 Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
 He forfeits ev'ry praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious nature plies her part,
 And still her dictates work in ev'ry heart:
 Each pow'r that sovereign nature bids enjoy,
 Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy:
 Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
 The passions rage, obstructed in their course;
 Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
 And drown those virtues, which they fed before.

And sure the deadliest foe to virtue's flame,
 Our worst of evils, is perverted shame.
 Beneath this yoke what abject numbers groan,
 The shackled slaves to folly not their own!
 Blind to ourselves, by sordid fear oppress'd,
 We seek our virtues in each other's breast;

Meanly

Meanly adopt another's wild caprice,
 Another's weakness, or another's vice.
 Each tool to hood-wink'd pride, so poorly great,
 That pines in splendid wretchedness of state,
 Tir'd in ambition's chase, would nobly yield,
 And but for shame, like Sylla, quit the field :
 The dæmon Shame paints strong the ridicule,
 And whispers close "the world will call you fool."
 Behold, yon wretch, to impious madness driv'n,
 Believes and trembles, while he scoffs at heav'n :
 By weakness strong, and bold thro' fear alone,
 He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown,
 Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod,
 To man a coward, a brave to GOD *.
 Truth, justice, heav'n, in vain shall claim their pow'r,
 If the heart court fantastick honour more :
 Thus virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
 When passions born her friends, revolt, her foes.
 Hence SATIRE's pow'r : 'Tis her instructive part,
 To calm the wild disorders of the heart :
 She points the arduous height where glory lies,
 And teaches mad ambition to be wise ;

From

* Vois-tu ce libertin en public intrepide,
 Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans son ame il croit ?
 Il iroit embrasser la verité qu'il voit :
 Mais de ses faux amis il craint la raillerie,
 Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par poltronnerie.

BOIL. Ep. 3.

From foul example kindles fair desire,
 Draws good from ill, from flint elicits fire ;
 Like the nice BEE, with art most subtly true
 From poys'nous vice extracts a healing dew *,
 Strips black oppression of her gay disguise,
 And bids the hag in native horror rise ;
 Strikes bloated pride, and lawless rapine dead,
 And plants the wreath of fame on virtue's head.

Nor boasts the muse imaginary pow'r,
 Tho' oft' she mourn those ills she cannot cure :
 The worthy court her, and the worthless fear ;
 Who hate her piercing eye, that eye revere :
 Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
 And ev'ry foe to wisdom feels her sway :
 Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more grow vain ;
 Desponding fops resign the clouded cane :
 Hush'd at her voice, pert folly's self is still,
 And dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
 Her hand from vice fair virtues oft hath sprung,
 As the skill'd planter raises flow'rs from dung :
 Weak are the ties which public art can find,
 To quell the madness of the tainted mind :
 Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles ;
 And force strong-finew'd rends th' unequal toils :

The

* Parody on these lines of Mr. POPE :

In the nice BEE what art so subtly true
 From poys'nous herbs extracts a healing dew.

The stream of vice impetuous drives along,
 Too deep for policy, for pow'r too strong :
 Ev'n fair religion, native of the skies,
 Scorn'd by the fool, seeks refuge with the wise :
 But SATIRE's arrow searches ev'ry breast :
 She plays a ruling passion on the rest :
 Fast binds the slave that earth and heav'n defy'd,
 And awes him from the battery of his pride.
 When fell corruption, by her vassals crown'd,
 Derides fall'n justice prostrate on the ground ;
 Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
 Bold SATIRE shakes the tyrant on her throne :
 Pow'rful as death, defies the sordid train,
 And slaves and sycophants surround in vain.

But with the friends of vice, the foes of SATIRE,
 All truth is spleen, all spirit is ill-nature —

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill ;
 Well may they tremble when she draws her quill :
 Her magic quill, that like Ithuriel's spear
 Displays the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear ;
 Bids vice and folly take unborrow'd shapes,
 Turns Duchesses to * strumpets, beaux to apes,
 Drags the vile whisperer from his dark abode,
 Till all the dæmon starts up from the toad.

O

* Not these into Duchesses ; which is but a modern art.

O fordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
 That true good-nature still must wear a smile !
 In frowns involv'd her beauties stronger rise,
 When love of virtue wakes her scorn of vice :
 Where justice calls, 'tis cruelty to save ;
 And 'tis the law's god-nature hangs the knave.
 Who combats virtue's foe, is virtue's friend ;
 Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end :
 To guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
 The object of her love is all mankind.
 They least are pain'd, who merit Satire most :
 Folly the laureat's, vice was Chartres' boast :
 And sure 'tis just to gibbet high the name
 Of fools and knaves already dead to shame.
 Oft' SATIRE acts the faithful surgeon's part ;
 Generous and kind, tho' painful is her art :
 Her optics all the dark disease explore,
 Her weapon launces wide the gangreen'd fore ;
 Deep wounds hypocrisy's fair-seeming skin,
 Where death in ulcerous humours lurks within :
 With caution bold, she only strikes to heal,
 Tho' folly burns to break the friendly steel.
 Then sure no guilt impartial SATIRE knows,
 Kind, even in vengeance kind to virtue's foes :
 Whose is the crime, the scandal too be their's :
 The knave and fool are their own libellers.

2. Dare nobly then : But conscious of your trust,
 As ever warm and bold, be ever just :
 Nor court applause in these degenerate days ;
 The hate of villains is extorted praise.

O'er all be steady in a noble end,
 And shew mankind that truth has yet a friend.
 'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write
 (As foplings laugh, to show their teeth are white ;
 To lash a doubtful folly with a smile,
 Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile :
 'Tis doubly vile, when but to prove your art,
 You fix an arrow in a blameless heart.
 O lost to honour's call, O doom'd to shame,
 Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame !
 Fell ravisher, from innocence to tear
 That name, than life, than freedom held more dear :
 To breathe contagion o'er the springing flow'r :
 Procrustes like, in wantonness of pow'r
 To torture truth and virtue till they fit,
 And die in pangs upon the rack of wit !
 Where shall thy baseness meet it's just return,
 Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn !
 And know, immortal truth shall mock thy toil :
 Immortal truth shall bid the shaft recoil ;
 With rage redoubled, wing the deadly dart ;
 And steep it's load of poison in thy heart.

Let

Let SATIRE next, her proper limits know;
 And e'er she strike, be sure she strikes a foe.
 Nor fondly deem, you spy a real fool
 At each gay impulse of blind ridicule;
 Before whose altar virtue oft' hath bled,
 And oft' a fated victim shall be led:
 Lo! * Shaftsb'ry rears her high on reason's throne,
 And loads the slave with honours not her own:

Big-

* It were to be wished that lord Shaftsbury had expressed himself with greater precision on this subject: however, thus much may be affirmed with truth.

1st, By the general tenour of his essays on Enthusiasm, and the Freedom of Wit and Humour, it appears that his principal design was to recommend the way of Ridicule (as he calls it) for the investigation of truth, and detection of falshood, not only in moral but religious subjects.

2dly, It appears no less evident, that in the course of his reasonings on this question, he confounds two things which are in their nature and consequences entirely different. They are, Ridicule and Good-humour: the latter acknowledged by all to be the best mediator in every debate; the former no less regarded by most, as an Embroiler and Incendiary. Tho' he sets out with a formal profession of proving the efficacy of wit, humour, and ridicule in the investigation of truth, yet by shifting and mixing his terms, he generally slides insensibly into mere encomiums on good-breeding, chearfulness, urbanity, and free enquiry. This indeed keeps something like an argument on foot, and amuses the superficial reader; but to a more observant eye discovers a very contemptible defect either of sincerity or penetration.

The question concerning Ridicule may be thus not improperly

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F

properly

Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
 Profaneness spawns, pert dulness drops a joke !

Say,

properly stated : Whether doubtful propositions of any kind can be ascertained by the application of ridicule? Much might be said on this question ; but a few words will make the matter clear to an unprejudiced mind.

The disapprobation or contempt which certain objects raise in the mind of man, is a particular mode of passion : the objects of this passion are apparent falshood, incongruity, or impropriety of some particular kinds. Thus, object of fear is apparent danger, or probable approaching ill. But who has ever dreamt of exalting the passion of fear into a standard or test of real danger? The design must have been rejected as absurd, because it is the work of reason only, to correct and fix the passion on its proper objects. The case is parallel : apparent or seeming falshoods, &c. are the objects of contempt, but it is the work of reason only, to determine whether the supposed falshoods be real or fictitious. But it is said, “ The sense of ridicule can never be mistaken.” — Why, no more can the sense of Danger. — “ What, do men never fear without reason ? ” — Yes, very commonly ; but they as often despise and laugh without reason. And thus, before any thing can be determined in either case, reason, and reason only, must examine circumstances, separate ideas, decide upon, restrain, and correct the passion.

Hence it follows, that the way of ridicule is in fact no more than a species of eloquence : It applies to a passion, and therefore can go no farther in the investigation of truth, than any of those arts which tend to raise love, pity, terror, rage or hatred in the heart of man. Consequently, his lordship might have transplanted the whole system of rhetoric into his new scheme, with the same propriety as he hath introduced the way of ridicule itself. A hopeful project this, for the propagation of truth !

Say, shall we join a while this gaping crew,
 And prove at least, the ideot may be true,
 Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule,
 Who therefore smil'd, because they saw a fool?
 Sublimer logic now adorns our isle;
 We therefore see a fool, because we smile:
 Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
 Lo! gay she sits in laughter's dimpled cheek:
 Contemns each furly academic foe,
 And courts the spruce free-thinker and the beau:

F 2

Dœdalian

As this seems to be the real nature and tendency of ridicule, it hath been generally discouraged by philosophers and divines, together with every other mode of eloquence, when apply'd to controverted opinions. This discouragement, from what is said above, appears to have been rational and just; therefore the charge laid against divines with regard to this affair by a zealous admirer of lord Shaftsbury (See a note on the Pleasures of Imagination, Book III.) seems entirely groundless. The distinction which the same author hath attempted with respect to the influence of ridicule, between speculative and moral truths, seems no better founded. It is certain that opinions are no less liable to ridicule than actions. And it is no less certain that the way of ridicule, cannot determine the propriety or impropriety of the one, more than the truth of the other; because the same passion of contempt is equally engaged in both cases, and therefore (as above) reason only can examine the circumstances of the action or opinion, and thus fix the passion on its proper objects.

Upon the whole, this new design of discovering truth by the vague and unsteady light of ridicule, puts one in mind of the honest Irishman, who apply'd his candle to the sun-dial in order to see how the night went.

Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
 But all can screw the muscles of their face :
 Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
 Shall work Herculean wonders thro' the land :
 Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
 Great WARBURTON shall rage, but rage in vain ;
 Truth's sacred prize the loudest horse-laugh win ;
 And coxcombs vanquish BERKLEY by a grin.

But you more wise, reject th' inverted rule,
 That truth is e'er explor'd by ridicule :
 On truth, on falsehood let her colours fall,
 She throws a dazzling glare alike on all :
 Beware the mad adventr'er : bold and blind
 She hoists her sail, and drives with ev'ry wind,
 Deaf as the storm to sinking virtue's groan,
 Nor heeds a friend's destruction, or her own.
 Let clear-ey'd reason at the helm preside,
 Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide :
 Then mirth may urge when reason can explore,
 This point the way, that waft us to the shore.

Tho' distant times be sketch'd in SATIRE's page,
 Yet chief, 'tis her's to draw the present age :
 With wisdom's lustre, folly's shade contrast,
 And judge the reigning manners by the past :
 Bid Britain's heroes (awful shades !) arise,
 And ancient honour beam on modern vice :

Point

Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
 Till the sons blush at what their fathers were;
 E'er yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
 E'er yet 'twas quite a scandal to be just;
 When vulgar sharpers only dar'd a lye,
 Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye;
 E'er lewdness the stain'd garb of honour wore,
 Or chastity was carted for the whore,
 Vice strutted in the plumes of freedom dress'd,
 Or public spirit was the public jest:
 E'er yet indignant SATIRE's honest page
 Was fir'd to vengeance by an iron age,
 The parent and the nurse of ev'ry crime,
 The dregs, the drainings of exhausted time.

Be ever in a just expression bold,
 Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a scold:
 Let no unworthy rage her form debase,
 But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
 In mirth be temperate, decent in her spleen;
 Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene:
 Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore;
 Nor call his lordship ———, her grace a ———:
 The muse's charms with surest force assail,
 When wrapt in irony's transparent veil:
 Her beauties half-conceal'd the more surprize,
 And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.

Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd :
 Stile Clodius honourable, Bufa chafte :
 For memoirs, Ayre the glory of the nation ;
 Cibber for ode, and Gordon for tranflation *.

Dart not on folly an indignant eye :
 Who e'er discharg'd artillery on a fly ?
 Laugh not at vice : abfurd the thought and vain,
 To bind the tiger in fo weak a chain :
 Nay more : when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
 The knave exults : to fmile is to approve.
 The mufe's labour then fuccesfs fhall crown,
 When folly feels her fmile, and vice her frown.

Know next what meafures to each theme belong,
 And fuit your thoughts and numbers to your fong ;
 On wings proportion'd to your quarry rife,
 And ftoop to earth, or foar among the fkies.
 Thus when prevailing folly claims a fmile,
 Free the expreffion, humble be the ftile :
 In ftrains adapted fing the midnight toil
 Of camps and S ——— s disciplin'd by Hoyle.
 In artlefs numbers paint th' ambitious P——r,
 That mounts the box, and fhines a charioteer,
 For glory warm, the leathern belt puts on,
 And fmacks the whip with art, and rivals John ;

Or

* Of TACITUS.

Or him whose moderate ambition reaches
 But to his hip, a connoisseur in breeches,
 Proud with his sheers to clip his way to fame
 And grope for glory while he covers shame.
 Let SATIRE here in milder beauty shine,
 And gayly graceful sport along the line ;
 Bid awkward folly quit her thin pretence,
 And smile each affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her guards betray'd,
 Spurn'd from her throne, implores the muse's aid,
 When crimes which erst in kindred darkness lay,
 Rise frontless and insult the eye of day :
 When weeping Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
 And white-rob'd Chastity with sighs retires ;
 And rank Adultery on the marriage bed
 Hot from Cocytus rears her crimson head :
 When private Faith and public Trust are sold,
 And traitors barter Liberty for gold :
 When fell Corruption dark and deep as fate,
 Saps the foundation of a tottering state :
 When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise
 On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies :—
 Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
 And all her smiles are darken'd into rage :
 On eagle wing she gains Parnassus' height,
 Not lofty Epic soars a nobler flight ;

The conscious mountain trembles at her nod,
 And ev'ry awful gesture speaks the God:
 Then keener indignation fires her eye,
 Then flash her light'nings, and her thunders fly;
 Wide and more wide the flaming bolts are hurl'd,
 Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.

Yet SATIRE oft' assumes a gentler mein,
 And beams on virtue's friends a smile serene;
 Reluctant wounds, but pours her balm with joy,
 Pleas'd to commend, where merit strikes her eye.

But tread with caution this enchanted ground,
 Inclos'd by faithless precipices round:
 Truth be your guide: disdain ambition's call:
 And if you fall with truth, you greatly fall.
 'Tis virtue's native lustre that must shine:
 The poet can but set it in his line:
 And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
 A dirty pebble meanly grac'd with gold?
 Let real merit then adorn your lays,
 For shame attends on prostituted praise:
 And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art
 Can only prove, you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's law confin'd,
 She yields description of the noblest kind.
 Great is the toil, the latent soul to trace,
 To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;

By turns bid vice and virtue strike our eyes,
 Now bid a WOLSEY or SEJANUS rise ;
 Now with a touch more sacred and refin'd,
 Call forth a BRUTUS' or a SCIPIO's mind ;
 Here sweet or strong may ev'ry colour flow :
 Here let the pencil warm, the canvass glow :
 Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
 And wake the swelling figures into life.

3. Thro' ages thus hath SATIRE greatly shin'd,
 The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind :
 Yet the fair plant from virtue ne'er had sprung ;
 And man was guilty e'er the poet sung.
 With joy the Muse beheld each better age,
 Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage :
 Truth saw her honest spleen with just delight,
 And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight :
 First on the sons of Greece she prov'd her art,
 And Sparta felt the fierce IAMBICK dart *.
 To Latium next, avenging SATIRE flew :
 The flaming faulcion bold LUCILIUS † drew ;
 With dauntless warmth in virtue's cause engag'd,
 And conscious villains trembled as he rag'd.

F 5

Next,

* Archilocus proprio rabies armavit Iambo.

HOR.

† Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
 Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
 Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa.

JUV. Sat. 1.

Next, playful HORACE * caught the generous fire;
 For SATIRE's bow resign'd the sounding lyre:
 Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
 And as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
 He cloath'd his art in study'd negligence,
 Politely fly, cajol'd the foes of sense;
 Seem'd but to sport and trifle with the dart,
 But while he sported, stab'd them to the heart.

In graver strains majestic PERSIUS wrote,
 Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
 Greatly sedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
 And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain:
 Yet far from vulgar eyes remov'd his seat;
 Vast chains of rocks inclose the green retreat:
 Let BOND conduct you thro' the dark profound,
 And fair poetic scenes shall open round.

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage
 Devour, in JUVENAL's exalted page:
 His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
 And swept audacious greatness to its doom;
 As headlong torrents thund'ring from on high,
 Rend the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

But

* Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit,
 Callidus excussa populum suspendere naso.

PERS. Sat. 1.

But lo ! the fatal victor of mankind,
 Swoln Luxury !——and Ruin stalks behind !
 As countless insects from the north-east pour,
 To blast the spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r ;
 So barb'rous millions spread contagious death,
 The sick'ning laurel wither'd at their breath :
 Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
 Beneath whose baleful dew the poppy sprung.
 No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
 But dulness nodded in the Muse's grove ;
 Wit, spirit, freedom were the sole offence,
 Nor aught was held ridiculous but sense.

At length, again fair Science shot her ray,
 Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day :
 Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
 Whet, whet thy arrows, and resume thy bow !
 See, great ERASMUS breaks the pow'rful spell,
 And wounds triumphant folly in her cell !
 In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
 Vain all her bigot cant, her sow'r grimace ;
 With shame compell'd her giddy throne to quit,
 And own the force of reason urg'd by wit.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honest vengeance 'rose,
 His wit refulgent, tho' his rhyme were prose :
 He 'midst an age of puns and pedants wrote
 With genuine sense, and Roman strength of thought.

Yet scarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
 (With grief the muse relates her country's shame)
 E'er Britain saw the foul revolt commence,
 And treacherous Wit began her war with Sense.
 Then 'rose a shameless, mercenary crew,
 Whom latest time with just contempt shall view :
 A race fantastic, in whose page you see
 Untutor'd fancy, a meer Jeu d' Esprit :
 Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
 Reflects not nature, but confounds the sight.
 Dry morals the court-poet blush'd to sing ;
 'Twas all his praise to say " the oddest thing :"
 By quaint conceits and turns of wit surprize,
 And puff poetic dust into your eyes.
 Perhaps some virtue was his awkward theme,
 When the light purse inspir'd a darker dream :
 When active hunger urg'd her lawless pow'r,
 Or the stern bailiff thunder'd at the door :
 But lo ! again the *Splendid Shilling* shines,
 And the bard grows immoral as he dines ;
 Proud, for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,
 To martyr virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Unhappy DRYDEN ! who unmov'd can see,
 Th' extremes of wit and meanness joyn'd in thee !
 Flames that could mount and gain their kindred skies,
 Low-creeping in the putrid sink of vice :

A muse whom truth and wisdom woo'd in vain,
 The pimp of pow'r, the prostitute to gain.
 Wreaths that shou'd deck fair Virtue's form alone,
 To strumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown :
 Unrival'd parts, the scorn of honest fame ;
 And genius rise, a monument of shame !

More happy France : immortal BOILEAU there
 Protected wisdom with a father's care :
 Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest'd,
 And breath'd her airs divine into his breast :
 To form his line, perfection's laws conspire,
 And faultless judgment guides unbounded fire :
 Whether he smiles at folly's fond caprice,
 Or pours the thunder of his rage on vice.

But see at length relenting SATIRE smile,
 And show'r her choicest boon on BRITAIN's isle :
 Behold, for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
 And leads the bard triumphant to his throne ;
 Despairing guilt and dulness loath the sight,
 As goblins vanish at approaching light ;
 The gentle Thames, that pours his urn fast by,
 Surveys the structure with revering eye :
 To a clear mirror smooths his glassy tide,
 Proud to reflect a nation's justest pride.
 But oh ! what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
 But faintly to express the poet's mind ?

Who

Who yonder star's effulgence can display,
 Unless he dip his pencil in the ray ?
 Who paint a God, unless the God inspire ?
 What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire ?
 So, mighty POPE, to make thy genius known,
 All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
 For thee each Muse with kind contention strove,
 For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove;
 With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
 Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
 Next, to her bard majestic Wisdom came ;
 The bard enraptur'd caught the vigorous flame :
 With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe ;
 Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe ;
 At fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
 Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale ;
 Sublimer views thy daring spirit bound ;
 Thy mighty voyage was creation's round ;
 Intent, new worlds of science to explore,
 And bless mankind with wisdom's sacred store ;
 A nobler joy than wit can give, impart ;
 And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
 Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
 And like a meteor, while we gaze, expires ;
 Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of vice,
 Like the blue light'ning, while it shines, destroys ;
But

But genius fir'd by truth's eternal ray,
 Burns clear and constant, like the source of day;
 Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
 Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
 Mildly dispells each wintry passion's gloom,
 And opens all the virtues into bloom.

This praise, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n;
 Thy genius was indeed a gift from heav'n.

Hail, bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
 Reason and wit with strength collected shine;
 Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
 Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.

Did friendship e'er mislead his wandering muse?

O let that friendship plead the great excuse;

That sacred friendship which inspir'd his song,
 Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.

Ye deathless names, ye sons of endless praise,
 By virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!

Say, shall an artless muse, if you inspire,

Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?

Shou'd she attempt, O may she faultless claim

A small, a temporary wreath of fame?

If such her fate; do thou fair Truth descend,

And watchful guard her in an honest end;

Kindly severe, instruct her equal line

To court no friend, nor own a foe, but thine.

But

But if her giddy eye shou'd vainly quit
 Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit ;
 If her apostate heart shou'd e'er incline
 To offer incense at corruption's shrine ;
 Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
 And dash the smoaking censer to the ground ;
 Till aw'd to fear, instructed bards may see
 That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

M U S Æ U S :

A

M O N O D Y

T O T H E

M E M O R Y of Mr. P O P E,

In Imitation of MILTON's *Lycidas*.

By Mr. M——.

Sorrowing I catch the reed, and call the muse ;
 If yet a muse on Britain's plain abide,
 Since rapt MUSÆUS tun'd his parting strain :
 With him they liv'd, with him perchance they dy'd.

For who e'er since their virgin train espy'd,
 Or on the banks of Thames, or that mild plain,
 Where Isis sparkles to the sunny ray?
 Or have they deign'd to play,
 Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,
 Feeding each white pink, and each daisie pied,
 That mingling paint his rusby-fringed side?

Yet ah! cœlestial maids, ye are not dead;
 Immortal as ye are, ye may not die:
 And well I ween, ye cannot quite be fled,
 E'er ye entune his mournful elegy.
 Stay then awhile, O stay, ye fleeting fair;
 Revisit yet, nor hallow'd Hippocrene,
 Nor Thespia's shade; till your harmonious teen
 Be grateful pour'd in some flow-dittied air.
 Such tribute paid, again ye may repair
 To what lov'd haunt you whilom did elect;
 Whether Lycæus, or that mountain fair
 Trim Mænalus, with piny verdure deckt.
 But now it boots you not in these to stray,
 Or yet Cyllene's hoary shade to chuse,
 Or where mild Ladon's welling waters play.
 Forego each vain excuse,
 And haste to Thames's shores; for Thames shall join
 Our sad society, and passing mourn,
 Letting cold tears bedew his silver urn.

And

And, when the poet's widow'd grot he laves,
 His reed-crown'd locks shall shake, his head shall bow,
 His tide no more in eddies blith shall rove,
 But creep soft by with long-drawn murmurs flow.
 For oft the poet rous'd his charmed waves
 With martial notes, or lull'd with strain of love.
 He must not now in brisk mæanders flow
 Gamesome, and kiss the sadly-silent shore,
 Without the loan of some poetic woe.

Can I forget, how erst his osiers made
 Sad sullen music, as bleak Eurys fann'd?
 Can I forget, how gloom'd yon laureat shade,
 E'er death remorseless wav'd his ebon wand?
 How, midst yon grot, each silver trickling spring
 Wander'd the shelly channels all among;
 While as the coral roof did softly ring
 Responsive to their sweetly-doleful song?
 Meanwhile all pale th' expiring poet laid,
 And sunk his awful head,
 While vocal shadows pleasing dreams prolong;
 For so, his sick'ning spirits to release,
 They pour'd the balm of visionary peace.

First, sent from Cam's fair banks, like Palmer old,
 Came * TITYRUS flow, with head all silver'd o'er,
 And

Came * Tityrus &c.] i. e. CHAUCER, a name frequently
 given him by Spenser, vide Shep. Cal. Ecl. 2, 6, 12, and
 elsewhere.

And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,
 And thus in antique guise short talk did hold.
 “ Grete clerk of Fame’ is house, whose excellence
 “ Maie wele befitt thilk place of eminence,
 “ Mickle of wele betide thy houres last,
 “ For mich gode wirkè to me don and past.
 “ For syn the daies whereas my lyre ben strongen,
 “ And deftly many a mery laie I songen,
 “ Old Time, which alle things don maliciously,
 “ Gnawen with rusty tooth continually,
 “ Gnattrib my lines, that they all cancrib ben,
 “ Till at the last thou smoothen ’hem hast again;
 “ Sithence full semely gliden my rymes rude,
 “ As, (if fitteth thilk similitude)
 “ Whannè shallow brooke yrenneth hobling on,
 “ Ovir rough stoncs it maken full rough song;
 “ But, them stoncs removen, this lite rivere
 “ Stealen forth by, making plesaunt murmure:
 “ So my sely rymes, whoso may them note,
 “ Thou maken everichone to ren right sote;
 “ And in thy verse entuneth so fetisely,
 “ That men sayen I make trewe melody,
 “ And speaken every dele to myne honoure.
 “ Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre!

He

He ceas'd his homely rhyme.

When * COLIN CLOUT, Eliza's shepherd swain,
The blithest lad that ever pip'd on plain,
Came with his reed soft-warbling on the way,
And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,
And thus his gliding numbers 'gan essay.

I.

“ † Ah ! luckless swain, alas ! how art thou lorn,
“ Who once like me could'st frame thy pipe to play
“ Shepherds devise, and chear the ling'ring morn :
“ Ne bush, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay.
“ Ah plight too fore such worth to equal right !
“ Ah worth too high to meet such piteous plight !

II.

“ But I nought strive, poor Colin, to compare
“ My Hobbin's, or my Thenot's rustic skill
“ Surpass ought else of quaintest shepherd's quill.
“ To thy deft Swains, who dapper ditties rare
“ Ev'n Roman Tityrus, that peerless wight,
“ Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

III.

* Colin Clout.] i. e. SPENSER, which name he gives himself throughout his works.

† The two first stanzas of this speech, as they relate to Pastoral, are written in the measure which Spenser uses in the first eclogue of the Shepherd's Calendar; the rest, where he speaks of Fable, are in the stanza of the Faery Queen.

III.

- “ Eke when in fable’s flow’ry path you stray’d,
 “ Masking in cunning feints truth’s splendid face ;
 “ Ne Sylph, ne Sylphid, but due tendence paid,
 “ To shield Belinda’s lock from felon base,
 “ But all mote nought avail such harm to chace,
 “ Then Una fair ’gan droop her princely mien,
 “ Eke Florimel, and all my Faery race :
 “ Belinda far surpast my beauties sheen,
 “ Belinda, subject meet for such soft lay I ween.

IV.

- “ Like as in villag’d troop of birdlings trim,
 “ Where Chanticleer his red crest high doth hold,
 “ And quaking Ducks, that wont in lake to swim,
 “ And Turkeys proud, and Pigeons nothing bold ;
 “ If chance the Peacock doth his plumes unfold,
 “ Eftsoons their meaner beauties all decaying,
 “ He glist’neth purple, and he glist’neth gold,
 “ Now with bright green, now blue himself arraying.
 “ Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties swaying.

V.

- “ But why do I descant this toyish rhyme,
 “ And fancies light in simple guise pourtray ?
 “ Lifting to chear thee at this ruefull time,
 “ While as black Death doth on thy heartstrings prey.

“ Yet

“ Yet rede aright, and if this friendly lay
 “ Thou nathless judgest all too slight and vain,
 “ Let my well-meaning mend my ill essay :
 “ So may I greet thee with a nobler strain,
 “ When soon we meet for aye, in yon star-sprinkled
 Last came a bard of more exalted tread, [plain.”
 And * THYRSIS hight by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,
 Whene'er he mingled with the sylvan train ;
 But seldom that ; for higher thoughts he fed ;
 For him full oft the heav'nly Muses led
 To clear Euphrates, and the secret mount,
 To Araby, and Eden, fragrant climes ;
 All which the sacred bard would oft recount :
 And thus in strain, unus'd in grove or shade,
 To sad MUSÆUS rightful homage paid.

“ Thrice hail, thou heav'n-taught warbler ! last and
 “ Of all the train ! Poet, in whom conjoin'd [best
 “ All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield
 “ Rapture ; harmonious, manly, clear, sublime.
 “ Accept this gratulation : may it chear
 “ Thy sinking soul ; nor these corporeal ills
 “ Ought daunt thee, or appall. Know, in high heav'n
 Fame

* Hight Thyrsis] i. e. MILTON. Lycidas and the Epitaphium Damonis are the only Pastorals we have of Milton's, in the latter of which, where he laments Car. Deodatus under the name of Damon, he calls himself Thyrsis.

“ Fame blooms eternal o’er that spirit divine,
 “ Who builds immortal verse. There thy bold Muse,
 “ Which while on earth could breathe Mæonian fire,
 “ Shall soar seraphic heights ; while to her voice
 “ Ten thousand Hierarchies of angels harp
 “ Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies
 “ Usher the song rejoicing. I meanwhile,
 “ To sooth thee in these irksome hours of pain,
 “ Approach thy visitant, with mortal laud
 “ To praise thee mortal. First, (as first beseems)
 “ For rhyme subdued ; rhyme, erst the minstrel rude
 “ Of Chaos, Anarch old : she near his throne
 “ Oft taught the rattling elements to chime
 “ With tenfold din ; till late to earth upborn
 “ On strident wing, what time fair poesie
 “ Emerg’d from Gothic cloud, and faintly shot
 “ Rekindling gleams of lustre. Her the fiend
 “ Opprest ; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,
 “ Runic, or Leonine ; and with dire chains
 “ Fetter’d her scarce-fledg’d pinion. I such bonds
 “ Aim’d to destroy, mistaking : bonds like these
 “ ’Twere greater art t’ennoble, and refine.
 “ For this superiour part MUSÆUS came :
 “ Thou cam’st, and at thy magic touch the chains
 “ Off dropt, and (passing strange !) soft-wreathed bands
 “ Of flow’rs their place supply’d : which well the Muse
 “ Might

“ Might wear for choice, not force ; obstruction none,
 “ But loveliest ornament. Wond’rous this, yet here
 “ The wonder rests not ; various argument
 “ Remains for me, all doubting, where to cull
 “ The primal grace, where countless graces charm.
 “ Various this peaceful scene ; this mineral roof ;
 “ This ’semblage meet of coral, ore, and shell ;
 “ These pointed crystals fair, mid each obscure
 “ Bright glist’ring ; all these slowly-dripping rills,
 “ That tinkling stray amid the cool cave.
 “ Yet not this various peaceful scene ; with this
 “ Its mineral roof ; nor this assemblage meet
 “ Of coral, ore, and shell ; nor mid th’ obscure
 “ These pointed crystals, glist’ring fair ; nor rills,
 “ That straying tinkle thro’ the cool cave ;
 “ Deal charms more various to each raptur’d sense,
 “ Than thy mellifluous lay — ”

“ Cease, friendly swain ;

(MUSÆUS cry’d, and rais’d his aching head)

“ All praise is foreign, but of true desert ;
 “ Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
 “ Ah ! why recall the toys of thoughtless youth ?
 “ When flow’ry fiction held the place of truth ;
 “ When fancy rull’d ; when trill’d each trivial strain,
 “ But idly sweet, and elegantly vain.

“ O !

- “ O ! in that strain, if all of wit had flow'd,
 “ All music warbled, and all beauty glow'd ;
 “ Had liveliest nature, happiest art combin'd ;
 “ That lent each grace, and this each grace refin'd,
 “ Alas ! how little were my proudest boast !
 “ The sweetest trifler of my tribe at most.
 “ To sway the judgment, while he charms the ear ;
 “ To curb mad passion in its wild career ;
 “ To blend with skill, as loftiest themes inspire,
 “ All reason's rigour, and all fancy's fire :
 “ Be this the poet's praise. With this uncrown'd,
 “ Wit dies a jest, and poetry a sound.
 “ Come then that honest fame ; whose sober ray
 “ Or gilds the satire, or the moral lay ; [line,
 “ Which dawns, tho' thou, rough **DONNE** ! hew out the
 “ But beams, sage **HORACE** ! from each strain of thine.
 “ O ! if, like these, one poet more could brave
 “ The venal statesman, or the titled slave ;
 “ Brand frontless Vice, strip all her stars and strings,
 “ Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings :
 “ Yet stoop to Virtue, tho' the prostrate maid
 “ Lay sadly pale in bleak misfortune's shade :
 “ If grave, yet lively ; rational, yet warm ;
 “ Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm ;
 “ He pour'd, for her lov'd cause, serene along
 “ The purest precept, in the sweetest song :

“ For her lov’d cause, he trac’d his moral plan,
 “ Yon various region of bewild’ring man ;
 “ Explor’d alike each scene, that frown’d, or smil’d,
 “ The flow’ry garden, or the weedy wild ;
 “ Unmov’d by sophistry, unaw’d by name,
 “ No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame ;
 “ Led by no system’s devious glare astray,
 “ As earth-born meteors glitter to betray :
 “ But, all his soul to reason’s rule resign’d,
 “ And heav’n’s own views fair-op’ning on his mind,
 “ Catch’d from bright nature’s flame the living ray,
 “ Thro’ passion’s cloud pour’d in resistless day ;
 “ And this great truth in all its lustre shew’d,
 “ That GOD IS WISE, and ALL CREATION GOOD :
 “ If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays ;
 “ Praise less than this, is impotence of praise.”

“ To pour that praise be mine,” fair VIRTUE cry’d,
 And shot, all radiant, thro’ an op’ning cloud.
 But ah ! my Muse, how will thy voice express
 Th’ immortal strain, harmonious, as it flow’d ?
 Ill suits immortal strain a doric dress :
 And far too high already hast thou soar’d.
 Enough for thee, that, when the lay was o’er,
 The goddess clasp’d him to her throbbing breast.
 But what might that avail ? Blind Fate before
 Had op’d her shears, to slit his vital thread ;

And

And who may hope gainsay her stern behest?
 Then thrice he wav'd the hand, thrice bow'd the head,
 And sigh'd his soul to rest.

Then wept the Nymphs; witness, ye waving shades!
 Witness, ye winding streams! the Nymphs did weep:
 The heav'nly Goddesses too with tears did steep
 Her plaintive voice, that echo'd thro' the glades;
 And, "cruel gods", and, "cruel stars", she cry'd:
 Nor did the shepherds, thro' the woodlands wide,
 On that sad day, or to the pensive brook,
 Or stagnant river, drive their thirsty flocks;
 Nor did the wild-goat brooze the steepy rocks;
 And Philomel her custom'd oak forsook;
 And roses wan were wav'd by zephyrs weak,
 As nature's self was sick;

And ev'ry lilly droop'd its velvet head;
 And groan'd each faded lawn, and leafless grove:
 Sad sympathy! yet sure his rightful meed,
 Who charm'd all nature: well might Nature mourn
 Thro' all her sweets; and flow'r, and lawn, and shade,
 All vocal grown, all weep MUSÆUS dead.
 Here end we, Goddesses! this your shepherd sang,
 All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.
 O! make it worthy of the sacred bard,
 And make it equal to the shepherd's love.
 Nor thou, MUSÆUS! from thine ear discard,

For well I ween thou hear'st my doleful song:
 Whether 'mid angel troops, the stars among,
 From golden harp thou call'st seraphic lays;
 Or, anxious for thy dearest Virtue's fare,
 Thou still art hov'ring o'er our tuneless sphere,
 And mov'st some hidden spring her weal to raise.

Thus the fond swain on doric oate essay'd,
 Manhood's prime honours downing on his cheek:
 Trembling he strove to court the tuneful maid
 With stripling arts, and dalliance all too weak;
 Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade.
 But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to streak;
 And now down-dropt the larks, and ceas'd their strain:
 They ceas'd, and with them ceas'd the shepherd swain.

The Cave of POPE. A Prophecy.

WHEN dark oblivion in her sable cloak
 Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
 And their high deeds, submitting to the stroke
 Of time, shall fall amongst forgotten things;
 Then (for the Muse that distant day can see)
 On Thames's bank the stranger shall arrive,
 With curious wish thy sacred grott to see,
 Thy sacred grott shall with thy name survive.

Grateful

Grateful posterity, from age to age,
 With pious hand the ruin shall repair :
 Some good old man, to each enquiring sage
 Pointing the place, shall cry, The bard liv'd there,
 Whose song was music to the listening ear,
 Yet taught audacious vice and folly, shame,
 Easy his manners, but his life severe ;
 His word alone gave infamy or fame.
 Sequester'd from the fool, and coxcomb-wit,
 Beneath this silent roof the Muse he found ;
 'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or fate and writ,
 Here with his friends the social glass went round.
 With awful veneration shall they trace
 The steps which thou so long before hast trod ;
 With reverend wonder view the solemn place,
 From whence thy genius soar'd to nature's God.
 Then, some small gem, or moss, or shining oar,
 Departing, each shall pilfer, in fond hope
 To please their friends, on every distant shore,
 Boasting a relic from the cave of POPE.

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN BY

Mr. *GARRICK*,At the Opening of the Theatre in *Drury-lane* 1747.

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
 First rear'd the stage, immortal SHAKESPEAR
 Each change of many-colour'd life he drew, [rose ;
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
 And panting time toil'd after him in vain :
 His pow'rful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
 And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then JOHNSON came, instructed from the school,
 To please in method, and invent by rule ;
 His studious patience, and laborious art,
 By regular approach essay'd the heart ;
 Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
 For those who durst not censure, scarce cou'd praise.
 A mortal born, he met the general doom,
 But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
 Nor wish'd for JOHNSON's art, or SHAKESPEAR's flame;
 Themselves they studied, as they felt, they writ,
 Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
 Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
 They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
 Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
 Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
 Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
 Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
 And Virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
 For years the pow'r of tragedy declin'd;
 From bard, to bard, the frigid caution crept,
 Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept.
 Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
 Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.
 But forc'd at length her antient reign to quit,
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
 Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
 And pantomime, and song, confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
 And mark the future periods of the stage? —
 Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,
 New Behns, new Dursleys, yet remain in store.

Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
 On flying cars new forcerers may ride.
 Perhaps, (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
 With ev'ry meteor of caprice must play,
 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
 Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
 The stage but echoes back the public voice.
 The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
 For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
 'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
 Of rescu'd nature, and reviving sense;
 To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
 For useful mirth, and salutary woe;
 Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
 And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

An

*An EPISTLE, from S. J. Esq,
in the COUNTRY to the Rt Hon.
the Lord LOVELACE in TOWN.*

Written in the Year 1735.

IN days, my Lord, when mother Time,
Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,
When SATURN first began to rule,
And JOVE was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedness and strife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
As harmless as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.
But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite,
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unfound;

Fierce party rage each village fires,
 With wars of justices and 'squires;
 Attorneys, for a barley straw,
 Whole ages hamper folks in law,
 And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame
 About their rates, or tythes, or game:
 Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
 And some for diff'rence in religions;
 Some hold their parson the best preacher,
 The tinker some a better teacher;
 These to the Church they fight for, strangers,
 Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
 While those, a more believing people,
 Can swallow all things — but a steeple.

But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
 Care little how these matters go,
 And equally detest the strife
 And usual joys of country life,
 Have by good fortune little share
 Of its diversions, or its care;
 For seldom I with 'squires unite,
 Who hunt all day, and drink all night;
 Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
 A quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting;
 But then no farm I occupy,
 With sheep to rot and cows to dye;

Nor

Nor rage I much, or much despair,
 Tho' in my hedge I find a snare;
 Nor view I, with due admiration,
 All the high honours here in fashion;
 The great commissions of the quorum,
 Terrors to all who come before 'em;
 Militia scarlet, edg'd with gold,
 Or the white staff high sheriffs hold;
 The representatives caressing,
 The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing;
 Nor can I for my soul delight
 In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
 Who, if you send three days before,
 In white gloves meets you at the door,
 With superfluity of breeding
 First makes you sick, and then with feeding:
 Or if with ceremony cloy'd,
 You wou'd next time such plagues avoid,
 And visit without previous notice,
 JOHN, JOHN, a coach!—I can't think who 'tis,
 My lady cries, who spies your coach,
 Ere you the avenue approach;
 Lord, how unlucky!—Washing-day!
 And all the men are in the hay!
 Entrance to gain is something hard,
 The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;

The yard's with lines of linnen crost,
 The hall-door's lock'd, the key is lost;
 These difficulties all o'ercome,
 We reach at length the drawing-room,
 Then there's such trampling over-head,
 Madam you'd swear was brought to bed;
 Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,
 To get clean sleeves to hide her smock;
 The servants run, the pewter clatters,
 My lady dresses, calls, and chatters,
 The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
 Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.
 Now after three hours tedious waiting,
 On all our neighbours faults debating,
 And having nine times view'd the garden,
 In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
 In comes my lady, and the pudden:
 You will excuse sir,—on a sudden—
 Then, that we may have four and four,
 The bacon, fowls, and colly-flow'r
 Their ancient unity divide,
 The top one graces, one each side;
 And by and by the second course
 Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse;
 A falver then to church and king,
 The butler sweats, the glasses ring;

The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
 Bawdy and politics abound;
 And as the knight more tipsy waxes,
 We damn all ministers and taxes.
 At last the ruddy fun quite sunk,
 The coachman tolerably drunk,
 Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,
 Enough to dislocate one's bones,
 We home return, a wond'rous token
 Of heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
 Afflict us not, ye Gods, tho' sinners,
 With many days like this, or dinners!

But if civilities thus tease me,
 Nor business, nor diversions please me,
 You'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend?
 I answer, with a book, or friend:
 The circulating hours dividing,
 'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding;
 But books are still my highest joy,
 These earliest please, and latest cloy.
 Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
 By guides experienc'd taught the way;
 The wonders of each region view,
 From frozen LAPLAND to PERU;
 Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
 Yet ne'er forsake my elbow-chair.

Some.

Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
 Recalls past ages back agen,
 Where all I see, through every page,
 Is but how men with senseless rage
 Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
 To serve a priest's, or statesman's turn;
 Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
 Yet always asses much the same.
 Sometimes I view with much delight,
 Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
 Here faith and works at variance set,
 Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get;
 Presbytery and episcopacy
 There fight so long, it would amaze ye;
 Here free-will holds a fierce dispute,
 With reprobation absolute;
 There sense kicks transubstantiation,
 And reason pecks at revelation.
 With learned NEWTON now I fly
 O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
 Visit new worlds, and for a minute
 This old one scorn, and all that's in it:
 And now with lab'ring BOYLE I trace
 Nature through ev'ry winding maze,
 The latent qualities admire
 Of vapours, water, air, and fire:

With

With pleasing admiration see
 Matter's surprizing subtlety ;
 As how the smallest lamp displays,
 For miles around, its scatter'd rays ;
 Or how (the case still more t' explain)
 * A fart, that weighs not half a grain,
 The atmosphere will oft perfume
 Of a whole spacious drawing-room.

Sometimes I pass a whole long day
 In happy indolence away,
 In fondly meditating o'er
 Past pleasures, and in hoping more :
 Or wander through the fields and woods,
 And gardens bath'd in circling floods,
 There blooming flow'rs with rapture view,
 And sparkling gems of morning dew,
 Whence in my mind ideas rise
 Of CÆLIA's cheeks, and CHLOE's eyes.

'Tis thus, my Lord, I free from strife,
 Spend an inglorious country life ;
 These are the joys I still pursue,
 When absent from the town and you ;
 Thus pass long summer suns away,
 Busily idle, calmly gay ;

* See Boyle's Experiments.

Nor

Nor great, nor mean, nor rich nor poor,
 Not having much, or wishing more;
 Except that you, when weary grown
 Of all the follies of the town,
 And seeing, in all public places,
 The same vain fops and painted faces,
 Wou'd sometimes kindly condescend
 To visit a dull country friend :
 Here you'll be ever sure to meet
 A hearty welcome, tho' no treat,
 One who has nothing else to do :
 But to divert himself and you :
 A house, where quiet guards the door,
 No rural wits smoak, drink, and roar,
 Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
 Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

*To a Lady in Town, soon after her
 leaving the Country.*

By the same.

WHilst you, dear maid, o'er thousands born to reign
 For the gay town exchange the rural plain,

The

The cooling breeze, and ev'ning walk forsake
 For stifling crowds, which your own beauties make ;
 Thro' circling joys while you incessant stray,
 Charm in the mall, and sparkle at the play ;
 Think (if successive vanities can spare
 One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,
 Left in these plains all wretched, and alone,
 To weep with fountains, and with ecchos groan,
 And mourn incessantly that fatal day,
 That all my bliss with CHLOE snatch'd away.

Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,
 Music, verse, all I try, but try in vain ;
 In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
 Late the companion of my CHLOE's voice,
 Nor HANDEL's, nor CORELLI's tuneful airs
 Can harmonize my soul, or sooth my cares ;
 Those once-lov'd med'cines unsuccessful prove,
 Music, alas, is but the voice of love !
 In vain I oft harmonious lines peruse,
 And seek for aid from POPE's, and PRIOR's muse ;
 Their treach'rous numbers but assist the foe,
 And call forth scenes of sympathizing woe :
 Here HELOISE mourns her absent lover's charms,
 There parting EMMA sighs in HENRY's arms ;
 Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,
 And in their tender sorrows read my own.

Restless

Restless sometimes, as oft the mournful dove
 Forfakes her nest forsaken by her love,
 I fly from home, and seek the sacred fields,
 Where CAM's old urn its silver current yields,
 Where solemn tow'rs o're-look each mossy grove,
 As if to guard it from th' assaults of love;
 Yet guard in vain, for there my CHLOE's eyes
 But lately made whole colleges her prize;
 Her sons, tho' few, not PALLAS cou'd defend,
 Nor DULLNESS succour to her thousands lend;
 Love like a fever with infectious rage
 Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the frost of age;
 To gaze at her, ev'n DONNS were seen to run,
 And leave unfinish'd pipes, and authors—scarce begun.
 So HELEN look'd, and mov'd with such a grace,
 When the grave seniors of the TROJAN race
 Were forc'd those fatal beauties to admire,
 That all their youth consum'd, and set their town on
 At fam'd NEWMARKET oft I spend the day [fire.

An unconcern'd spectator of the play;
 There pitiless observe the ruin'd heir
 With anger fir'd, or melting with despair:
 For how shou'd I his trivial loss bemoan,
 Who feel one, so much greater, of my own?
 There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
 Wait the decision of two rival dice,

Whilst

Whilst long disputes 'twixt *seven* and *five* remain,
 And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,
 Without one wish I see the guineas shine,
 Fate, keep your gold I cry, make CHLOE mine.
 Now see, prepar'd their utmost speed to try,
 O're the smooth turf the bounding racers fly!
 Now more and more their slender limbs they strain,
 And foaming stretch along the velvet plain!
 Ah stay! swift steeds, your rapid flight delay,
 No more the jockey's smarting lash obey:
 But rather let my hand direct the rein,
 And guide your steps a nobler prize to gain;
 Then swift as eagles cut the yielding air,
 Bear me, oh bear me to the absent fair.

Now when the winds are hush'd, the air serene,
 And chearful sun-beams gild the beauteous scene,
 Pensive o're all the neighb'ring fields I stray,
 Where e're or choice, or chance directs the way;
 Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,
 Or distant bluish hills, or silver floods:
 Now harmless birds in silken nets insnare,
 Now with swift dogs pursue the flying hare,
 Dull sports! for oh my CHLOE is not there!

Fatigued at length I willingly retire
 To a small study, and a chearful fire,

There

There o'er some folio pore, I pore 'tis true,
 But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you ;
 I hear you, see you, feast upon your eyes,
 And clasp with eager arms the lovely prize ;
 Here for a while I cou'd forget my pain,
 Whilst I by dear reflection live again ;
 But ev'n these joys are too sublime to last,
 And quickly fade, like all the real ones past,
 For just when now beneath some silent grove
 I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love,
 Or charm with thrilling notes the list'ning ear,
 Sweeter than angels sing, or angels hear,
 My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
 The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
 The pleasing vision in a moment's gone,
 And I once more am wretched, and alone.

So when glad ORPHEUS from th' infernal shade
 Had just recall'd his long lamented maid,
 Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,
 Lost in eternal night—again she dies.

From

To the Right Hon. the Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, presented with a Collection of
POEMS.

By the same.

TH E tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verse a tribute sacred to the fair,
Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,
By undisputed right, the muses queen;
Her smiles have all poetic bosoms fir'd,
And patronis'd the verse themselves inspir'd:
LESBIA presided thus in Roman times,
Thus SACHARISSA reign'd o're British rhymes,
And present bards to MARGARETTA bow,
For, what they were of old, is HARLEY now.

From OXFORD's house, in these dull busy days,
Alone we hope for patronage, or praise;
He to our slighted labours still is kind,
Beneath his roof w' are ever sure to find
(Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect;
Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your fire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays,

Form'd

Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,
 Our constant patron he, and you our theme.
 Where shou'd poetic homage then be pay'd?
 Where ev'ry verse, but at your feet, be lay'd?
 A double right you to this empire bear,
 As first in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.

Illustrious maid! in whose sole person join'd,
 Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find,
 Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,
 Without one foible of her sex to hide;
 Good nature artless as the bloom that dies
 Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
 Oh HARLEY! cou'd but you these lines approve,
 These children sprung from idleness, and love,
 Cou'd they, (but ah how vain is the design!)
 Hope to amuse your hours, as once they've mine,
 Th' ill judging world's applause, and critics blame
 Alike I'd scorn; your approbation's fame.

CHLOE

CHLOE to STREPHON.

A SONG.

By the same.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare,
 But for heav'n's sake let it suffice,
 You reign triumphant there:
 Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
 Nor farther urge your sway;
 Press not for what I must deny,
 For fear I shou'd obey.
 Cou'd all your arts successfull prove,
 Wou'd you a maid undo?
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you:
 Say, wou'd you use that very pow'r,
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin, in one fatal hour,
 A life of spotless fame?
 Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
 Because perhaps you may;
 But rather try your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray;

Be

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
 Defend, and not pursue;
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
 To fight with love, and you.

*To the Right Hon. the EARL of
 CHESTERFIELD, on his being
 enstall'd Knight of the GARTER.*

By the same.

THese tropheis, STANHOPE, of a lovely dame,
 Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
 Who with such just propriety can wear,
 As thou, the darling of the gay and fair?
 See ev'ry friend to wit, politeness, love,
 With one consent thy sovereign's choice approve!
 And liv'd PLANTAGENET her voice to join,
 Her self, and GARTER both were surely thine.

To a L A D Y,

*Sent with a Present of Shells and Stones
design'd for a GROTTO.*

By the same.

With gifts like these, the spoils of neighb'ring
Th' Indian swain his sable love adores, [shores,
Off'rings well suited to the dusky shrine
Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine:
And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,
If nicely view'd by philosophic eyes;
And such are yours, that nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themselves inspire.

To such how fair appears each grain of sand,
Or humblest weed, as wrought by nature's hand!
How far superior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r!
In all her births, tho' of the meanest kinds,
A just observer entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions sees,
And how she gently rises by degrees;
A shell, or stone he can with pleasure view,
Hence trace her noblest works, the heav'ns—and you.

Behold, how bright these gaudy trifles shine,
 The lovely sportings of a hand divine !
 See with what art each curious shell is made
 Here carv'd in fretwork, there with pearl inlaid !
 What vivid streaks th' enamell'd stones adorn,
 Fair as the paintings of the purple morn !
 Yet still not half their charms can reach our eyes,
 While thus confus'd the sparkling Chaos lies ;
 Doubly they'll please, when in your Grotto plac'd,
 They plainly speak their fair disposer's taste ;
 Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,
 New order from your hand, new lustre from your eyes.

How sweet, how charming will appear this Grot,
 When by your art to full perfection brought !
 Here verdant plants, and blooming flow'rs will grow ;
 There bubbling currents thro' the shell-work flow ;
 Here coral mixt with shells of various dies,
 There polish'd stones will charm our wand'ring eyes ;
 Delightful bow'r of blifs ! secure retreat !
 Fit for the Muses, and STATIRA's seat.

But still how good must be that fair-one's mind,
 Who thus in solitude can pleasure find !
 The muse her company, good-sense her guide,
 Resistless charms her pow'r, but not her pride :
 Who thus forsakes the town, the park, and play,
 In silent shades to pass her hours away ;

Who

Who better likes to breathe fresh country air,
 Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair,
 And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
 Before the thrills of FARINELLI's voice;
 Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,
 To comforts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille:
 Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd, than gilded chariots sees,
 For groves the playhouse quits, and beaus for trees.

Blest is the man, whom heav'n shall grant one hour
 With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r!

To a L A D Y.

In answer to a Letter wrote in a very fine
 Hand.

By the same.

WHilst well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes com-
 The beauteous work of CHLOE's artful hand,
 Through-out the finish'd piece we see display'd
 Th' exactest image of the lovely maid;
 Such is her wit, and such her form divine,
 This pure, as flows the style thro' ev'ry line,
 That, like each letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what art the fable currents stain
 In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
 Thus o're the meadows wrap'd in silver snow
 Unfrozen brooks in dark mæanders flow;
 Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck
 Th' ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck:
 See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms
 Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,
 The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,
 By her fair hand and flowing pen imprest,
 At ev'ry touch more animated grows,
 And with new life and new ideas glows;
 Fresh beauties from the kind defiler gains,
 And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty Love no longer boast his darts,
 That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts,
 CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,
 Wound full as sure, and at a distance too:
 Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
 From pole to pole you send your great commands,
 To distant climes in vain the lover flies,
 Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes;
 So those, who from the sword in battle run,
 But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
 But these are charms no ages can devour;

These

These, far superior to the brightest face,
 Triumph alike o'er time, as well as space.
 When that fair form, which thousands now adore,
 By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,
 These lovely lines shall future ages view,
 And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How oft do I admire with fond delight
 The curious piece, and wish like you to write?
 Alas, vain hope! that might as well aspire
 To copy PAULO's stroke, or TITIAN's fire:
 Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lye,
 And I in vain to imitate them try,
 Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,
 To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

The ART of DANCING. A POEM.

By the same.

Inscrib'd to the Rt. Hon. the Lady FANNY FIELDING.

Written in the Year 1730.

Incessu patuit Dea. VIRG.

CANTO I.

IN the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
 Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene,
 To mark th' instructions ecchoing strains convey,
 And with just steps each tuneful note obey,

I teach ; be present, all ye sacred Choir,
 Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre ;
 When FIELDING bids, your kind assistance bring,
 And at her feet the lowly tribute fling ;
 Oh may her eyes (to her this verse is due)
 What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view !

Hail loveliest art ! that can't all hearts insnare,
 And make the fairest still appear more fair.

Beauty can little execution do,
 Unless she borrows half her arms from you ;
 Few, like PYGMALION, doat on lifeless charms,
 Or care to clasp a statue in their arms ;
 But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,
 When art and motion wake the sleeping fire :
 A Venus, drawn by great Apelles' hand,
 May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
 But still, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
 The lifeless piece can never warm the heart ;
 So a fair nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,
 Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
 But when her charms are in the dance display'd,
 Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid :
 This sets her beauty in the fairest light,
 And shews each grace in full perfection bright ;
 Then, as she turns around, from ev'ry part,
 Like porcupines she sends a piercing dart ;

In vain, alas ! the fond spectator tries
 To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,
 For, Parthian like, she wounds as sure behind,
 With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd :
 Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,
 Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace,
 Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
 Or sprightly Jigg displays the nimble fair,
 At every step new beauties we explore,
 And worship now, what we admir'd before :
 So when Æneas, in the Tyrian grove,
 Fair Venus met, the charming queen of Love,
 The beauteous Goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
 Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood,
 But when she mov'd, at once her heav'nly mein,
 And graceful step confess bright Beauty's queen,
 New glories o'er her form each moment rise,
 And all the Goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,
 What dresses best become the dancer, say,
 The rules of dress forget not to impart,
 A lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldier's scarlet glowing from afar,
 Shew that his bloody occupation's war ;
 Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
 As plainly speaks divinity within ;

The milkmaid safe thro' driving rains and snows,
 Wrap'd in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;
 While the soft Belle, immur'd in velvet chair,
 Needs but the filken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare:
 The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,
 Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,
 But load the dancer with too great a weight,
 And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;
 Rather let him his active limbs display
 In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy,
 Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,
 But airy, light, and easy be his dress;
 Thin be his yielding soal, and low his heel,
 So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,
 Precepts which use will better teach, than song;
 For why should I the gallant spark command,
 With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
 Or in his fobb enlivening spirits wear,
 And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?
 Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,
 Should from its filken bondage be unty'd?
 Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
 Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise:
 So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
 And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd?

Nor

Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
 Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,
 The pointed steel shall oft their stockings rend,
 And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I sing to you,
 With pleasing smiles my useful labours view ;
 For you the silkworms fine-wrought webs display,
 And lab'ring spin their little lives away,
 For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
 Fair as the dies that paint the heav'nly bow,
 For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
 And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd oar ;
 In vain yet Nature thus her gifts bestows,
 Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
 One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all ;
 One brightest shines when wealth and art combine,
 To make the finish'd piece compleatly fine ;
 When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
 And rich in native beauties, wants not arts ;
 In some are such resistless graces found,
 That in all dresses they are sure to wound ;
 Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
 And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheeks is seen
 A constant blush, be clad in chearful green ;

In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go ;
 So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow :
 The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
 With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own ;
 While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
 The sable's mournful dye should chuse to wear ;
 So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
 Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
 That wound with painted charms unwary hearts,
 Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
 Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies :
 Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
 The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,
 Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
 And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow :
 So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
 Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground,
 Thro' the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
 With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow ;
 O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
 And a new bright creation charms our eyes ;
 Till Zephyr breathes, then all at once decay
 The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,
 The fields resign the beauties not their own,
 And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,
 I should condemn the hoop's enormous size,
 Of ills I speak by long experience found,
 Oft'have I trod th'immeasurable round, [a wound. }
 And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many }
 Nor shou'd the tighten'd stays, too straitly lac'd,
 In whale-bone bondage gall the slender waist ;
 Nor waving lappets shou'd the dancing fair,
 Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear ;
 Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
 On the approaching button rough with gold,
 Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,
 When once th' intangled Gordian knot is ty'd.
 So th' unhappy pair, by Hymen's pow'r
 Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
 The more they strive their freedom to regain,
 The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
 Ever be sure to tye her garters fast,
 Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
 A wish'd-for prize to some proud fop should fall,
 Who the rich treasure shall triumphant shew,
 And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as fortune by the self same ways
 She humbles many, some delights to raise)

It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
 By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.
 And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue
 BRITANNIA's nobles grace, if Fame says true :
 Hence still, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,
 Tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,
 Still thy lost Garter is thy sovereign's care,
 And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
 Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind ;
 Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
 A toy at once display'd, for use and pride,
 A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms,
 Cools your own breasts, and ev'ry other's warms.
 What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
 The pow'rs, that in this little weapon dwell ?
 What verse can e'er explain it's various parts,
 Its num'rous uses, motions, charms and arts ?
 Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
 Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
 When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
 If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill :
 Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
 And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
 When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
 Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame ;

Its

And her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,
 Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight :
 ÆOLUS the mighty God, whom winds obey,
 Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay,
 O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
 And suck'd in poison at the dang'rous sight,
 He sighs, he burns ; at last declares his pain,
 But still he sighs, and still he woes in vain ;
 The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
 Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own ;
 But still complains, that he who rul'd the air
 Wou'd not command one ZEPHYR to repair
 Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
 Thro' the dark glade, to cool the sultry day ;
 By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
 Th' ingenious God contriv'd this pretty toy,
 With gales incessant to relieve her flame ;
 And call'd it FAN, from lovely FANNY's name.

CANTO II.

NOW see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
 The lovely nymphs, and well dress'd youths ad-
 The spacious room receives its jovial guest, [vance ;
 And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress :

Thick

Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes
 The fair in glossy silks our sight surprize;
 So, in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,
 A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,
 Jonquills, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
 And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
 High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
 Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
 Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,
 Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
 Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair
 With breathing ZEPHYRS move the circling air,
 The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre
 Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;
 Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,
 Whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superior place
 It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
 With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
 Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;
 The fair shall not his kind request deny,
 But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance,
 First hear the muse, e'er you attempt to dance:

By

* By art directed o'er the foaming tide
 Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide,
 By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
 Springs at the whip, and † hears the strait'ning rein;
 To art our bodies must obedient prove,
 If ere we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfixt, and free,
 Hence lost in error, and uncertainty,
 No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
 But ev'ry master taught a diff'rent way;
 Hence e'er each new-born dance was fully try'd,
 The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd,
 Thro' various hands in wild confusion tost,
 Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;
 Till ‡ FUILLET, the pride of GALLIA, rose,
 And did the dance in characters compose,
 Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
 And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote:
 Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
 And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
 By distant masters shall each step be seen,
 Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between;
 Hence

* Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur;

Arte leves currus.

OVID.

† ——— Nec audit currus habenas.

VIRG.

‡ Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by characters,
 in French, since translated by Weaver.

Hence, with her sister arts, shall Dancing claim
 An equal right to universal fame,
 And ISAAC's rigadoon shall live as long,
 As RAPHAEL's painting, or as VIRGIL's song.

Wise Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
 Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land,
 To ev'ry nation frugally imparts,
 A genius fit for some peculiar arts;
 To trade the DUTCH incline, the SWISS to arms,
 Music and verse are soft ITALIA's charms;
 BRITANNIA justly glories to have found
 Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around:
 But none will sure presume to rival FRANCE,
 Whether she forms, or executes the dance;
 To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
 The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre flow,
 The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
 Th' immortal Minuet, and the smooth Bretagne,
 With all those dances of illustrious fame,
 * That from their native country take their name,
 With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
 Nor country-dance intrude 'till these are done.

Each cautious bard, e'er he attempts to sing,
 First gently flutt'ring trys his tender wing,

* French Dances.

And

And if he finds that with uncommon fire
 The Muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,
 At once to heav'n he soars in lofty odes,
 And sings alone of heroes and of gods ;
 But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
 He then descends to softer elegy,
 And if in elegy he can't succeed,
 In pastoral he still may tune the oaten reed :
 So shou'd the dancer, e'er he tries to move,
 With care his strength, his weight, and genius prove ;
 Then, if he finds kind nature's gifts impart
 Endowments proper for the dancing art,
 If in himself he feels together join'd,
 An active body and ambitious mind,
 In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
 Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance ;
 If these he fears to reach, with easy pace
 Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace :
 Is this too hard ? this too let him forbear,
 And to the Country-dance confine his care.

Wou'd you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
 To keep true time be your first thoughts employ'd ;
 All other errors they in vain shall mend,
 Who in this one important point offend ;
 For this, when now united hand in hand
 Eager to start the youthful couple stand,

Let

Let them a while their nimble feet restrain,
 And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain:
 So for the race prepar'd two courfers stand,
 And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,
 Where nature once has fix'd a clumsy air ;
 Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,
 Pursue the flying hare, or tim'rous hind:
 Nor yet, while I the rural squire despise,
 A mien effeminate wou'd I advise ;
 With equal scorn I wou'd the fop deride,
 Nor let him dance, — but on the woman's side.

And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care,
 A stupid dullness, and a coquet air,
 Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
 Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round,
 Nor yet with giddy looks, and wanton pride,
 Stare all around, and skip from side to side.

True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
 By nature only to advantage dress'd ;
 'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
 That can pretend to please a curious eye,
 Good judges no such tumblers tricks regard,
 Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'Tis not enough, that ev'ry stander-by,
 No glaring errors in your steps can spy,

The

The dance and music must so nicely meet,
 Each note shou'd seem an eccho to your feet ;
 A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
 Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,
 Not to be taught, but ever to be seen

In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's easy mien :
 'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,
 When FIELDING dances at a birth-night ball ;
 Smooth as CAMILLA she skims o'er the plain,
 And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes slain.

Now when the Minuet oft' repeated o'er,
 (Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
 And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
 Her charms, declines the circulating hand ;
 Then let the jovial country-dance begin,
 And the loud fiddles call each straggler in :
 But e'er they come, permit me to disclose,
 How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more)
 When Albion's crown illustrious ARTHUR wore,
 In some fair-op'ning glade, each summer's night,
 Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,
 On the soft carpet of a grassy field,
 The sporting Fairies their assemblies held :
 Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
 In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,

Some

Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
 And music warble thro' the groves around,
 Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,
 Belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,
 And home returning, o'er there nut-brown ale,
 Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.
 Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
 And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
 Round where the trembling may-pole's fix'd on high,
 And bears its flow'ry honours to the sky,
 The ruddy maids, and sun-burnt swains resort,
 And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport ;
 On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,
 Whose active elbows swelling winds command,
 The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
 And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught at first the country-dance began,
 And hence to cities and to courts it ran,
 Succeeding ages did in time impart
 Various improvements to the lovely art ;
 From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
 Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd ;
 Hence the loud fiddle, and shrill trumpet's sounds
 Are made companions of the dancer's bounds,
 Hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribbons join,
 To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.

So rude at first the Tragic muse appear'd,
 Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard,
 Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,
 The pleas'd spectators fate beneath the shade;
 The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
 And in a cart the stroling actors rode:
 Till time at length improv'd the great design,
 And bade the scenes with painted landskips shine;
 Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
 And theatres of Parian marble rose,
 Then mimic thunder shook the canvass sky,
 And Gods descended from their tow'rs on high.

With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
 To chuse a partner from the mingled fair;
 Vain wou'd be here th' instructing muse's voice,
 If she pretended to direct his choice:
 Beauty alone by fancy is exprest,
 And charms in diff'rent forms each different breast;
 A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
 Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires,
 Small waists, and slender limbs some hearts insnare,
 Whilst others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgments sway,
 Your reason rather than your eyes obey,
 And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,
 Rather for merit, than for beauty, choose:

Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill
 When she shou'd move, and when she shou'd be still,
 Who uninstructed can perform her share,
 And kindly half the pleasing burthen bear.
 Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,
 Who fetter'd in the matrimonial state
 With a poor, simple, unexperienc'd wife,
 Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
 And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
 A moving puppet, but without a mind:
 Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
 Yet ne'er can teach so fast, as she can stray,
 Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
 And ever blush for errors not his own.

But now behold united hand in hand,
 Rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand!
 Each youthful bosom beating with delight,
 Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing fight;
 While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,
 And snowy bubbles pull'd above the stays,
 Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare
 The fond impatience of the starting fair.
 And see, the sprightly dance is now begun!
 Now here, now there the giddy maze they run,
 Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
 Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring:

So,

So, in a wheel with rapid fury tost,
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The dancer here no more requires a guide,
To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd,
The muse's precepts here wou'd useless be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free ;
Let him but to the music's voice attend,
By this instructed, he can ne'er offend ;
If to his share it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be sure to tread ;
If others lead, let him their motions view,
And in their steps the winding maze pursue.

In ev'ry Country-dance a serious mind,
Turn'd for reflexion, can a moral find,
In Hunt-the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,
Seek when we fly, but flies when we pursue :
Thus in Round-dances, where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
As soon as one from his own comfort flies,
Another seizes on the lovely prize :
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer steals her from his arms,
New ones succeed, the last is still her care ;
How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair !

Where can philosophers, and sages wise,
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,

A model more exact than dancing name
 Of the creation's universal frame?
 Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,
 In a bright regular confusion stray;
 Now here, now there they whirl along the sky,
 Now near approach, and now far distant fly,
 Now meet in the same order they begun,
 And then the great cælestial dance is done.

Where can the Mor'lif find a jufter plan
 Of the vain labours, and the life of man?
 A while thro' juftling crowds we toil, and sweat,
 And eagerly purfue we know not what,
 Then when our trifling fhort-liv'd race is run,
 Quite tir'd fit down, juft where we firft begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
 Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,
 Let not her charms fo much engage your heart,
 That you neglect the fkillful dancer's part;
 Be not, when you the tuneful notes fhould hear,
 Still whifp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
 When you fhould be employ'd, be not at play,
 Nor for your joys all others fteps delay:
 But when the finifh'd dance you once have done,
 And with applaufe thro' ev'ry couple run,
 There reft awhile: there fnatch the fleeting blifs,
 The tender whifper, and the balmy kifs;

Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
 And her moist palm with eager fingers press ;
 With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,
 When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.

Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,
 Till the unwelcome morn appears in view ;
 Then, when approaching day its beams displays,
 And the dull candles shine with fainter rays,
 Then, when the sun just rises o'er the deep ;
 And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,
 With ready hands, obsequious youths, prepare
 Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,
 And guard her from the morn's inclement air :
 Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
 And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread,
 Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,
 Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist ;
 With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
 Unchill'd by nightly damps, or wintry snow,
 While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
 Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear
 To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer,
 Ah, thoughtless fair ! the tempting draught refuse,
 When thus fore-warn'd by my experienc'd muse ;
 Let

Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
 Nor hazard future pains, for present joy,
 Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
 A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.

Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art
 The muse has play'd the kind instructor's part,
 Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,
 And pointed out the surest paths to tread;
 No more remains; no more the goddess sings,
 But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
 On downy beds the weary'd dancers lie,
 And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye,
 Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
 And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And now the work compleatly finish'd lies,
 Which the devouring teeth of time defies;
 Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
 Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd;
 As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
 A fiddle rather than a sermon hear:
 So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
 These useful lines of my instructive muse;
 Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
 And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.

THE MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

Written in the Year 1746. By the same.

*Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.*

JUST broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His honour posts o'er ITALY and FRANCE,
Measures St. PETER's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence, having quick thro' various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before:
A monster of such complicated worth,
As no one single clime could e'er bring forth:
Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

Next, because bus'ness now is all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
In parliament he purchases a seat,
To make th' accomplish'd gentleman compleat.

There

There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,
 Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause :
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
 Torrents of nonsense burst ; like bottled ale,
 Tho' shallow, muddy ; brisk, tho' mighty dull ;
 Fierce without strength ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
 His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire
 The liberties of BRITAIN he supports,
 And storms at place-men, ministers, and courts ;
 Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,
 He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches :
 King, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
 Yet dares to shew those ears, he ought to lose.

From hence to WHITE's our virtuous CATO flies, }
 There sits with countenance erect, and wise,
 And talks of games at whist, and pig-tail pies. }
 Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
 Himself unknowingly has help'd to make ;
 Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
 Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought :
 Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
 Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politics, and cards,
 Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards,
 So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
 That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part ;
 Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
 His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
 To FIGG and BROUGHTON he commits his breast,
 To steel it to the fashionable test.

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
 Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend ;
 Insensible to all that's good, or kind,
 Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind ;
 For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
 A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave,
 By little actions striving to be great,
 And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his success,
 That as his fame improves, his rents grow less ;
 On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
 And his unpeopled groves admit the light ;
 With his estate his int'rest too is done,
 His honest borough seeks a warmer sun,
 For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
 His independent voters cease to roar :
 And BRITAIN soon must want the great defence
 Of all his honesty, and eloquence,

But

But that the gen'rous youth more anxious grown
 For public liberty, than for his own,
 Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone :
 And boldly, when his country is at stake,
 Braves the deep yawning gulph, like CURTIUS, for its
 [stake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
 He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
 But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
 Cringes each morn at levée's, bows at court,
 And, from the hand he hates, implores support :
 The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
 To silence so much rude impertinence,
 With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
 And on the venal list enroll'd he stands,
 A ribband and a pension buy the slave,
 This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
 And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
 He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory ;
 Of independence now he talks no more,
 Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar,
 But silent votes, and with court-trappings hung,
 Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.
 In craft political a bankrupt made,
 He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade ;
 Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
 And grows, in short, the very thing he wou'd :

Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes spent,
 And lends them ready cash at cent per cent,
 Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
 Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
 'Till death at length, indignant to be made
 The daily subject of his sport and trade,
 Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
 And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.

A N

ESSAY on VIRTUE.

To the Honourable PHILIP YORKE, Esq;

By the same.

Atque ipsa utilitas justī prope mater et æqui. HOR.

THOU, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can
 With the least vice of each luxuriant soil, [spoil
 Say, YORKE, (for sure, if any, thou canst tell)
 What Virtue is, who practise it so well;
 Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
 Prais'd and ador'd by al', but rarely seen:
 By what sure marks her essence can we trace,
 When each religion, faction, age, and place

Sets

Sets up some fancy'd idol of its own,
 A vain pretender to her sacred throne ?
 In man, too oft a well-dissembled part,
 A self-denying pride in woman's heart,
 In synods faith, and in the fields of fame
 Valour usurps her honours, and her name.
 Whoe'er their sense of virtue wou'd express,
 'Tis still by something they themselves possess.
 Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old-age,
 Warm politicians term it party rage,
 True churchmen zeal right orthodox ; and hence
 Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence ;
 To constancy alone fond lovers join it,
 And maids unask'd to chastity confine it.

But have we then no law besides our will ?
 No just criterion fix'd to good and ill ?
 As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,
 Then doubt if such a thing exists as light ;
 For no less plain wou'd nature's law appear
 As the meridian sun unchang'd, and clear,
 Wou'd we but search for what we were design'd,
 And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind,
 A rule of life we then shou'd plainly see,
 For to pursue that end must Virtue be.

Then what is that ? not want of pow'r, or fame,
 Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,

But a desire his blessings to diffuse,
 And fear lest millions shou'd existence lose;
 His goodness only cou'd his pow'r employ,
 And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence soul, and sense diffus'd thro' ev'ry place
 Make happiness as infinite as space;
 Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,
 Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
 Each is a world, where form'd with wondrous art
 Unnumber'd species live thro' ev'ry part:
 In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and skies
 Myriads of creatures still successive rise;
 Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,
 But little flocks upon its verdure feed;
 No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,
 But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,
 All form'd with proper faculties to share
 The daily bounties of their maker's care:
 The great creator from his heav'nly throne,
 Pleas'd, on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
 And his eternal law is only this,
 That all contribute to the general bliss.

Nature so plain this primal law displays,
 Each living creature sees it, and obeys;
 Each, form'd for all, promotes thro' private care
 The public good, and justly tastes its share.

All

All understand their great creator's will,
 Strive to be happy, and in that fulfill;
 Mankind excepted; lord of all beside,
 But only slave to folly, vice, and pride;
 'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
 Delights in others woe, and courts his own;
 Racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,
 For lux'ry brutes, and man himself for fame;
 Sets superstition high on virtue's throne,
 Then thinks his maker's temper like his own;
 Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,
 As if he cou'd atone for crimes by more:
 Hence whilst offended heav'n he strives in vain
 T'appease by fasts, and voluntary pain,
 Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How easy is our yolk! how light our load!
 Did we not strive to mend the laws of God:
 For his own sake no duty he can ask,
 The common welfare is our only task;
 For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
 Forbid intemp'rance, murder, theft, and lust,
 With ev'ry act injurious to our own
 Or others good, for such are crimes alone:
 For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
 With all that can secure and bless mankind.

Thus is the public safety Virtue's cause,
 And happiness the end of all her laws ;
 For such by nature is the human frame,
 Our duty and our int'rest are the same.

But hold, crys out some Puritan divine,
 Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty shine,
 Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain ?
 And work salvation out with fear and pain ?
 We own, the rigid lessons of their schools
 Are widely diff'rent from these easy rules ;
 Virtue, with them, is only to abstain
 From all that nature asks, and covet pain ;
 Pleasure and vice are ever near a kin,
 And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin :
 Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they say,
 Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miss their way ;
 God is a being cruel and severe,
 And man a wretch, by his command plac'd here,
 In sun-shine for a while to take a turn,
 Only to dry and make him fit to burn.

Mistaken men, too piously severe !
 Thro' craft misleading, or misled by fear ;
 How little they God's counsels comprehend,
 Our universal parent, guardian, friend !
 Who, forming by degrees to bliss mankind,
 This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,

Where

Where for a while his fond paternal care
 Feasts us with ev'ry joy our state can bear :
 Each sense, touch, taste, and smell dispense delight,
 Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight ;
 Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their spoils resign,
 Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine ;
 Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give
 Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live :
 Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,
 And elements contend to serve our use :
 Love's gentle shafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
 The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and kings,
 All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
 Are the gay play-things of this infant state.
 Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
 But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs ;
 Or if some stripes from providence we feel,
 He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal ;
 Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,
 To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
 In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
 And wean us from delights that cannot last.
 Our present good the easy task is made,
 To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade ;
 For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
 His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy ;

Snatch

Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
 Calm every grief, and dry each child's tear;
 Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
 Where bliss and virtue grow with like encrease;
 From strength to strength our souls for ever guide,
 Thro' wondrous scenes of being yet untry'd,
 Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,
 And new perfections, new delights bestow. [guide,

Oh! would mankind but make these truths their
 And force the helm from prejudice and pride,
 Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
 Virtue our good, and happiness our end,
 How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
 And error, fraud, and superstition fail!

None wou'd hereafter then with groundless fear,
 Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,
 Predestinating some without pretence
 To Heav'n, and some to Hell for no offence;
 Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,
 And fav'ring sects or nations, men or times.
 To please him, none wou'd foolishly forbear
 Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,
 Or deem it merit to believe, or teach
 What reason contradicts, or cannot reach;
 None wou'd fierce zeal for piety mistake,
 Or malice for whatever tenets sake,

Or

Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,
And Heav'n too narrow to contain mankind.

No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown nice,
Wou'd in one female frailty sum up vice,
And censure those, who nearer to the right,
Think virtue is but to dispense delight.

No servile tenets wou'd admittance find,
Destructive of the rights of human kind;
Of power divine, hereditary right,
And non-resistance to a tyrant's might:
For sure that all shou'd thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.

No moralists then righteous to excess,
Wou'd shew fair Virtue in so black a dress,
That they, like boys, who some feign'd spright array,
First from the spectre fly themselves away:
No preachers in the terrible delight,
But chuse to win by reason, not affright;
Not, conjurers like, in fire and brimstone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our sage interpreters of laws,
Wou'd fatten on obscurities, and flaws,
But rather nobly careful of their trust,
Strive to wipe off the long-contracted dust,
And be, like HARDWICK, guardians of the just.

}
No

No more applause wou'd on ambition wait,
 And laying waste the world be counted great,
 But one good-natur'd act more praises gain,
 Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain;
 No more wou'd brutal rage disturb our peace,
 But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease;
 Our own and others good each hour employ,
 And all things smile with universal joy,
 Virtue with Happiness her consort join'd,
 Wou'd regulate and bless each human mind,
 And man be what his maker first design'd.

The Two Beavers. A F A B L E.

By the Reverend Mr. Duck.

T Were well, my friend, for human kind,
 Would ev'ry man his bus'ness mind;
 In his own orbit always move,
 Nor blame, nor envy those above.

A Beaver, well advanc'd in age,
 By long experience render'd sage,
 Was skill'd in all the useful arts,
 And justly deem'd a beast of parts;

Which

Which he apply'd (as patriots shou'd)
In cultivating public good.

This Beaver, on a certain day,
A friendly visit went to pay
To a young cousin, pert and vain,
Who often mov'd about the plain:
With ev'ry idle beast conferr'd,
Hearing, and telling what he heard.
The vagrant youth was gone from home,
When th' ancient sage approach'd his dome;
Who each apartment view'd with care,
But found each wanted much repair.
The walls were crack'd, decay'd the doors,
The corn lay mouldy on the floors;
Thro' gaping crannies rush'd amain
The blust'ring winds, with snow and rain.
The timber all was rotten grown, —
In short, the house was tumbling down.
The gen'rous beast, by pity sway'd,
Griev'd to behold it thus decay'd;
And while he mourn'd the tatter'd scene,
The master of the lodge came in.

The first congratulations o'er,
They rest recumbent on the floor;
When thus the young conceited beast
His thoughts impertinent exprest.

I long have been surpriz'd to find,
 The lion grown so wond'rous kind
 To one peculiar sort of beasts,
 While he another sort detests ;
 His royal favour chiefly falls
 Upon the species of jack-alls.
 They share the profits of his throne,
 He smiles on them, and them alone.
 Mean while the ferrit's useful race,
 He scarce admits to see his face ;
 Traduc'd by lies and ill report,
 They're banish'd from his regal court,
 And counted, over all the plain,
 Opposers of the lion's reign.

Now I conceiv'd a scheme last night,
 Would doubtless set this matter right :
 These parties should unite together ;
 The lion partial be to neither,
 But let them both his favours share,
 And both consult in peace and war.
 This method (were this method try'd)
 Would spread politic basis wide,
 And on a bottom broad and strong,
 Support the social union long —
 But uncle, uncle, much I fear,
 Some have abus'd the lion's ear.

He listens to the leopard's tongue ;
 That cursed leopard leads him wrong.
 Were he but banish'd far away——
 You don't attend to what I say !

Why really, couz, the sage rejoin'd,
 The rain, and snow, and driving wind,
 Beat thro' with such prodigious force,
 It made me deaf to your discourse.
 Now, couz, were my advice pursu'd,
 (And sure I mean it for your good)
 Methinks you should this house repair ;
 Be this your first and chiefest care.
 Your skill the voice of prudence calls
 To stop these crannies in the walls,
 And prop the roof before it falls.
 If you this needful task perform,
 You'll make your mansion dry and warm ;
 And we may then converse together,
 Secure from this tempestuous weather.

The

*The TRIUMPH of INDIFFERENCE.*Imitated from the *Italian* of METASTASIO.

I.

THanks, dear coquet ! indulgent cheat !
 Kind heaven, and your more kind deceit,
 At length have set me free :
 No more I sigh, and doat, and pine,
 All ease without, and calm within,
 In peace and liberty.

II.

Cupid no more has power to scorch,
 Time sure has robb'd him of his torch,
 Ne'er was a cooler creature :
 That name no more has such eclat,
 No more my heart goes pit-a-pat,
 At sight of each dear feature.

III.

I sleep at night, and sometimes dream,
 Nor you the fond vexatious theme ;
 I wake, nor think about you :
 I meet, I leave you, meet again,
 But feel no mighty joy or pain,
 Or with you, or without you.

IV.

IV.

Now with indifference I chat
 Of eyes, lips, bubbies, and all that,
 And laugh at former follies :
 Joke with my rival when we meet,
 What eye so keen ! what lips so sweet !
 What skin so soft as Molly's !

V.

Leave then those little torturing arts,
 You practise on complying hearts ;
 They're all in vain, believe me.
 Whether those eyes look kind or weep,
 The pouting, or the smiling lip,
 Will neither please, nor grieve me,

VI.

From those despotic looks, no more
 (Once tyrants of each fickle hour)
 I date my grief and joy :
 May, tho' you frown, looks sweetly clad ;
 And dull December's mighty sad,
 Tho' you stand smiling by.

VII.

Yet still (for I am quite sincere)
 You're mighty pretty—true, my dear,

But,

But, like your pretty sex,
 You've here and there, and now and then
 A failing ; for like other men,
 I now can spy defects.

VIII.

Yet once with coward fondness curst,
 My poor weak heart, I fear'd, would burst
 At thought of separation:
 But now despise my feeble chain,
 And bless the salutary pain
 That cur'd me of my passion.

IX.

Impatient of his iron cage,
 The bird thus spends his little rage,
 And 'scapes with shatter'd wings :
 But soon with new-fledg'd pinions soars,
 And hast'ning to his native bow'rs,
 A joyful welcome sings.

X.

Fond female vanity will say,
 These long harangues they sure betray
 A heart that's hankering still :
 This passion so proclaim'd in song,
 This tale so pleasing to the tongue,
 Does it not touch the will ?

XI.

XI.

Lovers like soldiers, Molly, dwell
 With pleasure on the horrid tale,
 When all the danger's o'er :
 Like other slaves from fetters free,
 We smile with anxious joy, to see
 The chains which once we wore.

XII.

In kind indulgence to a heart,
 Engag'd in so severe a part,
 This sweet revenge I write :
 Rail, weep, be woman all, for I
 Lull'd in indifference, defy
 Your fondness or your spite.

XIII.

A frail false maid I lost, but you
 A man, fond, generous, and true ;
 Which fortune is the worst ?
 Try all love's mighty empire round,
 A faithful lover's seldom found,
 A jilt's a common curse.

THE

THE EDUCATION of ACHILLES.

I.

AH me ! is all our pleasure mix'd with woe ?
 Is there on earth no happiness sincere ?
 Must ev'n the bitter streams of sorrow flow
 From joy's domestic spring, our children dear ?
 How oft did Thetis drop the silver tear,
 When with fond eyes she view'd her darling boy !
 How oft her breast heav'd with presaging fear,
 Lest vice's secret canker shou'd annoy
 Fair virtue's op'ning bud, and all her hopes destroy !

II.

At length, so Nereus had her rightly taught,
 That doubtful cares might eat her heart no more,
 Her imp in prattling infancy she brought
 To the fam'd Centaur, on mount Pelion hore,
 Hight Chiron, whom to Saturn Phyl'ra bore ;
 Chiron, whose wisdom flourish'd 'bove his peers,
 In ev'ry goodly thew, and virtuous lore,
 To principle his yet untainted years ;
 The seed that's early sown, the fairest harvest bears.

III.

III.

Far in the covert of a bushy wood,
 Where aged trees their star-proof branches spread,
 A grott, with grey moss ever dropping stood;
 No costly gems the sparkling roof display'd,
 Ne crystal squares the pavement rich inlaid,
 But o'er the pebbles, clear with glassy shine,
 A limpid stream in soothing murmurs stray'd,
 And all around the flow'ring eglantine
 Its balmy tendrils spread in many a wanton twine.

IV.

A lowly habitation, well I ween,
 Yet sacred made by men of mickle fame,
 Who there in precepts wise had lesson'd been;
 Chaste Peleus, consort of the sea-born dame,
 Sage Æsculape, who cou'd the vital flame
 (Blest leach!) relumine by his healing skill;
 And Jason, who his father's crown to claim,
 Descended dreadful from the craggy hill,
 And with his pourtaunce stern did false usurper thrill.

V.

Fast by the cave a damsel was ypight,
 Afraid from earth her blushing looks to rear,
 Lest aught indecent shou'd offend her sight,
 Lest aught indecent shou'd offend her ear;

Yet wou'd she sometime deign at sober cheer
 Softly to smile, but ever held it shame
 The mirth of foul-mouth'd ribaldry to bear,
 A cautious nymph, and MODESTY her name.
 Ah! who but churlish carle would hurt so pure a dame?

VI.

With her fate TEMPERANCE, companion meet,
 Plucking from tree-en bough her simple food,
 And pointing to an urn beside her feet,
 Fill'd with the crystal of the wholesome flood:
 With her was seen, of grave and awful mood,
 Hoary FIDELITY, a matron staid;
 And sweet BENEVOLENCE, who smiling stood,
 Whilst at her breast two fondling infants play'd,
 And turtles, billing soft, coo'd thro' the echoing glade.

VII.

On t'other side, of bold and open air
 Was a fair personage, hight EXERCISE;
 Reclin'd he seem'd upon his rough boar-spear,
 As late surceas'd from hardy enterprize;
 (For Sloth inglorious did he aye despise)
 Fresh glow'd his cheek with health's vermillion dye,
 On his sleek brow the swelling sweat-drops rise,
 And oft around he darts his glowing eye
 To view his well-breath'd hounds, full jolly company.

VIII.

VIII.

Not far away was sage EXPERIENCE plac'd,
 With care-knit brow, fix'd looks, and sober plight,
 Who weighing well the present with the past,
 Of every accident cou'd read aright.

With him was rev'rend CONTEMPLATION pight,
 Bow-bent with eld, his beard of snowy hue,
 Yet age's hand mote not empare his sight,
 Still with sharp ken the eagle he'd pursue,
 As through the buxom air to heav'n's bright bow'rs she
 IX. [flew.

Here the fond parent left her darling care,
 Yet softly breath'd a sigh as she withdrew;
 Here the young hero, ev'n from tender year,
 Eftsoons imbib'd Instruction's hony'd dew,
 (For well to file his tongue, sage Chiron knew)
 And learnt to discipline his life aright;
 To pay to pow'rs supreme a reverence due,
 Chief to Saturnian Jove, whose dreaded might
 Wings thro' disparted clouds the bik'ring lightning's
 X. [flight.

Aye was the stripling wont, e'er morning fair
 Had rear'd o'er eastern waves her rosy tede,
 To grasp with tender hand the pointed spear,
 And beat the thicket where the boar's fell breed

Enshrouded lay, or lion's tawny feed.

Oft wou'd great Dian, with her woody train,
Stop in mid chace to wonder at his speed,

Whilst up the hill's rough side she saw him strain,
Or sweep with winged feet along the level plain.

XI.

And when dun shades had blent the day's bright eye,

Upon his shoulders, with slow stagg'ring pace,
He brought the prey his hand had done to die,

Whilst blood with dust besprent did foul disgrace
The goodly features of his glowing face.

When as the sage beheld on grassy soil
Each panting corse, whilst life did well apace,
The panther of his spotted pride he'd spoil,
To deck his foster son : fit meed of daring toil.

XII.

And ever and anon the Godlike fire,

To temper stern behests with pleasure gay,
Would touch (for well he cou'd) the silver lyre ;

So sweetly ravish'd each enchanting lay,

That Pan, in scornful wise, wou'd fling away

His rustic pipe, and ev'n the sacred train

Wou'd leave their lov'd Parnass' in trim array,

And thought their own Apollo once again

Charm'd his attentive flock, a simple shepherd swain.

XIII.

XIII.

And ever and anon of worthies old,
 Whose praise Fame's trump thro' earth's wide
 bounds had spread,
 To fire his mind to brave exploits, he told ;
 Pirithous, known for prowest hardy-head ;
 Theseus, whose wrath the dire Procrustes fled ;
 And Hercules, whom trembling Lerna fear'd,
 When Hydra fell, in loathsome marshes bred,
 In vain against the son of Jove uprear'd
 Head sprouting under head, by thrillant faulchion shear'd.

XIV.

The stern-brow'd boy in mute attention stood,
 To hear the sage relate each great emprise ;
 Then strode along the cave in haughtier mood,
 Whilst varying passions in his bosom rise,
 And lightning-beams flash from his glowing eyes.
 Ev'n now he scorns the prey the deserts yield,
 Ev'n now (as hope the future scene supplies)
 He shakes the terrors of his heav'n-form'd shield,
 And braves th'indignant flood, and thunders o'er the field.

To a Young Lady, with FONTENELLE's
Plurality of Worlds.

IN this small work, all nature's wonders see,
The soften'd features of philosophy.
In truth by easy steps you here advance,
Truth as diverting, as the best romance.
Long had these arts to sages been confin'd,
None saw their beauty, till by poring blind ;
By studying spent, like men that cram too full,
From Wisdom's feast they rose not chear'd, but dull :
The gay and airy smil'd to see 'em grave,
And fled such wisdom like Trophonius' cave.
Justly they thought they might those arts despise,
Which made men sullen, e'er they could be wise.
Brought down to sight, with ease you view 'em here ;
Tho' deep the bottom, yet the stream is clear.
Your flutt'ring sex, still valued science less ;
Careless of any but the arts of dress.
Their useless time was idly thrown away
On empty novels, or some new-born play,
The best, perhaps, a few loose hours might spare
For some unmeaning thing, miscall'd a pray'r.
In vain the glittering orbs, each starry night,
With mingling blazes shed a flood of light :

Each

Each nymph with cold indiff'rence saw 'em rise;
 And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.
 None thought the stars were suns so widely sown,
 None dreamt of other worlds, besides our own.
 Well might they boast their charms, when ev'ry fair
 Thought this world all; and her's the brightest here.
 Ah! quit not the large thoughts this book inspires,
 For those thin trifles which your sex admires;
 Assert your claim to sense, and shew mankind,
 That reason is not to themselves confin'd.
 The haughty belle, whose beauty's awful shrine,
 'Twere sacrilege t' imagine not divine,
 Who thought so greatly of her eyes before,
 Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.
 How poor ev'n you, who reign without controul,
 If we except the beauties of your soul!
 Shou'd all beholders feel the same surprize;
 Shou'd all who see you, see you with my eyes;
 Were no sick blasts to make that beauty less;
 Shou'd you be what I think, what all confess:
 'Tis but a narrow space those charms engage;
 One island only, and not half an age!

The P O W E R of P O E T R Y.

I.

When tuneful Orpheus strove by moving strains
 To sooth the furious hate of rugged swains :
 The list'ning multitude was pleas'd,
 Ev'n rapine dropt her ravish'd prey,
 Till by the soft oppression seiz'd,
 Each savage hear'd his rage away;
 And now o'ercome, in kind consent they move,
 And all is harmony, and all is love !

II.

Not so, when Greece's chief by heav'n inspir'd,
 With love of arms each glowing bosom fir'd :
 But now the trembling soldier flew,
 Regardless of the glorious prize ;
 And his brave thirst of honour dead,
 He durst not meet with hostile eyes ;
 Whilst glitt'ring shields and swords, war's bright array,
 Were either worn in vain, or basely thrown away.

III.

Soon as the hero by his martial strains,
 Had kindled virtue in their frozen veins :

A fresh

Afresh the war-like spirit grows,
 Like flame, the brave contagion ran,
 See in each sparkling eye it glows,
 And catches on from man to man!
 Till rage in every breast to fear succeed ;
 And now they dare, and now they wish to bleed !

IV.

With different movements fraught, were Maro's lays,
 Taught flowing grief, and kind concern to raise :
 He sung Marcellus mournful name !
 In beauty's, and in glory's bloom ;
 Torn from himself, from friends, from fame,
 And rapt into an early tomb !

He sung, and sorrow stole on all,
 And sighs began to heave, and tears began to fall !

V.

But Rome's high empress felt the greatest smart,
 Touch'd both by nature, and the poet's art :
 For as he sung the mournful strain,
 So well the hero's portrait drew,
 She saw him sicken, fade again,
 And in description bleed anew.
 Then pierc'd, and yielding to the melting lay,
 She sigh'd, she fainted, sunk, and died away.

VI.

Thus numbers once did human breasts controul !
 Ah ! where dwells now such empire o'er the soul ?
 Transported by harmonious lays,
 The mind is melted down, or burns :
 With joy o'er Windsor forest strays,
 Or grieves when Eloisa mourns :
 Still the same ardour kindles every line,
 And our own POPE is now, what VIRGIL was, divine.

*The PLEASURE of POETRY.**An ODE.*

I.

HAppy the babe whose natal hour
 The Muse propitious deigns to grace,
 No frowns on his soft fore-head lowr,
 No cries distort his tender face ;
 But o'er her child, forgetting all her pangs,
 Insatiate of his smiles, the raptur'd parent hangs.

II.

Let statesmen on the sleepless bed
 The fate of realms and princes weigh,
 While in the agonizing head
 They form ideal scenes of sway ;
 Not long, alas ! the fancied charms delight,
 But melt, like spectre-forms, in silent shades of night.

III.

Ye heavy pedants, dull of lore,
 Nod o'er the taper's livid flame,
 Ye misers, still increase your store,
 Still tremble at the robber's name ;
 Or shudd'ring from the recent dream arise,
 While visionary fire glows dreadful to your eyes.

IV.

Far other joys the Muses show'r
 Benignant, on the aching breast,
 'Tis theirs in the lone, cheerless hour,
 To lull the lab'ring heart to rest :
 With bright'ning calms they glad the prospect drear,
 And bid each groan subside, and dry up ev'ry tear.

V.

From earthly mists, ye gentle nine !
 Whene'er you purge the visual ray,
 Sudden the landscapes fairer shine,
 And blander smiles the face of day ;
 Ev'n Chloe's lips with brighter vermil glow,
 And on her youthful cheek the rose-buds fresher blow.

VI.

When Boreas sounds his fierce alarms,
 And all the green-clad nymphs are fled,
 Oh! then I lie in fancy's arms
 On fragrant May's delicious bed ;

And thro' the shade, flow-creeping from the dale,
 Feel on my drowsy face the lilly-breathing gale.

VII.

Or on the mountain's airy height
 Hear Winter call his howling train,
 Chas'd by the Spring and Dryads light,
 That now resume their blissful reign.
 While smiling Flora binds her Zephyr's brows,
 With ev'ry various flow'r that nature's lap bestows.

VIII.

More potent than the Sybil's gold
 That led Æneas' bold emprize,
 When you, Calliope, unfold
 Your laurel-branch, each phantom flies !
 Slow cares with heavy wings beat the dull air,
 And dread, and pale-ey'd grief, and pain and black despair.

IX.

With you Elysium's happy bow'rs,
 The mansions of the glorious dead,
 I visit oft, and cull the flow'rs
 That rise spontaneous to your tread ;
 Such active virtue warms that pregnant earth,
 And heav'n with kindlier hand assists each genial birth.

X.

X.

Here oft I wander thro' the gloom,
 While pendent fruit the leaves among,
 Gleams thro' the shade with golden bloom,
 Where lurk along the feather'd throng,
 Whose notes th' eternal spring unceasing chear,
 Nor leave in mournful silence half the drooping year,

XI.

And oft I view along the plain
 With slow and solemn step proceed
 Heroes and chiefs, an awful train,
 And high exalt the laurell'd head.
 Submits I honour ev'ry sacred name,
 Deep in the column grav'd of adamantine fame,

XII.

But cease, my muse, with tender wing
 Unfledg'd, etherial flights to dare,
 Stern Cato's bold discourse to sing,
 Or paint immortal Brutus' air ;
 May Britain ne'er the weight of flav'ry feel,
 Or bid a Brutus shake for her his crimson steel !

XIII.

Lo ! yonder negligently laid
 Fast by the stream's impurpled side,
 Where thro' the thick-entangled shade,
 The radiant waves of nectar glide,

Each

Each sacred poet strikes his tuneful lyre,
And wafts the ravish'd heart, and bids the soul aspire.

XIV.

No more is hear'd the plaintive strain

Or pleasing melancholy's song,

Tibullus here forgets his pain,

And joins the love-exulting throng :

For Cupid flutters round with golden dart,

And fiercely twangs his bow at ev'ry rebel heart.

XV.

There stretch'd at ease Anacreon gay ;

And on his melting Lesbia's breast,

With eye half-rais'd Catullus lay,

And gaz'd himself to balmy rest.

While Venus' self thro' all the am'rous groves

With kisses fresh-distill'd supply'd their constant loves.

XVI.

Now Horace' hand the string inspir'd,

My soul, impatient as he sung,

The muse unconquerable fir'd,

And heav'nly accents seiz'd my tongue ;

Then lock'd in admiration sweet I bow'd,

Confess'd his potent art, nor could forbear aloud.*

* Milton.

XVII.

Hail glorious bard ! whose high command
 A thousand various strings obey,
 While joins and mixes to thy hand,
 At once the bold and tender lay !
 Not mighty Homer down Parnassus' steep,
 Rolls the full tide of verse so clear, and yet so deep.

XVIII.

O could I catch one ray divine
 From thy intolerable blaze !
 To pour strong lustre on my line,
 And my aspiring song to raise ;
 Then should the muse her choicest influence shed,
 And with eternal wreaths entwine my lofty head.

XIX.

Then would I sing the sons of Fame,
 Th'immortal chiefs of ancient age,
 Or tell of love's celestial flame,
 Or ope fair friendship's sacred page,
 And leave the sullen thought and struggling groan,
 To take their watchful stands around the gaudy throne.

The FEMALE-DRUM:

Or, the Origin of CARDS. A Tale.

Address'd to the Honourable Miss CARPENTER.

THOU, whom to counsel is to praise,
 With candour view these friendly lays,
 Nor, from the vice of gaming free,
 Believe the satire points at thee ;
 Who truth and worth betimes can't prize,
 Nor yet too sprightly to be wise.
 But hear this tale of antient time,
 Nor think it vain, tho' told in rhyme.

Elate with wide-extended pow'r,
 Sworn rivals from the natal hour,
 AV'RICE and SLOTH, with hostile art
 Contended long for woman's heart :
 She fond of wealth, afraid of toil,
 Still shifted the capricious smile ;
 By turns, to each the heart was sold,
 Now bought with ease, and now with gold ;
 Scarce either grasp the sov'reign sway,
 When chance revers'd the prosp'rous day.

The

The doubtful strife was still renew'd,
 Each baffled oft, but ne'er subdu'd ;
 When AV'RICE shew'd the glitt'ring prize,
 And hopes and fears began to rise,
 SLOTH shed on every busy sense
 The gentle balm of indolence.
 When SLOTH had screen'd, with artful night,
 The soft pavilion of delight ;
 Stern AV'RICE, with reproachful frown,
 Would scatter thorns amongst her down.

Thus each by turns the realm controul'd,
 Which each in turn despair'd to hold ;
 At length unable to contend,
 They join to chuse a common friend,
 To close in love the long debate,
 Such love, as mutual fears create ;
 A friend they chose, a friend to both,
 Of AV'RICE born, and nurs'd by SLOTH ;
 An artful nymph, whose reign began
 When wisdom ceas'd to dwell with man ;
 In wisdom's awful robes array'd,
 She rules o'er politics and trade ;
 And by the name of CUNNING, known,
 Makes wealth and fame, and pow'r her own.

In quest of CUNNING then they rove
 O'er all the windings of the grove,
 Where twining boughs their shades unite,
 For CUNNING ever flies the light;
 At length thro' maze perplext with maze,
 Through tracts confus'd, and private ways,
 With sinking hearts and weary feet,
 They gain their fav'rite's dark retreat;
 There, watchful at the gate, they find
 SUSPICION, with her eyes behind;
 And wild ALARM, awaking, blows
 The trump that shakes the world's repose.

The guests well-known, salute the guard,
 The hundred gates are soon unbarr'd;
 Through half the gloomy cave they press,
 And reach the wily queen's recess;
 The wily queen disturb'd, they view,
 With schemes to fly, though none pursue;
 And, in perpetual care to hide,
 What none will ever seek, employ'd.

‘ Great queen (they pray'd) our feuds compose,
 ‘ And let us never more be foes.’
 “ This hour, (she crys) your discord ends,
 “ Henceforth, be SLOTH and AV’RICE friends;
 “ Henceforth with equal pride, prepare
 “ To rule at once the captive-fair.”

Th’

Th' attentive pow'rs, in silence hear'd,
 Nor utter'd what they hop'd or fear'd,
 But search in vain the dark decree,
 For CUNNING loves obscurity ;
 Nor would she soon her laws explain,
 For CUNNING ever joys to pain.

She then before their wond'ring eyes,
 Bids piles of painted paper rise ;
 " Search now these heaps, (she crys) here find
 " Fit emblem of your pow'r combin'd."
 The heap to AV'RICE first she gave,
 Who soon descry'd her darling knave ;
 And SLOTH, e'er Envy long could sting,
 With joyful eyes beheld a king.

These gifts (said CUNNING) bear away,
 " Sure engines of despotick sway ;
 " These charms dispense o'er all the ball,
 " Secure to rule, where-e'er they fall.
 " The love of cards, let SLOTH infuse,
 " The love of money soon ensues ;
 " The strong desire shall ne'er decay,
 " Who plays to win, shall win to play ;
 " The breast, where love had plann'd his reign,
 " Shall burn, unquench'd with lust of gain ;
 " And all the charms that wit can boast,
 " In dreams of better luck be lost."

Thus,

Thus, neither innocent, nor gay,
 The useless hours shall fleet away,
 While TIME o'erlooks the trivial strife,
 And, scoffing, shakes the sands of life ;
 'Till the wan maid, whose early bloom
 The vigils of quadrille consume ;
 Exhausted, by the pangs of play,
 To SLOTH and AV'RICE falls a prey.

The M I M I C K.

THE mimick's ductile features claim my lays,
 Chang'd to a thousand shapes, a thousand ways ;
 Who with variety of arts puts on
 All other persons, and throws off his own ;
 Whose looks well disciplin'd, his will obey,
 Bloom at command, or at command decay :
 Nor blush, my muse, those changes to impart,
 Which ask an Ovid's or Apollo's art.

But who, Apollo, all the arts can trace,
 All the deceits of that delusive face ?
 For lo ! in sight the various artist comes ;
 Lo ! how in beauty and in health he blooms :

Its

Its smoothest charms triumphant youth supplies,
 Laughs in his cheeks, and sparkles in his eyes.
 But sudden see, the scene is snatch'd away,
 See each inverted feature in decay ;
 His muscles all relax'd, his face o'ergrown,
 Rough and emboss'd with wrinkles not his own.

He trails his dangling legs ; the wond'ring train
 Laugh at the solemn conduct of his cane,
 Rapt thro' the scenes of life, he drops his prime ;
 A cripple sixty Years before his time ;
 Runs in a moment all its stages o'er,
 And steps from four and twenty to fourscore.

Now he a venerable judge appears,
 And the long garb of lazy purple wears ;
 Like drowsy P—'s looks his aged frame,
 His mein, his habit, and address the same :
 When to the sneering crowd he lisps a joke,
 Puns from the law, or quibbles out of Coke ;
 With settled air, and most judicious face,
 Nods o'er the cushion, council, and the case ;
 Slumbers, and hears by starts the noisy train ;
 Catches a period, and drops down again.
 And now his hearers in their turn to lull,
 Himself stands up most venerably dull ;
 Talks of old times ; commends their loyal zeal,
 Their wholesome statutes, discipline, and ale :

On different themes bestows one common praise,
The Thames, the streets, the king, and king's highways.

You see him quit the bench, and strait appear
An huge old gouty council at the bar ;
Bawl for his client, wrest the tortur'd laws
From their true sense, and mould them to the cause ;
In solemn form harangue the list'ning crowd,
And hem and cough emphatically loud :
Blest art, indeed ! and glorious eloquence,
Where empty noise supplies the want of sense.
For meaning, signs and motions he affords,
And interjections for the want of words,
What Shape to you, O S—s, is unknown !
What face, but you adopt into your own !
At the least hint, fictitious crowds you raise,
And multiply yourself ten thousand ways :
This moment, to indulge the mirthful vein,
A fool's or doctor's person you sustain ;
The next resume yourself and sense again.

Am I deceiv'd ? or by some sudden flight,
A starcht tub-preacher now he strikes the sight,
(Quick the transition, and unseen the art !)
Pale and entirely chang'd in ev'ry part,
His short'ned visage, and fantastic dress,
The mad fanatic to the life express ;
That small silk cap ; those puritanick hairs,
Cropt to the quick, and circling round his ears ;

That rounded face the mimick here proclaim,
 How very different, yet how still the same !
 Now he by just degrees, his silence breaks ;
 His frantick silence mutt'ring e'er he speaks :
 Protracted hums the solemn farce begin,
 And groans and pauses interrupt the scene ;
 As each in just succession comes and goes,
 Work'd to its pitch, the spirit stronger grows,
 And squeezes out his eyes, and twangs his vocal nose. }
 Now quick and rapid, and in rage more loud,
 A storm of nonsense bursts upon the crowd :
 His hand and voice proclaim the gen'ral doom,
 While this the hour-glass shakes, and that the room.
 On nature's ruins all his doctrines dwell,
 And throw wide open every gate of hell.

A thousand other shapes he wears with grace ;
 A thousand more varieties of face :
 But who, in every shape, can count him o'er,
 Who multiplies his person every hour ?
 What muse his flying features can pursue,
 Or keep his wand'ring countenance in view ?
 Had I a thousand mouths, a thousand tongues,
 A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs,
 I could not celebrate this Proteus' skill,
 Who shifts his person and his face at will ;
 This Proteus, who out-numbers hosts alone ;
 A crowd himself ; a multitude in one.

To

To Mr. *F O X*, written at *Florence*.

In Imitation of *Horace*, Ode IV. Book 2.

By the late Lord H———Y.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum.

THOU dearest youth, who taught me first to know
 What pleasures from a real friendship flow,
 When neither int'rest nor design have part,
 But all the warmth is native of the heart.
 Thou know'st to comfort, sooth, or entertain,
 Joy of my health, and cordial of my pain.
 When life seem'd failing on her latest stage,
 And fell disease anticipated age,
 When wasting sickness and afflictive pain,
 By Esculapius' sons oppos'd in vain ;
 Forc'd me reluctant, desperate, to explore
 A warmer sun, and seek a milder shore ;
 Thy steady love with unexampl'd truth,
 Forsook each gay companion of thy youth,
 Whate'er the prosp'rous or the great employs,
 Bus'ness and int'rest, and love's softer joys,
 The weary steps of mis'ry to attend,
 To share distress, and make a wretch thy friend.

If

If o'er the mountain's snowy height we stray,
 Where Carthage first explor'd the vent'rous way ;
 Or through the tainted air of Rome's parch'd plains,
 Where want resides, and superstition reigns ;
 Cheerful and unrepining, still you bear
 Each dangerous rigour of the various year ;
 And kindly anxious for thy friend alone,
 Lament his suff'rings and forget thy own.
 Oh ! would kind heav'n, these tedious suff'rings past,
 Permit me, Ickworth, rest and health at last,
 In that lov'd shade, my youth's delightful seat,
 My early pleasure, and my late retreat,
 Where lavish Nature's fav'rite blessings flow,
 And all the seasons, all their sweets bestow :
 There might I trifle carelessly away,
 The milder evening of life's clouded day,
 From bus'ness and the world's intrusion free,
 With books, with love, with beauty and with thee ;
 No farther want, no wish yet unpossess'd
 Cou'd e'er disturb this unambitious breast.
 Let those who Fortune's shining gifts implore,
 Who sue for glory, splendor, wealth, or pow'r,
 View this unactive state with scornful eyes,
 And pleasures they can never taste, despise,
 Let them still court that goddess' falser joys,
 Who, while she grants their pray'r, their peace destroys.

I envy not the foremost of the great,
 Not Walpole's self directing Europe's fate ;
 Still let him load ambition's thorny shrine,
 Fame be his portion, and contentment mine.
 But if the gods, sinister still, deny
 To live in Ickworth, let me there but die ;
 Thy hand to close my eyes in death's long night,
 Thy image to attract their latest sight :
 Then to the grave attend thy poet's hearse,
 And love his mem'ry as you lov'd his verse.

To the Same.

From Hampton-Court, 1731. *By the Same.*

*Bono loco res humanæ sunt, quod nemo, nisi vitio suo,
 miser est.* SENECA in Epist.

WHILST in the fortunes of the gay and great,
 The glare of courts, and luxury of state :
 All that the meaner covet and deplore,
 The pomp of wealth, and insolence of pow'r :

Whilst

Whilst in these various scenes of gilded life,
 Of fraud, ambition, policy, and strife ;
 Where every word is dictated by art,
 And ev'ry face the mark of ev'ry heart ;
 Whilst with such diff'rent objects entertain'd,
 In all that's really felt, and all that's feign'd,
 I speculate on human joys and woes,
 Till from my pen the verse spontaneous flows ;
 To whom these artless off'rings should I bring,
 To whom these indigested numbers sing,
 But to a friend ?—and to what friend but you,
 Safe, just, sincere, indulgent, kind and true ?
 Disdain not then these trifles to attend,
 Nor fear to blame, nor study to commend.
 Say, where false notions erring I pursue,
 And with the plausible confound the true ;
 Correct with all the freedom that I write ;
 And guide my darken'd reason with thy light ;
 Thee partial heav'n has blest, profusely kind,
 With wit, with judgment, and a taste refin'd.
 Thy fancy rich, and thy observance true,
 The last still wakeful, and the first still new.
 Rare blessings ! and to few divided known,
 But giv'n united to thyself alone.
 Instruction are thy words, and lively truth,
 The school of age, and the delight of youth.

When men their various discontents relate,
 And tell how wretched this our mortal state ;
 That life is but diversify'd distress,
 The lot of all, and hardly more or less,
 That kings and villagers have each their share,
 These pinch'd with mean, and those with splendid care;
 That seeming pleasure is intrinsic woe,
 And all call'd happiness, delusive show ;
 Food only for the snakes in envy's breast,
 Who often grudges what is ne'er possess'd ;
 Say, for thou know'st the follies of mankind,
 Can'st tell how obstinate, perverse, and blind ;
 Say, are we thus oppress'd by Nature's laws,
 Or of our miseries, ourselves the cause ?

Sure oft unjustly, we impute to fate,
 A thousand evils which ourselves create ;
 Complain that life affords but little joy,
 And yet that little foolishly destroy.
 We check the pleasures that too soon subside,
 And break the current of too weak a tide.
 Like Atalanta, golden trifles chace,
 And baulk that swiftness which might win the race ;
 For life has joys adapted to each stage,
 Love for our youth, ambition for our age.
 But wilful man inverting her decrees,
 When young would govern, and when old would please.

Covets

Covets the fruits his autumn shou'd bestow,
 Nor tastes the fragrance whilst the blossoms blow.
 Then far-fled joys in vain he would restore,
 His appetite unanswer'd by his pow'r :
 Round beauty's neck he twists his wither'd arms,
 Receiv'd with loathing to her venal charms :
 He rakes the ashes, when the fire is spent,
 Nor gains fruition, tho' he gains consent.
 But can we say 'tis Providence's fault,
 If thus untimely all her gifts are sought,
 If summer-crops which must decay we keep,
 And in the winter would the harvest reap ?

When brutes, with what they are allow'd content,
 Listen to nature, and pursue her bent,
 And still their pow'r with their ambition weigh'd,
 Gain what they can, but never force a trade ;
 A thousand joys, her happy followers prove,
 Health, plenty, rest, society, and love.
 To us alone, in fatal ign'rance proud,
 To deviate from her dictates 'tis allow'd :
 That boasted gift our reason to believe,
 Or let caprice, in reason's garb, deceive.
 To us the noble privilege is given
 Of wise refining on the will of heav'n.
 Our skill we truit, but lab'ring still to gain
 More than we can, lose what we might obtain.

Will the wise elephant desert the wood,
 To imitate the whale and range the flood ?
 Or will the mole her native earth forsake,
 In wanton madness to explore the lake ?
 Yet man, whom still ideal profit sways,
 Than those less prudent, and more blind than these,
 Will quit his home, and vent'rous brave the seas. }
 And when his rashness its desert has found,
 The fool surviving, weeps the fool that's drown'd.

Herds range the fields, the feather'd kind the grove, }
 Chuse, woo, carefs, and with promiscuous love,
 As taste and nature prompt, adhere, or rove ; }
 They meet with pleasure, and with ease they part,
 For beasts are only coupled by the heart.
 The body still accompanies the mind,
 And when this wanders, that is unconfin'd :
 The love that join'd the fated pair once fled,
 They change their haunts, their pasture, and their bed.
 No four-legg'd ideots drag, with mutual pain,
 The nat'ral cement pass'd, an artful chain :
 Th' effect of passion ceases with the cause,
 Clogg'd with no after-weight of forms or laws :
 To no dull rules of custom they submit,
 Like us they cool, but when they cool, they quit.

Nor find we in the wood, the sea, or plain,
 One e'er elected o'er the rest to reign.

If any rule, 'tis force that gives the law,
 What brutes are bound in voluntary awe ?
 Do they like us a pageant idol raise,
 Swoln with false pride, and flatter'd by false praise ?
 Do they their equal, sometimes less, revere ?
 At once detest and serve, despise and fear ?
 To strength inferior do they bend the knee ?
 With ears and eyes of others hear and see ?
 Or ever vest a mortal god with pow'r,
 To do those wrongs they afterwards deplore ?
 These institutions are of man alone,
 Marriage and monarchy are both our own.
 Publick oppression, and domestic strife
 Are ills which we ourselves annex'd to life,
 God never made a husband, king, or wife.
 Boast then, oh man ! thy profitable gain,
 To folly polish'd, civiliz'd to pain.

Here, would I launch into the various field,
 Of all the cares our prejudices yield ;
 What multiply'd examples might be told,
 Of pains they give, and joys that they withhold ?
 When to credulity, tradition preaches,
 And ign'rance practises what error teaches !

Wou'd any feather'd maiden of the wood,
 Or scaly female of the peopled flood ;

When lust or hunger call'd, its force resist ?
 In abstinence, or chastity persist ?
 And cry, ' If heav'n's intent was understood,
 ' These tastes were only giv'n to be withstood.
 Or wou'd they wisely both these gifts improve,
 And eat when hungry, and when am'rous love ?

Yet superstition in religion's name,
 With future punishment and present shame,
 Can fright weak woman from her lover's arms,
 Who weeps with mutual pain her useless charms :
 Whilst she, poor wretch ! consum'd in secret fires,
 With pow'r to seize, foregoes what she desires,
 Till beauty fades and inclination dies,
 And the fair tree, the fruit ungather'd, dies.

But are these ills, the ills which heav'n design'd ?
 Are we unfortunate, or are we blind ?
 If in possession of our wishes curs'd,
 Bath'd in untasted springs we dye with thirst ?
 If we make mis'ries, what were blessings meant,
 And benefits convert to punishment ?

When in the spring, the wise industrious bees
 Collect the various bloom from fragrant trees,
 Extract the liquid sweet of ev'ry flow'r,
 And cull the garden to enrich their store :
 Should any pedant bee of all the hive,
 From this or that perfume, the plund'ers drive,

And

And say, that he by inspiration knows,
 The sacred, tempting, interdicted rose,
 By heav'n's command, tho' sweetest, useless grows : }

Think you the fool would ever be obey'd,
 And that the lye would grow into a trade ?

Ev'n Turks would answer, no—and yet, we see
 The vine, that rose, and Mahomet, that bee.

To these, how many proofs I yet could add,
 That man's superior sense is being mad ?

That none, refining, their true int'rest view,
 But for the substance, still the shade pursue.

That oft perverse, and prodigal of life,
 (Our pow'r and will at everlasting strife)

We waste the present for the future hour,
 And, miser like, by hoarding, still are poor.

Or foolishly regretful of the past,
 The good which yet remains neglect to taste.

Nor need I any foreign proof to bring,
 Myself an instance of the truths I sing.
 Whilst in a court, repugnant to my taste,
 From my lov'd friend these precious hours I waste,
 Why do I vainly here thy absence mourn,
 And not anticipate thy wish'd return ?

Why stay my passage to those happy fields,
 Where fate in thee my ev'ry pleasure yields ?

Fortune allows the blessings I refuse,
 And ev'n this moment, were my heart to chuse,
 For thee I should forsake this joyless croud,
 And not on paper think, but think aloud:
 With thy lov'd converse fill the shorten'd day,
 And glad my soul.—Yet here unpleas'd I stay,
 And by mean, sanguine views of int'rest sway'd,
 By airy hopes, to real cares betray'd;
 Lament a grievance, which I might redress,
 And wish that happiness I might possess.

FASHION: A SATIRE.

*Honestius putamus, quod frequentius; recti apud nos
 locum tenet error, ubi publicus factus.*

SENECA.

YES, yes, my friend, disguise it as we will,
 To right or wrong 'tis Fashion guides us still:
 A few perhaps rise singularly good,
 Defy, and stem the fool-o'erwhelming flood;
 The rest to wander from their brethren fear,
 As social herrings in large shoals appear.

'Twas

'Twas not a taste, but pow'rful mode, that bade
 Yon' purblind, poking peer run picture-mad;
 With the same wonder-gaping face he stares
 On flat DUTCH dawblings, as on GUIDO's airs;
 What might his oak-crown'd manors mortgag'd gain?
 Alas! five faded landshapes of * LORRAINE.

Not so GARGILIUS — sleek, voluptuous lord,
 A hundred dainties smoak upon his board;
 Earth, air, and ocean's ranfack'd for a feast,
 In masquerade of foreign OLLIO's drest;
 Who praises, in this sauce-enamour'd age,
 Calm, healthful temp'rance, like an INDIAN sage:
 But could he walk in public, were it said,
 "GARGILIUS din'd on beef, and eat brown bread?"
 Happy the grotto'd hermit with his pulse,
 Who wants no truffles, rich ragouts — nor † HULSE.

How strict on Sundays gay LÆTITIA's face!
 How curl'd her hair, how clean her Brussels-lace!
 She lifts her eyes, her sparkling eyes to heav'n,
 Most nun-like mourns, and hopes to be forgiv'n.
 Think not she prays, or is grown penitent —
 She went to church — because the parish went.

Close CHREMES, deaf to the pale widow's grief,
 Parts with an unfun'd guinea for relief;

L 6

No

* Claude Lorraine.

† The Physician.

No meltings o'er his ruthless bosom steal,
 More than fierce ARABS, or proud tyrants feel ;
 Yet, since his neighbours give, the churl unlocks,
 Damning the poor, his triple-bolted box.

Why loves not HIPPIA rank obscenity ?
 Why would she not with twenty porters lie ?
 Why not in crouded Malls quite naked walk ?
 Not aw'd by virtue—but “ The world would talk ”—
 Yet how demurely looks the wishing maid,
 For ever, but in bed, of man afraid !
 Thus * HAMMON's spring by day feels icy-cool,
 At night is hot as hell's sulphureous pool.

Each panting warble of VESCONTI's throat,
 To DICK, is heav'nlier than a seraph's note ;
 The trills, he swears, soft-stealing to his breast,
 Are lullabies, to sooth his cares to rest ;
 Are sweeter far, than LAURA's luscious kiss,
 Charm the whole man, and lap his soul in bliss :
 Who can such counterfeited raptures bear,
 Of a deaf fool who scarce can thunders hear ?
 CROWDERO might with him for FESTIN pass,
 And touching HANDEL yield to trifling HASSE.

But curd-fac'd CURIO comes ! all prate, and smile,
 Supreme of beaux, great bulwarks of our isle !

Mark

* Lucretius. lib. 6. 848.

Mark well his feather'd hat, his gilt cockade,
 Rich rings, white hand, and coat of stiff brocade ;
 Such weak-wing'd May-flies, BRITAIN's troops disgrace,
 grace,

That FLANDRIA wond'ring, mourns our alter'd race :
 With him the fair, enraptur'd with a rattle,
 Of VAUXHALL, GARRICK, or PAMELA prattle ;
 This self-pleas'd king of emptiness permit
 At the dear toi ette harmlessly to sit ;
 As mirthful infants, idling out the day,
 With wooden swords, or toothless puppies play :
 'Tis meaner (cries the manling) to command
 A conquering host, or save a sinking land,
 Than furl fair FLAVIA's fan, or lead a dance,
 Or broach new minted FASHIONS fresh from FRANCE.

O FRANCE, whose edicts govern dress and meat,
 Thy victor BRITAIN bends beneath thy feet !
 Strange ! that pert grasshoppers should lions lead,
 And teach to hop, and chirp across the mead :
 Of fleets and laurel'd chiefs let others boast,
 Thy honours are to bow, dance, boil and roast.
 Let ITALY give mimic canvass fire,
 Carve rocks to life, or tune the lulling lyre ;
 For gold let rich POTOSI be renown'd,
 Be balmy-breathing gums in INDIA found ;

'Tis

'Tis thine for sleeves to teach the shantiest cuts,
 Give empty coxcombs more important struts,
 Prescribe new rules for knots, hoops, manteaus, wigs,
 Shoes, soups, complexions, coaches, farces, jiggs.

MUSCALIA dreams of last night's ball till ten,
 Drinks chocolate, stroaks FOP, and sleeps again ;
 Perhaps at twelve dares ope her drowsy eyes,
 Asks LUCY if 'tis late enough to rise ;
 By three each curl and feature justly set,
 She dines, talks scandal, visits, plays picquette :
 Meanwhile her babes with some foul nurse remain,
 For modern dames a mother's cares disdain ;
 Each fortnight once she bears to see the brats,
 " For oh they stun one's ears, like squalling cats !"—
 Tigers and pards protect, and nurse their young,
 The parent-snake will rowl her forked tongue,
 The vultur hovers vengeful o'er her nest,
 If the rude hand her helpless brood infest ;
 Shall lovely woman, softest frame of heav'n,
 To whom were tears, and feeling pity giv'n,
 Most fashionably cruel, less regard
 Her offspring, than the vultur, snake, and pard ?

What art, O FASHION, pow'r supreme below !
 You make us virtue, nature, sense, forego ;
 You sanctify knave, atheist, whore, and fool,
 And shield from justice, shame, and ridicule.

Our grandames modes, long absent from our eyes,
 At your all-pow'rful bidding duteous rise ;
 As ARETHUSA sunk beneath the plain
 For many a league, emerging flows again ;
 Now * MARY's mobs, and flounces you approve,
 Now shape-disguising sacks, and slippers love :
 Scarce have you chose (like Fortune fond to joke)
 Some reigning drefs, but you the choice revoke :
 So when the deep-tongu'd organ's notes swell high,
 And loud HOSANNAH's reach the distant sky,
 Hark, how at once the dying strains decay,
 And soften unexpectedly away.

The peer, prince, peasant, soldier, squire, divine,
 Goddesses of Change ! bend low before your shrine,
 Swearing to follow, wheresoe'er you lead,
 Tho' you eat toads, or walk upon your head.

'Tis hence Belles game, intrigue, sip citron-drams,
 And hide their lovely locks with † Heads of Rams ;
 Hence girls, once modest, without blush appear,
 With legs display'd, and swan-soft bosoms bare ;
 Hence stale, autumnal dames, still deckt with laces,
 Look like vile canker'd coins in velvet cases.

Ask you, why whores live more belov'd than wives,
 Why weeping virtue exil'd, flattery thrives,

Why

* Mary queen of Scot's mobs, much worn by the ladies.

† Tête de Mouton, literally translated.

Why mad for pensions, BRITONS young and old
 Adore base ministers, those calves of gold,
 Why witling Templers on religion joke,
 Fat, rosy justices, drink, doze, and smoak,
 Dull critics on best bards pour harmless spite,
 As babes that mumble coral, cannot bite,
 Why knaves malicious, brother-knaves embrace,
 With hearts of gall, but courtly-smiling face,
 Why scornful FOLLY from her gawdy coach,
 At starving houseless VIRTUE points reproach,
 Why AV'RICE is the great all-worship'd God?—
 Methinks some DÆMON answers—“ 'Tis the mode!”

At this CORRUPTION smiles with ghastly grin,
 Presaging triumphs to her mother, SIN;
 Who, as with baneful wings aloft she flies,
 “ This falling land be mine !”—exulting cries;
 Grim TYRANNY attends her on her way,
 And frowns, and whets his sword that thirsts to slay.

Look, from the frigid to the torrid zone,
 By custom all are led, by nature none.
 * The hungry TARTAR rides upon his meat,
 To cook the dainty flesh with buttock's heat :
 The CHINESE complaisantly takes his bed
 With his big wife, and is with cawdle fed.

How

* The following facts are taken from the accounts of different countries,

How would our tender BRITISH beauties shriek,
 To see slim beaux on bulls their lances break !
 Yet no LUCINDA, in heroic SPAIN,
 Admits a youth, but who his beast has slain.
 See, wondrous lands, where the fell victor brings,
 To his glad wives, the heads of slaughter'd kings,
 The mangled heads !—o'er which they sing and laugh,
 And in dire banquets the warm life-blood quaff ;
 Where youths their grandfires, age-bent, trembling,
 Pitying their weary weakness, kindly slay : [grey,
 Where fainted BRACHMANS, sick of life, retire,
 To die spontaneous on the spicy pyre ;
 Where (stranger still !) with their wild dates content,
 The simple swains no sighs for gold torment.

How fondly partial are our judgments grown,
 We deem all manners odious, but our own !

O teach me, friend, to know wise NATURE's rules,
 And laugh, like you, at FASHION's hoodwink'd fools ;
 You, who to woods remov'd from modish sin,
 Despise the distant world's hoarse, busy din ;
 As shepherds from high rocks hear far below,
 Hear unconcern'd loud torrents fiercely flow ;
 You, tho' mad millions the mean taste upbraid,
 Who still love VIRTUE, fair, forsaken maid ;
 As BACCHUS charming ARIADNE bore,
 By all abandon'd, from the lonesome shore.

The

The POET's PRAYER.

IF e'er in thy sight I found favour, Apollo,
 Defend me from all the disasters which follow :
 From the knaves and the fools, and the fops of the time,
 From the drudges in prose, and the triflers in rhyme:
 From the patch-work and toils of the royal sack-bibber,
 Those dead birth-day odes, and the farces of CIBBER :
 From servile attendance on men in high-places,
 Their worships, and honours, and lordships, and graces:
 From long dedications to patrons unworthy,
 Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for thee :
 From being caress'd to be left in the lurch,
 The tool of a party, in state or in church :
 From dull thinking blockheads, as sober as Turks,
 And petulant bards who repeat their own works :
 From all the gay things of a drawing-room show,
 The sight of a Belle and the smell of a Beau :
 From busy back-biters, and tatlers and carpers,
 And scurvy acquaintance of fiddlers and sharpers :
 From old politicians, and coffee-house lectures,
 The dreams of a chymist, and schemes of projectors :
 From the fears of a goal, and the hopes of a pension,
 The tricks of a gamester, and oath of an ensign :
From

From shallow free-thinkers in taverns disputing,
 Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting :
 From the constant good fare of another man's board,
 My lady's broad hints, and the jests of my lord :
 From hearing old chymists prelecting *de oleo*,
 And reading of Dutch commentators in folio :
 From waiting, like GAY, whole years at White-hall :
 From the pride of gay wits, and the envy of small,
 From very fine ladies with very fine incomes,
 Which they finely lay out on fine toys and fine trin-
 cums :

From the pranks of ridottoes and court-masquerades,
 The snares of young jilts, and the spight of old maids :
 From a saucy dull stage, and submitting to share,
 In an empty third night with a beggarly play'r :
 From CURL and such Printers as wou'd ha' me curst
 To write second parts, let who will write the first :
 From all pious patriots, who would to their best,
 Put on a new tax, and take off an old test :
 From the faith of informers the fangs of the law,
 And the great rogues, who keep all the lesser in awe :
 From a poor country-cure, that living interment,
 With a wife and no prospect of any preferment :
 From scribbling for hire, when my credit is sunk,
 To buy no new coat, and to line an old trunk :

From

From 'squires, who divert us with jokes at their tables
 Of hounds in their kennels, and nags in their stables :
 From the nobles and commons, who bound in strict
 league are
 To subscribe for no book, yet subscribe to Heidegger :
 From the cant of fanaticks, the jargon of schools,
 The censures of wisemen and praises of fools :
 From criticks who never read Latin or Greek,
 And pedants, who boast they read both all the week :
 From borrowing wit, to repay it like BUDGEL,
 Or lending, like POPE, to be paid by a cudgel :
 If ever thou didst, or wilt ever befriend me,
 From these, and such evils, APOLLO, defend me,
 And let me be rather but honest with no-wit,
 Than a noisy nonsensical half-witted poet.

The WRONGHEADS :

A P O E M.

Inscrib'd to Mr. POPE. By a Person of Quality.

*Ille senistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit ; unus utrique
 Error, sed variis illudit partibus. — — — HORACE.*

SHALL knaves and fools command the world's applause,
 And censure 'scape, because they 'scape the laws ?
 No—POPE forbids, and, fir'd with honest rage,
 Resolves to mend, as well as charm, the age ;

Nor fears the cause of virtue to defend,
 Nor blushes to confess himself her friend.
 Hail, gen'rous bard ! fair virtue smiles to see
 Thy toil, design'd by her and heav'n for thee,
 Bravely proceed ; chastise the vain, the proud,
 Nor heed the murmurs of the guilty crowd ;
 Point out the follies of the rich and great ;
 Mark the Plebeian soul disguis'd in state ;
 Disclose the meanness of the pension'd train ;
 Thy theme will last while fools and knaves remain.

Behold, yon little sage, the orphan's curse,
 With more than T——n's plunder in his purse,
 In plenty starving, and with wealth unblest'd,
 Not full, still craving more, of much possess'd ;
 At Mammon's shrine fame, virtue, faith lays down,
 And pawns his venal soul for half a crown ;
 The sordid arts of profit still pursues,
 Nor dares one mite of all his treasure use.
 Untouch'd the hoarded sum ignobly lies,
 Nor ease, nor pleasure, nor content supplies.
 Great was his bliss in heaping up the store,
 The toil once pass'd he can enjoy no more ;
 The crowded bags unpleas'd his eyes behold,
 The joy is over when the sum is told.
 No farther can his sordid mind conceive,
 Nor ought of bliss beyond can riches give.

A breast so void no gen'rous pity fills,
 Unmov'd at others good and others ills :
 In vain the naked ask, the hungry tease ;
 Nor clothes to those he gives, nor bread to these.
 Think not to others wants his hand supplies
 What almost to himself his heart denies.
 Curs'd with a niggard soul the wretch repines,
 And grudges the expence whene'er he dines :
 Tho' beef twice-boil'd his meal, with P—n's bub,
 And six-pence chang'd defrays the frugal club.

What means this care, this voluntary pain,
 Riches unus'd and treasures heap'd in vain ?
 Is it to bless, at the last gasp of life,
 The virtuous daughter, or the faithful wife ?
 Is it to raise a son to pow'r or fame,
 And on a firm foundation build a name ?
 No,—strangers must perform his obsequies ;
 Nor tender wife remains to close his eyes,
 Nor son, nor daughter to attend his bier,
 And o'er his breathless body shed a tear.
 Friendless he lives, will unlamented die
 Without a tear, a sorrow, or a sigh ;
 While foreign hands his ill-got treasure share,
 And riot wastes the wealth he lov'd to spare.
 Thus all the miser's fruitless labours end,
 Alike to others and himself a friend.

Thus

Thus perish all, whose harden'd hearts refuse
 To share those blessings they can never use ;
 The same their merit, and the same their lot,
 Despis'd when living, and when dead forgot.

In life's last stage, Senecio fain wou'd wed,
 And smit with dotage courts the marriage-bed ;
 Full of the wisdom of his sixty years,
 He fancies youth returns with silver hairs.
 First at the ball and foremost at the play,
 Awkwardly vain, and impotently gay ;
 He dresses, powders, dances, sighs, and swears,
 And talks of wounds, and charms, and op'ra airs.
 Fond man, be wise, thy weak attempts forbear,
 Nor hope to please the young, the gay, the fair.
 Brisk Coquetilla sees thy fancy'd pain ;
 Her tongue speaks anger, and her eyes disdain ;
 From thy sepulchral arms with horror runs,
 And, like disease, thy cold embraces shuns :
 My heart now burns with all love's youthful fires,
 Warm wishes, eager hopes, and fierce desires,
 The source of joy springs mutual from the heart,
 Which they can only feel who can impart.
 Thy calm dull length of life no passion knows,
 No genial ardour in thy bosom glows ;
 Thro' frozen veins thy lazy currents move,
 And nature tells thee 'tis too late to love.

Observe

Observe that loving pair of doubtful fame,
 Alike in a'l things, if alike in name.
 How well their humours and affections join
 The joys of Venus with the joys of wine !
 How high the raptures, and the flames how great,
 When Bacchus helps to make the blifs compleat !
 Bless'd union, which from minds exalted flows,
 And far beyond the reach of reason glows !
 Let sober prudes severer morals teach,
 And gravely practise, what they gravely preach ;
 Let female tongues the gen'rous deed assail,
 Let envy sneer, and pride incessant rail ;
 Let the whole town condemn, let malice blast ;
 Love and a bottle are the joys that last.
 Mark how the Yorkshire v—r courts a name,
 The boast of schism, and the priesthood's shame !
 Vext with his mother c—h, he lifts his head,
 And damns the means by which he gets his bread,
 Sworn scourge to b—ps, and sworn foe to sense,
 With little learning, and great impudence,
 Repeats the old, dull, vile, invectives o'er
 Of pride and priestcraft, and the Roman whore ;
 At all religions shakes his impious rod,
 And pays his —more honour than his God.
 Write B—n, write, while OSBORNE joys to see
 A second TINDAL thus revile in thee :

True to the last, the good old cause defend,
And may thy labours like B——i's end.

Who would not laugh the frantic zeal to see
Of B—— B—— B—— and M—— ?
Sage H—— counsels from the chair in vain,
While schism growls and bites th' uneasy chain.
O S——r S——t ! what conflicts hast thou known,
What strife, what rage, what discords, all thy own !
Mad with the projects of mistaken zeal,
Thy patriots slight the blessings which they feel ;
With ease grown wanton, with indulgence bold,
They ask new favours, and forget the old ;
And, like their blest forefathers, long to prove,
That neck or nothing is the pace they love.

Ye wild continuers of an air-built scheme,
Awake to sense, and think your hopes a dream,
In caution, prudence, and in peace excel,
Learn wisdom, be content, and know you're well :
For this the moral of this tale pursue ;
The tale is old, the application's new.

It chanc'd a mastiff (as some authors say)
Once made a quater of a sheep his prey ;
Safe thro' the level mead in haste he hies,
And seems contented with the welcome prize :
But when he tries the neighb'ring stream to pass,
And downward looks upon the wat'ry glass,

Another quarter, in the mirror clear,
 Did all so fat, and like his own appear,
 No dog, that mutton lov'd, cou'd well forbear :
 The fair reflected image glides before,
 And tempts his glutton maw with hopes of more.
 Then thus he reasons : — Now I plainly see
 One share's too scanty for a dog like me.—
 Why to my lot shou'd one poor quarter fall ?
 Ev'n half's too little,—when I merit all.
 Of half, my service a demand may make,
 Then half, in justice to myself, I'll take.
 Thus he resolves,—then strains with all his might,
 To catch the image which deceives his sight ;
 Eager he opens his rapacious chops,
 Quits his firm hold, and down the booty drops :
 But finds his av'rice, by his folly cross'd,
 To gain a shadow had the substance lost.

Lo B—nt---y like a mighty monarch stands,
 And deals out censures with unsparing hands :
 O'er all the land of letters reigns alone ;
 Bids Greece and Rome pay homage to his throne ;
 Calls all the sons of wit to show their claim,
 And prove their right to everlasting fame.

In vain they plead that time their titles clears,
 A long possession of a thousand years ;

That

That ages past cou'd ne'er in question draw,
 Nor in their ancient tenure find a flaw.
 In vain :---he must revise their old pretence,
 Review their right to poetry and sense ;
 Alter, correct, and mould them to his mind,
 And make them speak the words they least design'd.
 Enough, dread critic, to thy spleen is given :
 Sure you and learning now are fairly even.
 Content, enjoy thy triumphs gain'd at last,
 Nor think to add new glories to the past :
 But spight of sev'nty hold thy murdering quill,
 And suffer MILTON to be MILTON still.

All say Sir Vainlove's fine estate is fled ;
 Yet still works on his maggot-breeding head.
 Extended vista's now are all his care,
 And distant hills thro' op'ning glades appear :
 From field to field his eye delights to roam,
 While things unheeded seem to rest at home.
 Within, what sums in furniture are lost,
 In garrets hid, or into corners tost !
 Rich beds, in dusty chests neglected laid,
 The master's vain unmeaning cost upbraid.
 In naked rooms see Venio's figures stare,
 To shame the lavish hand that plac'd them there.
 The whole an inconsistent scene we find,
 A perfect emblem of the owner's mind ;

Where all appears in wild disorder cast,
And that which shou'd be first still proves the last.

Now hounds and horses are his only joy,
And all the huntsman's toils his thoughts employ.
But hold,—some true dwarf beagles must be found,
Fit for a pigmy 'squire on fairy ground.

'Tis done; the Lilliputian pack's compleat,
So staunch, tho' small, so loud, and yet so sweet;
They wait the call, impatient to be try'd:
And let them wait;—the knight must learn to ride.

To books his curious fancy then he turns,
And with the learned hint impatient burns;
Sage G—— applauds the wise design,
And in the pleasing task vouchsafes to join:
And lo! the shelves the shining volumes grace,
So nicely fitted to the measur'd space:
Quarles, Bunyan, Blackmore, Dennis, Tibbald, Tate,
Now leave the well-known rails by Bedlam gate,
New-bound, adorn'd, in gold and crimson trim;
While the baulk'd grocers curse the awkward whim.
Pleas'd with a work to such perfection wrought,
The utmost effort of his lab'ring thought,
With inward glee he views it round and round,
And swears—the best collection to be found.
And so it is, for all the knight can tell;
His honour seldom condescends to spell.

Now

Now love demands his right : love, genial power,
Claims the soft moment and the tender hour.

The jealous god survey'd his own disgrace,
Beheld each passion in its turn take place ;
With indignation saw his fires delay'd,
His shrines neglected, and his rites unpay'd ;
At length resolv'd his empire to maintain,
And bring the rebel to his chains again,
A faithful vot'ry calls, and bids her prove
Her pow'rful charms to raise the flames of love ;
Dart forth the keenest light'nings of her eye,
And all the arts of female beauty try ;
Command fresh roses on the cheek to blow,
With brighter rubies teach the lip to glow ;
Prepare the neck with purer white to shine,
And help the hair in artful rings to twine.

The tempting bait succeeds : the knight admires
The pleasing form, and feels the wonted fires ;
Thro' ev'ry vein the am'rous fever flies,
Glow in his heart, and sparkles in his eyes.
Eager he seiz'd, and bore the prize away,
But found the beauteous phantom turn'd to—
Vext at his fate, the luckless lover sighs,
And tells his sorrows to th' unpitying skies ;
Not W—, when she perceiv'd her hopes delay'd,
And three whole years a wife, still prov'd a maid,

Was e'er with such impatient wishes tost,
As he to find his favourite purpose cross'd.

Lo! these the toils thy inspiration own,
Inventive folly, these thy deeds alone.
Reason in vain directs the guiding rule,
And arts but polish to compleat the fool.
The miser's wants, the atheist's impious scheme,
The pedant's taste, the spendthrift's golden dream;
Such are the gifts these fruitful springs impart,
An empty head, and a corrupted heart :
But these are only part ; a num'rous train,
Inverted rules, mistaken schemes remain ;
To name them all would tire ten Templars tongues,
Or C—r's b—day muse, or B——l's lungs.

An EPISTLE to a LADY.

WHEN the heart akes with anguish, pines with
grief,

And heav'n and you alike, deny relief ;
When ev'n the flatt'rer hope is no where found,
'Tis hard to feel the smart, and not lament the wound.
Permit

Permit me then to sigh one last adieu,
 Nor scorn a sorrow friendship owes to you :
 A friendship, modesty might well return ;
 A sorrow, cruelty itself might mourn.

Think how the miser, pierc'd with inward pain,
 Looks down with horror on the troubled main,
 Or wildly roams along the rocky coast,
 T'explore his treasures in the tempest lost ;
 Hates his own safety, chides the waves that roll'd
 Himself ashore, but sunk his dearer gold.
 Like him afflicted, pensive, and forlorn,
 I look on life and all its pomp with scorn.
 You was the sweetner of each busy scene ;
 You gave the joy without, the pain within.
 Pleasure and you were both so near ally'd,
 That when I lost the one, the other dy'd ;
 Pain too has lavish'd all her killing store ;
 Nor she can add, nor I can suffer more.

In vain I view'd you with as chaste a fire,
 As angels mingle, or as saints admire ;
 By reason prompted, passion had no part,
 A virtuous ardour that refin'd the heart.
 In vain I sought a friendship free from fault,
 Where sex and beauty were alike forgot :
 A friendship by the noblest union join'd.
 The female softness, and the manly mind.

Courage to conquer evils, or endure;
 Sweetness to sooth the pain, and smiles to cure.
 Scandal, a busy fiend, in truth's disguise,
 Like Fame all cover'd o'er with ears and eyes,
 Learns the fond tale, and spreads it as she flies.
 Nor spreads alone, but alters, adds, defames,
 Affects to pity, tho' her duty blames.
 Feigns not to credit all she sees or hears,
 But hopes the evil only in her fears.
 Pretends to weigh the fact in even scale,
 And wish, at least, that justice may prevail.
 Insinuates, dissembles, lyes, betrays,
 Plays the whole hypocrite such various ways,
 That innocence itself must suffer wrong,
 And honour bleed the prey of slander's tongue.

Such is my fate, so grievous my distress,
 Condemn'd to suffer, but deny'd redress :
 Too fond of joy, too sensible of pain,
 To part with all that's dear, and not complain :
 Too delicate to injure what I love,
 Or ask the pity fame will ne'er approve.
 What more remains, then, but to drop my claim,
 And by my conduct justify my flame ?
 Burst the dear bands that to my heart-strings join,
 And sacrifice my peace to purchase thine ?

As

As the fond mother, who delirious eyes
 Her dying babe, will scarce believe it dies :
 But strains it still with transport in her arms,
 Dwells on its lips and numbers o'er its charms;
 Pleads that it slumbers, and expects, in vain,
 To see the little cherub live again ;
 So my torn heart must all the sorrows prove
 That torture constancy, or sadden love :
 Yet fondly follow your dear image still,
 Fancy I hear you speak, I see you smile :
 Doat on a phantom, idolize the name,
 And wish the shade and substance were the same.

Alas ! how fruitless is the idle pray'r !
 The joys imagin'd, real the despair.
 Like Adam forc'd his Eden to forego,
 I lose my only paradise below,
 And dread the prospect of succeeding woe.

SIX

TOWN ECLOGUES.

By the Right Hon. L. M. W. M.

M O N D A Y.

ROXANA, or, The Drawing-Room.

ROXANA from the court retiring late,
Sigh'd her soft sorrows at St. JAMES's gate :
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast,
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppress'd ;
They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear ;
She in these gentler sounds express'd her care,

“ Was it for this, that I these roses wear,

“ For this new-set the jewels for my hair ?

“ Ah! princess! with what zeal have I pursu'd !

“ Almost forgot the duty of a prude.

“ Thinking I never cou'd attend too soon,

“ I've miss'd my prayers, to get me dress'd by noon.

“ For

- “ For thee, ah ! what for thee did I resign ?
 “ My pleasures, passions, all that e’er was mine.
 “ I sacrific’d both modesty and ease,
 “ Left operas, and went to filthy plays ;
 “ Double entendres shock’d my tender ear,
 “ Yet even this for thee I chose to bear.
 “ In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
 “ And ev’ry joy of life before me lay,
 “ By honour prompted, and by pride restrain’d,
 “ The pleasures of the young my soul disdain’d :
 “ Sermons I sought, and with a mien severe
 “ Censur’d my neighbours, and said daily pray’r.
 “ Alas ! how chang’d !— with the same sermon mien
 “ That once I pray’d, the *What-d’ye call’t* I’ve seen,
 “ Ah ! cruel princess, for thy sake I’ve lost
 “ That reputation which so dear had cost :
 “ I, who avoided ev’ry public place,
 “ When bloom and beauty bid me show my face ;
 “ Now near thee constant ev’ry night abide
 “ With never-failing duty by thy side,
 “ Myself and daughters standing on a row,
 “ To all the foreigners a goodly show !
 “ Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,
 “ And merchants wives close by the chair been seen ;
 “ Had not I amply fill’d the empty space,
 “ And sav’d your highness from the dire disgrace.
 “ Yet

“ Yet COQUETILLA's artifice prevails,
 “ When all my merit and my duty fails:
 “ That COQUETILLA, whose deluding airs
 “ Corrupts our virgins, and our youth ensnares;
 “ So sunk her character, so lost her fame,
 “ Scarce visited before your highness came;
 “ Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis her you chuse,
 “ When Zeal and Fame and Virtue you refuse.
 “ Ah! worthy choice! not one of all your train
 “ Whom censure blasts not, and dishonours stain.
 “ Let the nice hind now suckle dirty pigs,
 “ And the proud pea-hen snatch the cuckoo's eggs!
 “ Let IRIS leave her paint and own her age,
 “ And grave SUFFOLKIA wed a giddy page!
 “ A greater miracle is daily view'd,
 “ A virtuous princess with a court so lewd.
 “ I know thee, Court! with all thy treach'rous wiles,
 “ Thy false caresses and undoing smiles!
 “ Ah! princess, learn'd in all the courtly arts
 “ To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts.
 “ Large lovely bribes are the great statesman's aim;
 “ And the neglected patriot follows fame.
 “ The prince is ogled; some the king pursue;
 “ But your ROXANA only follows You.
 “ Despis'd ROXANA, cease, and try to find
 “ Some other, since the princess proves unkind:
 “ Perhaps

“ Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,
 “ If not a greater, a more firm support.”

T U E S D A Y.

S T. J A M E S ' s Coffee-House.

SILLIANDER and PATCH.

THOU, who so many favours hast receiv'd,
 Wondrous to tell, and hard to be believ'd,
 Oh! H—D, to my lays attention lend,
 Hear how two lovers boastingly contend;
 Like thee successful, such their bloomy youth,
 Renown'd alike for gallantry and truth.

St. JAMES's bell had toll'd some wretches in,
 (As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could fin)

The happier finners now their charms put out,

And to their manteaus their complexions suit:

The opera queens had finish'd half their faces,

And city-dames already taken places;

Fops of all kinds to see the Lion, run;

The beauties stay till the first act's begun,

And beaux step home to put fresh linen on.

No

No well-dress'd youth in coffee-house remain'd,
 But pensive PATCH, who on the window lean'd;
 And SILLIANDER, that alert and gay,
 First pick'd his teeth, and then began to say.

SILLIANDER.

Why all these sighs? ah! why so pensive grown?
 Some cause there is why thus you sit alone.
 Does hapless passion all this sorrow move?
 Or dost thou envy where the ladies love?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy must pursue,
 'Tis sure, at least, I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy, you are in the right,
 'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they flight.
 Yet I cou'd tell, but that I hate to boast,
 A club of ladies where 'tis me they toast.

PATCH.

Toasting does seldom any favour prove;
 Like us, they never toast the thing they love.
 A certain duke one night my health begun;
 With chearful pledges round the room it run,
 Till the young SYLVIA press'd to drink it too,
 Started, and vow'd she knew not what to do:
 What, drink a fellow's health! she dy'd with shame:
 Yet blush'd whenever she pronounc'd my name.

SILLIANDER.

SILLIANDER.

Ill fates pursue me, may I never find
 The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,
 If fair Miss FLIPPY's fan I did not tear,
 And one from me she condescends to wear.

PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive;
 'Tis then a favour when the sex will give.
 A lady (but she is too great to name)
 Beauteous in person, spotless is her fame,
 With gentle strugglings let me force this ring;
 Another day may give another thing.

SILLIANDER.

I cou'd say something—see this billet-doux—
 And as for presents—look upon my shoe—
 These buckles were not forc'd, nor half a theft,
 But a young countess fondly made the gift.

PATCH.

My countess is more nice, more artful too,
 Affects to fly, that I may fierce pursue:
 This snuff-box which I begg'd, she still deny'd,
 And when I strove to snatch it, seem'd to hide;
 She laugh'd and fled, and as I sought to seize,
 With affectation cramm'd it down her stays:
 Yet hop'd she did not place it there unseen,
 I press'd her breasts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER,

SILLIANDER.

Last night, as I stood ogling of her grace,
 Drinking delicious poison from her face,
 The soft enchantress did that face decline,
 Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine ;
 With sudden art some secret did pretend,
 Lean'd cross two chairs to whisper to a friend,
 While the stiff whalebone with the motion rose ,
 And thousand beauties to my sight expose.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was ask'd to come)
 I drank bohea in CÆLIA's dressing-room :
 Warm from her bed, to me alone within,
 Her night-gown fasten'd with a single pin ;
 Her night-cloaths tumbled with resistless grace,
 And her bright hair play'd careless round her face ;
 Reaching the kettle, made her gown unpin,
 She wore no waistcoat, and her shift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See TITIANA driving to the park !
 Hark ! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark ;
 In her all beauties of the spring are seen,
 Her cheeks are rosy, and her mantle green.

PATCH.

See, TINTORETTA to the opera goes !
 Haste, or the crowd will not permit our bows ;

In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,
Her eyes are star-like, and her mantle blue.

SILLIANDER.

What colour does in CÆLIA's stockings shine?
Reveal that secret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

What are her garters? tell me if you can;
I'll freely own thee for the happier man.

Thus PATCH continued his heroic strain,
While SILLIANDER but contends in vain.
After a conquest so important gain'd,
Unrival'd PATCH in ev'ry ruelle reign'd.

W E D N E S D A Y,

The Tête à Tête.

DANCINDA.

“**N**O, fair DANCINDA, no; you strive in vain
“ To calm my care and mitigate my pain;
“ If all my sighs, my cares, can fail to move,
“ Ah! sooth me not with fruitless vows of love.”
Thus STREPHON spoke. DANCINDA thus reply'd:
What must I do to gratify your pride?

Too well you know (ungrateful as thou art)
 How much you triumph in this tender heart ;
 What proof of love remains for me to grant ?
 Yet still you teize me with some new complaint.
 Oh ! would to heav'n !—but the fond wish is vain—
 Too many favours had not made it plain !
 But such a passion breaks thro' all disguise,
 Love reddens on my cheek and wishes in my eyes.
 Is't not enough (inhuman and unkind !)
 I own the secret conflict of my mind ?
 You cannot know what secret pain I prove,
 When I with burning blushes own I love.
 You see my artless joy at your approach,
 I sigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch ;
 And in your absence all the world I shun ;
 I hate mankind, and curse the cheering fun.
 Still as I fly, ten thousand swains pursue ;
 Ten thousand swains I sacrifice to you.
 I shew you all my heart without disguise :
 But these are tender proofs that you despise——
 I see too well what wishes you pursue ;
 You wou'd not only conquer, but undo :
 You, cruel victor, weary of your flame,
 Would seek a cure in my eternal shame ;
 And not content my honour to subdue,
 Now strive to triumph o'er my virtue too.

Oh !

Oh! LOVE, a God indeed to womankind,
 Whose arrows burn me and whose fetters bind,
 Avenge thy altars, vindicate thy fame,
 And blast these traytors that profane thy name,
 Who by pretending to thy sacred fire,
 Raise cursed trophies to impure desire.

Have you forgot with what ensnaring art
 You first seduc'd this fond uncautious heart?
 Then as I fled, did you not kneeling cry,
 Turn, cruel beauty; whither wou'd you fly?
 Why all these doubts? why this distrustful fear?
 No impious wishes shall offend your ear:
 Nor ever shall my boldest hopes pretend
 Above the title of a tender friend;
 Blest, if my lovely Goddess will permit
 My humble vow, thus sighing at her feet.
 The tyrant love that in my bosom reigns,
 The God himself submits to wear your chains;
 You shall direct his course, his ardour tame,
 And check the fury of his wildest flame.

Unpractis'd youth is easily deceiv'd;
 Sooth'd by such sounds, I listen'd and believ'd;
 Now, quite forgot that soft submissive fear,
 You dare to ask what I must blush to hear.

Cou'd I forget the honour of my race,
 And meet your wishes, fearless of disgrace;

Cou'd

Cou'd passion o'er my tender youth prevail,
 And all my mother's pious maxims fail ;
 Yet to preserve your heart (which still must be,
 False as it is, for ever dear to me)
 This fatal proof of love I wou'd not give,
 Which you condemn the moment you receive.
 The wretched she, who yields to guilty joys,
 A man may pity, but he must despise.
 Your ardour ceas'd, I then shou'd see you shun
 The wretched victim by your arts undone.
 Yet if I cou'd that cold indifference bear,
 What more wou'd strike me with the last despair,
 With this reflection wou'd my soul be torn,
 To know I merited your cruel scorn.

Has love no pleasures free from guilt or fear ?
 Pleasures less fierce, more lasting, more sincere ?
 Thus let us gently kiss and fondly gaze,
 Love is a child, and like a child it plays.

O STREPHON, if you wou'd continue just,
 If love be something more than brutal lust,
 Forbear to ask what I must still deny,
 This bitter pleasure, this destructive joy,
 So closely follow'd by the dismal train
 Of cutting shame, and guilt's heart-piercing pain.

She paus'd ; and fix'd her eyes upon her fan ;
 He took a pinch of snuff, and thus began ;

Madam,

Madam, if love—but he cou'd say no more,
 For Mademoiselle came rapping at the door.
 The dangerous moments no adieus afford ;
 Begone, she cries, I'm sure I hear my Lord.
 The lover starts from his unfinish'd loves,
 To snatch his hat, and seek his scatter'd gloves :
 The fighting dame to meet her dear prepares,
 While STREPHON cursing, slips down the back-stairs.

T H U R S D A Y.

The BASSETTE-TABLE.

SMILINDA and CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

TH E bassette-table spread, the tallier come,
 Why stays SMILINDA in the dressing-room ?
 Rise, pensive nymph ! the tallier stays for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah ! Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,
 I joyless make my once ador'd alpieu.
 I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's chair,
 And whisper with that soft deluding air,
 And those feign'd sighs that cheat the list'ning fair—

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
 A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
 As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd,
 In one bad deal three Septleva's I lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that a grief which you compare with mine?
 With ease the smiles of fortune I resign.
 Wou'd all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
 Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care,
 And prudent nymphs against the change prepare.
 The queen of clubs thrice lost! oh! who cou'd guess
 This fatal stroke! this unforeseen distress!

SMILINDA.

See! BETTY LOVEIT very à propos!
 She all the pains of love and play does know,
 Deeply experienc'd many years ago.
 Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide,
 BETTY, who oft the pains of each has try'd:
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
 By cards' ill-usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVEIT.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
 Tho' time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage by MATHERS wrought,
 With fifty guineas (a great pen'orth !) bought !
 See on the tooth-pick MARS and CUPID strive,
 And both the struggling figures seem to live.
 Upon the bottom see the Queen's bright face ;
 A myrtle foliage round the thimble case ;
 JOVE, JOVE himself does on the scissars shine,
 The metal and the workmanship divine.

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box once the pledge of SHARPER's love,
 When rival beauties for the present strove.
 (At CORTICELLI's he the raffle won,
 There first his passion was in public shown.
 HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
 Her rival's envy all in vain to hide.
 This snuff-box---on the hinge see diamonds shine ;
 This snuff-box will I stake, the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas ! far lesser losses than I bear,
 Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear :
 But oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,
 'Twas my own lord who drew the fatal card !--
 In complaisance I took the queen he gave,
 Tho' my own secret wish was for the knave :
 The knave won *son ecart* that I had chose,
 And the next pull my *septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah ! what aggravates the killing smart,
 The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart,
 This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing fair,
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear,
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
 She owes to me, the very charms she wears :
 An aukward thing when first she came to town,
 Her shape unfinish'd and her face unknown ;
 She was my friend, I taught her first to spread
 Upon her fallow cheeks enlivening red,
 I introduc'd her to the park and plays,
 And by my int'rest COSIN made her stays ;
 Ungrateful wretch ! with mimick airs grown pert,
 She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was ! how often have I swore,
 When WINNALL tallied, I would punt no more !
 I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
 And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd !
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd !
 Yet his known falshood could no warning prove :
 Ah ! what are warnings to a maid in love !

CARDE-

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
 Can gaze on Bassette, and remain unwarm'd ?
 When kings, queens, knaves are set in decent rank,
 Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank!
 Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,
 The winner's pleasure and the loser's pain ;
 In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
 They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye ;
 Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain,
 My passions rise, and will not bear the rein :
 Look upon Bassette, you who reason boast,
 And see if reason may not there be lost !

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that breast compose,
 That listens coldly to my SHARPER's vows !
 Then when he trembles, when his blushes rise,
 When awful love seems melting in his eyes !
 With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves :
 He loves, I whisper to myself, he loves !
 Such unfeign'd passion in his look appears,
 I lose all mem'ry of my former fears ;
 My panting heart confesses all his charms ;
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
 Think of that moment, you who prudence boast !
 or such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the groom-porter's, batter'd bullies play ;
 Some dukes at Marybon bowl time away !
 But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
 To Baffette's heavenly joys and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a beau ;
 PRUDINA likes a man, and laughs at show :
 Their several graces in my SHARPER meet ;
 Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVEIT.

Cease your contention, which has been too long,
 I grow impatient, and the tea grows strong :
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide ;
 The equipage shall grace SMILINDA's side ;
 The snuff-box to CARDELIA I decree ;
 So leave complaining, and begin your tea.

F R I.

F R I D A Y.

The TOILETTE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty springs had cloath'd the park with
 Since LYDIA knew the blossom of fifteen ; [green,
 No lovers now her morning hours molest ;
 And catch her at her toilette half undrest.
 The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more,
 Nor chairs, nor coaches crowd the silent door ;
 Now at the window all her mornings pass,
 Or at the dumb devotion of her glass :
 Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive fate,
 And curs'd th' inconstancy of man too late.

“ Oh ! youth, O spring of life for ever lost,
 “ No more my name shall reign the fav'rite toast ;
 “ On glass no more the diamond grave my name,
 “ And lines mis-spelt record my lover's flame :
 “ Nor shall side-boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,
 “ And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise
 “ With humble bows; nor white-glov'd beaux encroach
 “ In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
 “ What shall I do to spend the hateful day ?
 “ At chapel shall I wear the morn away ?
 “ Who there appears at these unmodish hours,
 “ But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,

- “ And grey religious maids ? my presence there
 “ Amidst that sober train, would own despair ;
 “ Nor am I yet so old, nor is my glance
 “ As yet fix’d wholly on devotion’s trance.
 “ Strait then I’ll dress, and take my wonted range
 “ Thro’ India shops, to Motteux’s, or the Change,
 “ Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,
 “ With antick shapes in China’s azure dy’d ;
 “ There careless lies a rich brocade unroll’d,
 “ Here shines a cabinet with burnish’d gold.
 “ But then, alas ! I must be forc’d to pay,
 “ And bring no penn’orths, not a fan away !
 “ How am I curs’d, unhappy and forlorn !
 “ My lover’s triumph, and my sex’s scorn !
 “ False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs ;
 “ False are the loose coquet’s inveigling airs ;
 “ False is the crafty courtier’s plighted word,
 “ False are the dice, when gamesters stamp the board ;
 “ False is the sprightly widow’s public tear ;
 “ Yet these to DAMON’s oaths are all sincere.
 “ For what young flirt, base man, am I abus’d ?
 “ To please your wife am I unkindly us’d ?
 “ ’Tis true, her face may boast the peach’s bloom ;
 “ But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume ?
 “ I own, her taper shape is form’d to please ;
 “ But don’t you see her unconfin’d by stays ?
 “ She

- “ She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence ;
 “ Alike we read it in her face and sense.
 “ Insipid, fervile thing ! whom I disdain !
 “ Her phlegm can best support the marriage chain.
 “ DAMON is practis’d in the modish life ;
 “ Can hate, and yet be civil to his wife ;
 “ He games, he drinks, he swears, he fights, he roves,
 “ Yet CLOE can believe he fondly loves !
 “ Mistress and Wife by turns supply his need ;
 “ A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.
 “ Powder’d with diamonds, free from spleen or care,
 “ She can a sullen husband’s humour bear ;
 “ Her credulous friendship, and her stupid ease,
 “ Have often been my jest in happier days :
 “ Now CLOE boasts and triumphs in my pains ;
 “ To her he’s faithful ; ’tis to me he feigns.
 “ Am I that stupid thing to bear neglect,
 “ And force a smile, not daring to suspect ?
 “ No, perjured man ! a Wife may be content,
 “ But you shall find a Mistress can resent.”

Thus love-sick LYDIA rav’d ; her maid appears,
 And in her faithful hand the band-box bears :

(The Cestos that reform’d inconstant JOVE
 Not better fill’d with what allur’d to love)

“ How well this ribband’s gloss becomes your face !”
 She cries in rapture ; “ then, so sweet a lace !

“ How charmingly you look ! so bright ! so fair !
 “ ’Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air ! ”
 Strait LYDIA smil’d ; the comb adjusts her locks ;
 And at the play-house HARRY keeps her box.

S A T U R D A Y.

The SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

THE wretched FLAVIA on her couch reclin’d,
 Thus breath’d the anguish of a wounded mind ;
 A glass revers’d in her right hand she bore,
 For now she shunn’d the face she sought before.

“ How am-I chang’d ! alas ! how am I grown
 ‘ A frightful spectre, to myself unknown !
 ‘ Where’s my complexion ? where my radiant bloom,
 ‘ That promis’d happiness for years to come ?
 ‘ Then with what pleasure I this face survey’d !
 ‘ To look once more, my visits oft delay’d !
 ‘ Charm’d with the view, a fresher red would rise,
 ‘ And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes !
 ‘ Ah ! faithless glass, my wonted bloom restore ;
 ‘ Alas ! I rave, that bloom is now no more !
 ‘ The greatest good the Gods on men bestow,
 ‘ Ev’n youth itself, to me is useless now.

- ‘ There was a time (oh ! that I could forget !)
- ‘ When opera-tickets pour’d before my feet ;
- ‘ And at the ring, where brightest beauties shine,
- ‘ The earliest cherries of the spring were mine.
- ‘ Witness, O Lilly ; and thou, Motteux, tell
- ‘ How much japan these eyes have made ye sell.
- ‘ With what contempt ye saw me oft despise
- ‘ The humble offer of the raffled prize ;
- ‘ For at the raffle still each prize I bore,
- ‘ With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore !
- ‘ Now beauty’s fled, and presents are no more !
- ‘ For me the Patriot has the house forsook,
- ‘ And left debates to catch a passing look :
- ‘ For me the Soldier has soft verses writ ;
- ‘ For me the Beau has aim’d to be a wit.
- ‘ For me the Wit to nonsense was betray’d ;
- ‘ The Gamester has for me his dun delay’d,
- ‘ And overseen the card I would have pay’d.
- ‘ The bold and haughty by success made vain,
- ‘ Aw’d by my eyes, have trembled to complain :
- ‘ The bashful ’squire touch’d by a wish unknown,
- ‘ Has dar’d to speak with spirit not his own ;
- ‘ Fir’d by one wish, all did alike adore ;
- ‘ Now beauty’s fled, and lovers are no more !
- ‘ As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
- ‘ New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise !

‘ Far from my sight that killing picture bear,
 ‘ The face disfigure, and the canvas tear !
 ‘ That picture, which with pride I us’d to show,
 ‘ The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.
 ‘ And thou, my toilette ! where I have oft have sat,
 ‘ While hours unheeded pass’d in deep debate,
 ‘ How curls should fall, or where a patch to place :
 ‘ If blue or scarlet best became my face ;
 ‘ Now on some happier nymph your aid bestow ;
 ‘ On fairer heads, ye useless jewels, glow !
 ‘ No borrow’d lustre can my charms restore ;
 ‘ Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more !
 ‘ Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine ;
 ‘ Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine ;
 ‘ But midst your triumphs with confusion know,
 ‘ ’Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.
 ‘ Would pitying heav’n restore my wonted mien,
 ‘ Ye still might move unthought-of and unseen,
 ‘ But oh ! how vain, how wretched is the boast
 ‘ Of beauty faded, and of empire lost !
 ‘ What now is left but weeping, to deplore
 ‘ My beauty fled, and empire now no more !
 ‘ Ye, cruel chymists, what with-held your aid !
 ‘ Could no pomatums save a trembling maid ?
 ‘ How false and trifling is that art ye boast ;
 ‘ No art can give me back my beauty lost !

- ‘ In tears, surrounded by my friends I lay,
 ‘ Mask’d o’er, and trembled at the sight of day ;
 ‘ MIRMILIO came my fortune to deplore,
 ‘ (A golden-headed cane well carv’d he bore)
 ‘ Cordials, he cry’d, my spirits must restore :
 ‘ Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more !
 ‘ GALEN, the grave ; officious SQUIRT, was there,
 ‘ With fruitless grief and unavailing care :
 ‘ MACHAON too, the great MACHAON, known
 ‘ By his red cloak and his superior frown ;
 ‘ And why, he cry’d, this grief and this despair ?
 ‘ You shall again be well, again be fair ;
 ‘ Believe my oath ; (with that an oath he swore)
 ‘ False was his oath ; my beauty is no more !
 ‘ Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale pursue,
 ‘ Forfake mankind, and bid the world adieu !
 ‘ Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway ;
 ‘ All strive to serve, and glory to obey :
 ‘ Alike unpitied when depos’d they grow,
 ‘ Men mock the idol of their former vow.
 ‘ Adieu ! ye parks !— in some obscure recess,
 ‘ Where gentle streams will weep at my distress,
 ‘ Where no false friend will in my grief take part,
 ‘ And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart ;
 ‘ There let me live in some deserted place,
 ‘ There hide in shades this lost inglorious face.

Ye operas, circles, I no more must view !

My toilette, patches, all the world adieu !

EPISTLE from ARTHUR GREY, the
Footman, after his Condemnation for
attempting a Rape.

By the Same.

READ, lovely nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wish, nor you to dread :

I ask not life, for life to me were vain,

And death a refuge from severer pain.

My only hope in these last lines I try ;

I would be pitied, and I then would die.

Long had I liv'd as sordid as my fate,

Nor curs'd the destiny that made me wait

A servile slave : content with homely food,

The gross instinct of appetite pursued :

Youth gave me sleep at night and warmth of blood.

Ambition yet had never touch'd my breast ;

My lordly master knew no sounder rest ;

With labour healthy, in obedience blest.

But when I saw—oh ! had I never seen

That wounding softness, that engaging mien !

The mist of wretched education flies,
 Shame, fear, desire, despair and love arise,
 The new creation of those beauteous eyes.
 But yet that love pursued no guilty aim,
 Deep in my heart I hid the secret flame.
 I never hop'd my fond desire to tell,
 And all my wishes were to serve you well.
 Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your command,
 And kiss'd the letters giv'n me by your hand.
 How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
 Present the sparkling wine, or change the plate!
 How when you sung, my soul devour'd the sound,
 And every sense was in the rapture drown'd!
 Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move;
 —You knew not that stupidity was love!
 But oh! the torment not to be express'd,
 The grief, the rage, the hell that fir'd this breast,
 When my great rivals, in embroid'ry gay,
 Sate by your side, or led you from the play.
 I still contriv'd near as I could to stand,
 (The flambeau trembled in my shaking hand)
 I saw, or thought I saw those fingers press'd,
 For thus their passion by my own I guess'd,
 And jealous fury all my soul possess'd.
 Like torrents, love and indignation meet,
 And madness wou'd have thrown me at your feet.

Turn, lovely nymph (for so I wou'd have said)
 Turn from those triflers who make love a trade ;
 This is true passion in my eyes you see ;
 They cannot, no—they cannot love like me.
 Frequent debauch has pall'd their sickly taste,
 Faint their desire, and in a moment past :
 They sigh not from the heart, but from the brain ;
 Vapours of vanity, and strong champagne.

Too dull to feel what forms, like yours, inspire,
 After long talking of their painted fire,
 To some lewd brothel they at night retire ;
 There pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charms,
 Enjoy your beauties in a strumpet's arms.

Such are the joys those toasters have in view,
 And such the wit and pleasure they pursue :
 —And is this love that ought to merit you ?

Each opera-night a new address begun,
 They swear to thousands what they swear to one.
 Not thus I sigh—but all my sighs are vain—
 Die, wretched ARTHUR, and conceal thy pain :
 'Tis impudence to wish, and madness to complain.

Fix'd on this view, my only hope of ease,
 I waited not the aid of slow disease :
 The keenest instruments of death I sought,
 And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.

This

This all the night—when I remember well,
 The charming tinkle of your morning bell !
 Fir'd by the sound, I hasten'd with your tea,
 With one last look to smooth the darksome way—
 But oh ! how dear that fatal look has cost !
 In that fond moment my resolves were lost.
 Hence all my guilt, and all your sorrows rise—
 I saw the languid softness of your eyes ;
 I saw the dear disorder of your bed ;
 Your cheek all glowing with a tempting red ;
 Your night-cloaths tumbled with resistless grace ;
 Your flowing hair play'd careless round your face ;
 Your night-gown fasten'd with a single pin ;
 —Fancy improv'd the wond'rous charms within !
 I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breast,
 And hardly, hardly I forbore the rest ;
 Eager to gaze, unsatisfy'd with sight,
 My head grew giddy with the near delight !
 —Too well you know the fatal following night !
 Th' extremest proof of my desire I give,
 And since you will not love, I will not live.
 Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
 Careless and fearless of the woes to come.
 But when you see me waver in the wind,
 My guilty flame extinct, my soul resign'd,

Sure

Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
 The cruel consequence of furious love.
 Think the bold wretch that cou'd so greatly dare,
 Was tender, faithful, ardent and sincere :
 Think when I held the pistol to your breast,
 Had I been of the world's large rule possess'd,
 That world had then been yours, and I been blest !
 Think that my life was quite below my care,
 Nor fear'd I any hell beyond despair —

If these reflections, tho' they seize you late,
 Give some compassion for your ARTHUR's fate :
 Enough you give, nor ought I to complain ;
 You pay my pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain !

The LOVER. A BALLAD.

To Mr. C——.

By the same.

I.

AT length, by so much importunity press'd,
 Take, C——, at once, the inside of my breast ;
 This stupid indiff'rence so often you blame,
 Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame.
 I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
 Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head. I

I know but too well how Time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

II.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh ! was there a man (but where shall I find
Good sense and good nature so equally join'd ?)
Wou'd value his pleasure, contribute to mine ;
Not meanly would boast, nor would lewdly design ;
Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,
For I would have the power, tho' not give the pain.

III.

No pedant, yet learned ; not rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, because he has nothing to say ;
To all my whole sex obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me.
In public preserve the decorum that's just,
And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust ;
Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
But not fulsomely pert, or foppishly low.

IV.

But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,
May ev'ry fond pleasure that moment endear ;
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear !

Forgetting

Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
 Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

V.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
 Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd,
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
 Whose kindness can sooth me, whose counsel can
 From such a dear lover as here I describe, [guide.
 No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe:
 But till this astonishing creature I know,
 As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

VI.

I never will share with the wanton coquet,
 Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
 The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
 But never shall enter the pass of my heart.
 I loath the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise:
 Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies;
 And as OVID has sweetly in parables told,
 We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

The

The LADY's RESOLVE.

*Written Extempore on a Window.**By the Same.*

WHilst thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame,
 In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim ;
 With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters crowd,
 Fond of a train, and happy in a croud ;
 On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,
 Each conquest owing to some loose advance ;
 While vain coquets affect to be pursued,
 And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd ;
 Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide ;
 In part she is to blame that has been try'd ;
 He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

The GENTLEMAN's Answer.

WHilst pretty fellows think a woman's fame
 In ev'ry state and ev'ry age the same ;
 With their own folly pleas'd, the fair they toast,
 And where they least are happy, swear they're most ;
 No

No difference making 'twixt coquet and prude ;
 And her that seems, yet is not really lewd ;
 While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,
 And taste no joys but what their fancies give ;
 Let this great maxim be my action's guide,
 May I ne'er hope, tho' I am ne'er deny'd ;
 Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd. }

An EPISTLE to Lord B——T.

By the same.

HOW happy you ! who vary'd joys pursue ;
 And every hour presents you something new !
 Plans, schemes, and models, all Palladio's art,
 For six long months have gain'd upon your heart :
 Of colonades, of corridors you talk,
 The winding stair-case, and the cover'd walk ;
 You blend the orders with Vitruvian toil,
 And raise with wond'rous joy the fancy'd pile :
 But the dull workman's slow-performing hand
 But coldly executes his lord's command.
 With dirt and mortar soon you grow displeas'd,
 Planting succeeds, and avenues are rais'd,

Canals

Canals are cut, and mountains level made ;
 Bowers of retreat, and galleries of shade :
 The shaven turf presents a lively green ;
 The bordering flow'rs in mystic knots are seen :
 With studied art on nature you refine,
 The spring beheld you warm in this design,
 But scarce the cold attacks your fav'rite trees,
 Your inclination fails, and wishes freeze.
 You quit the grove, so lately you admir'd ;
 With other views your eager hopes are fir'd.
 Post to the city you direct your way ;
 Not blooming paradise could bribe your stay :
 Ambition shews you power's brightest side,
 'Tis meanly poor in solitude to hide :
 Tho' certain pains attend the cares of state,
 A good man owes his country to be great ;
 Should act abroad the high distinguish'd part,
 Or shew at least the purpose of the heart.
 With thoughts like these the shining court you seek ;
 Full of new projects for almost a week ;
 You then despise the tinsel glittering snare ;
 Think vile mankind below a serious care :
 Life is too short for any distant aim ;
 And cold the dull reward of future fame :
 Be happy then, while yet you have to live ;
 And love is all the blessing heav'n can give.

Fir'd by new passion you address the fair ;
 Survey the opera as a gay paterre :
 Young Cloe's bloom had made you certain prize,
 But for a side-long glance from Celia's eyes :
 Your beating heart acknowledges her pow'r ;
 Your eager eyes her lovely form devour ;
 You feel the poison swelling in your breast,
 And all your soul by fond desire possess'd.
 In dying sighs a long three hours are past ;
 To some assembly with impatient haste,
 With trembling hope, and doubtful fear you move,
 Resolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your love :
 But there Belinda meets you on the stairs.
 Easy her shape, attracting all her airs ;
 A smile she gives, and with a smile can wound ;
 Her melting voice has music in the sound ;
 Her ev'ry motion wears resistless grace ;
 Wit in her mien, and pleasure in her face :
 Here while you vow eternity of love,
 Cloe and Celia unregarded move.

Thus on the sands of Afric's burning plains,
 However deeply made, no long impress remains ;
 The lightest leaf can leave its figure there ;
 The strongest form is scatter'd by the air.

So

So yielding the warm temper of your mind,
 So touch'd by every eye, so tost by wind ;
 Oh ! how unlike the heav'n my soul design'd !
 Unseen, unheard, the throng around me move ;
 Not wishing praise, insensible of love :
 No whispers soften, nor no beauties fire ;
 Careless I see the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.

So num'rous herds are driven o'er the rock ;
 No print is left of all the passing flock :
 So sings the wind around the solid stone :
 So vainly beat the waves with fruitless moan.
 Tedious the toil, and great the workman's care,
 Who dare attempt to fix impressions there :
 But should some swain more skillfull than the rest,
 Engrave his name upon this marble breast,
 Not rolling ages cou'd deface that name ;
 Through all the storms of life 'tis still the same :
 Tho' length of years with moss may shade the ground,
 Deep, tho' unseen, remains the secret wound.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

To *MARY*, Queen of *SCOTS*.

Design'd to be spoken by Mrs *OLDFIELD*.

WHAT cou'd luxurious woman wish for more,
To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r ?

Their ev'ry wish was in this Mary seen,

Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen !

Vain useles bleffings with ill conduct join'd !

Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.

Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,

Beauty, what poor omnipotence hast thou !

Queen Bess had wisdom, council, power, and laws :

How few espous'd a wretched beauty's cause !

Learn hence, ye fair, more solid charms to prize,

Contemn the idle flatt'ers of your eyes.

The brightest object shines but while 'tis new ;

That influence lessens by familiar view.

Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway,

All strive to serve, and glory to obey :

Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow,

Men mock the idol of their former vow.

Two great examples have been shown to-day,
 To what sure ruin passion does betray ;
 What long repentance to short joys is due ;
 When reason rules, what glory does ensue.

If you will love, love like Eliza then ;
 Love for amusement, like those traytors men.
 Think that the pastime of a leisure hour
 She favour'd oft—but never shar'd her pow'r.
 The traveller by desert wolves pursu'd,
 If by his art the savage foe's subdu'd,
 The world will still the noble act applaud,
 Tho' victory was gain'd by needful fraud.

Such is, my tender sex, our helpless case ;
 And such the barbarous heart, hid by the begging face,
 By passion fir'd, and not withheld by shame,
 They cruel hunters are ; we, trembling game.
 Trust me, dear ladies, (for I know 'em well)
 They burn to triumph, and they sigh to tell :
 Cruel to them that yield, Cullies to them that sell.
 Believe me, 'tis by far the wiser course,
 Superior art should meet superior force :
 Hear, but be faithful to your int'rest still :
 Secure your hearts—then fool with who you will.

A RECEIPT to Cure the VAPOURS.

Written to Lady J———N.

By the Same.

I.

WH Y will Delia thus retire,
And languish life away ?
While the fighting crowd admire,
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea.

II.

All those dismal looks and fretting,
Cannot Damon's life restore ;
Long ago the worms have eat him,
You can never see him more.

III.

Once again consult your toilet,
In the glass your face review :
So much weeping soon will spoil it,
And no spring your charms renew.

IV.

I like you was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean :
The disease, alas ! is common,
Single, we have all the Spleen.

V.

V.

All the morals that they tell us,
 Never cur'd the sorrow yet :
 Chuse, among the pretty fellows,
 One of humour, youth, and wit.

VI.

Prithee hear him every morning,
 At the least an hour or two ;
 Once again at night returning,
 I believe the dose will do.

GENIUS, VIRTUE, and REPUTATION.

A F A B L E.

From Mons. DE LA MOTTE. Book V. Fable 6.

AS GENIUS, VIRTUE, REPUTATION,
 Three worthy friends, o'er all the nation
 Agreed to roam ; then pass the seas,
 And visit Italy and Greece :
 By travel to improve their parts,
 And learn the languages and arts ;

Not like our modern fops and beaus,
To improve the pattern of their cloaths :

Thus GENIUS said ;—“ Companions dear,
“ To what I speak, incline an ear.
“ Some chance, perhaps, may us divide ;
“ Let us against the worst provide,
“ And give some sign, by which to find
“ A friend thus lost, or left behind.
“ For me, if cruel fate should ever
“ Me and my dear companions sever,
“ Go, seek me 'midst the walls of Rome,
“ At Angelo's or Raphael's tomb ;
“ Or else at Virgil's sacred shrine,
“ Lamenting with the mournful nine.”

Next VIRTUE, pausing ;—(for she knew
The places were but very few,
Where she could fairly hope to stay
Till her companions came that way ;)

“ Pass by, she cry'd, the court, the ball,
“ The masquerade and carnival,
“ Where all in false disguise appear,
“ But Vice, whose face is ever bare ;
“ 'Tis ten to one, I am not there.
“ CÆLIA, the lovli'st maid on earth !
“ I've been her friend, e'er since her birth ;

“ Per-

“ Perfection in her person charms,
 “ And virtue all her bosom warms ;
 “ A matchless pattern for the fair ;
 “ Her dwelling seek, you’ll find me there.
 Cry’d REPUTATION ; “ I, like you,
 “ Had once a soft companion too ;
 “ As fair her person, and her fame,
 “ And COQUETTISA was her name.
 “ Ten thousand lovers swell’d her train ;
 “ Ten thousand lovers sigh’d in vain :
 “ Where e’er she went, the dangles came ;
 “ Yet still I was her favourite flame.
 “ Till once,—(’twas at the publick show)
 “ The play being done, we rose to go ;
 “ A thing, who long had ey’d the fair,
 “ His neck stiff-yoak’d in solitare,
 “ With clean white gloves, first made approach,
 “ Then begg’d to lead her to her coach :
 “ She smil’d, and gave her lilly hand ;
 “ Away they trip’d it to the Strand :
 “ A hackney-coach receiv’d the pair,
 “ They went to———but, I won’t tell where.
 “ Then lost she Reputation quite.
 “ Friends, take example from that night,
 “ And never leave me from your sight.

“ For, oh ! if cruel fate intends
 “ Ever to part me from my friends,
 “ Think that I’m dead ; my death deplore,
 “ But never hope to see me more !
 “ In vain you’ll search the world around ;
 “ Lost Reputation’s never to be found.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE:

O R

The Two SPARROWS. A Fable.

From *Monsieur de la Motte*, Book iv. Fable 21.

A Grove there was, by nature made,
 Of trees that form’d a pleasing shade ;
 Where warbled, ever free from care,
 The wing’d musicians of the air.
 Here tun’d the Nightingale her throat ;
 The Thrush there thrill’d her piercing note ;
 The Finch, Lark, Linnet, all agree
 To join the sylvan harmony.

Two amorous Sparrows chose this place ;
 The softest of the feather’d race :

The

The MARS and VENUS of the grove ;
 Less fam'd for singing, than for love.
 The songsters warbled sweet ; while they,
 As sweetly, bill'd their time away.
 So closely seated were the two,
 Together you wou'd think they grew :
 The twig was slender, where they sat,
 And bent beneath their little weight ;
 But scarcely in their lives was known
 To bear the one, when one was flown.
 When hunger call'd, they left the wood,
 Together sought the field for food ;
 When thirsty, in the shallow rills
 Together dipt their little bills.
 When PHŒBUS sitting in the west,
 And thick'ning shades invite to rest,
 They homeward bent their mutual flight :
 Thus pass'd their day, thus pass'd their night.
 The castle, where these lovers lay,
 Was in a hollow oak, they say :
 There, side by side, all night they kept,
 Together wak'd, together slept :
 And, mixing amorous disport,
 They made their winter-evenings short.
 Tho' free 'twas left to either's mind,
 To chuse a mate from all their kind,

She only lov'd the loving he ;
 He only lov'd the lovely she.

Pure JOY, poor mortals seldom find
 Her footman, SORROW, waits behind :
 And FATE impartial deals to all
 The honey'd potion mixt with gall.
 This pair, on an unhappy day,
 Too far together chanc'd to stray :
 Benighted, and with snares beset,
 Our MARS and VENUS in a net,
 Alas ! were caught.—O change of state !
 A little cage is now their fate.
 No more they seek the spacious grove ;
 No more they burn with mutual love :
 Their passion changes with their life ;
 And soon they fall from love to strife.
 Their little souls with growing rage
 High swell ; they flutter round the cage :
 Forget the slender twig, where late
 Close side by side in love they sate ;
 One perch is now too small to hold
 The fiery mate and chirping scold :
 They peck each other o'er their food ;
 And thirst to drink each other's blood.
 Two cages must the pair divide ;
 Or death the quarrel will decide.

A picture this, of human life !
 The modern husband, and the wife.
 Who e'er in courtship saw a pair,
 So kind as he, as she so fair ?
 The kisses that they gave each other,
 You'd think had seal'd their lips together.
 Each vows to each a mutual flame ;
 And dreams, 'twill always last the same ;
 But fix them once in HYMEN's chains,
 And each alternately complains.
 The honey-moon is scarce declin'd,
 But all the honey of their mind
 Is gone ; and leaves the sting behind. }
 The scene of love is vanisht quite :
 They pout, grow peevish, scold, and fight.
 Two tables feed each parted guest ;
 Two beds receive the pair to rest :
 And law alone can end the strife,
 With separate-maintenance for life.

An INSCRIPTION

Quercus loquitur.

O YE!

WHO by retirement to these sacred groves
 Impregnate fancy, and on thought divine
 Build harmony—If sudden glow your breast
 With inspiration, and the rapt'rous song
 Bursts from a mind unconscious whence it sprang :
 —Know that the sisters of these hallow'd haunts,
 Dryad or Hamadryad, tho' no more
 From Jove to man prophetic truths they sing ;
 Are still attendant on the lonely bard,
 Who step by step these silent woods among
 Wanders contemplative, lifting the soul
 From lower cares, by every whispering breeze
 Tun'd to poetic mood ; and fill the mind
 With truths oracular, themselves of old
 Deign'd utter from the Dodonean shrine.

The

The H A P P Y M A N.

HE's not the Happy Man, to whom is given
 A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven ;
 Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
 And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes ;
 Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
 And all the various bounty of the year ;
 Whose vallies smile, whose gardens breathe the Spring,
 Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing ;
 For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
 While his full cellars give their generous wines ;
 From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
 A golden tide, into his swelling stores :
 Whose Winter laughs ; for whom the liberal gales
 Stretch the big sheet, and toiling Commerce fails ;
 When yielding crouds attend, and Pleasure serves ;
 While youth, and health, and vigour string his nerves,
 Even not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
 Can make the Happy Man, without the Mind
 Where Judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
 The chain of Reason with unerring Gaze ;
 Where Fancy lives, and to the bright'ning eyes,
 Bids fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise ;

Where social Love exerts her soft command,
 And plays the Passions with a tender hand,
 Whence every Virtue flows, in rival strife,
 And all the moral Harmony of life.

Nor canst thou, D—D—N, this truth decline,
 Thine is the Fortune, and the Mind is thine.

H Y M N on S O L I T U D E.

H A I L, ever-pleasing Solitude!
 Companion of the wise, and good!
 But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
 The herd of fools, and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk!
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk;
 Which innocence, and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
 And still in every shape you please;
 Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
 A lone Philosopher you seem;

Now

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
 And now you sweep the vaulted sky,
 And Nature triumphs in your eye:
 Then strait again you court the shade,
 And pining, hang the pensive head.
 A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
 And warble forth your oaten strain.
 A lover now, with all the grace
 Of that sweet passion in your face!
 Then, soft-divided, you assume
 The gentle-looking H—d's bloom,
 As, with her PHILOMELA, she,
 (Her PHILOMELA fond of thee)
 Amid the long withdrawing vale,
 Awakes the rival'd Nightingale.
 A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
 And still in every shape you please.

Thine is th' unbounded breath of morn,
 Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
 And while meridian fervors beat,
 Thine is the woodland's dumb retreat;
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,
 And the faint landkip swims away,
 Thine is the doubtful dear decline,
 And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending

Descending angels bless thy train,
 The Virtues of the sage, and swain ;
 Plain Innocence in white array'd,
 And Contemplation rears the head ;
 Religion, with her awful brow,
 And rapt URANIA waits on you.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
 And in thy deep recesses dwell ;
 For ever with thy raptures fir'd,
 For ever from the world retir'd ;
 Nor by a mortal seen, save he
 A LYCIDAS, or LYCON be.

ODE to WISDOM.

By a L A D Y.

THE solitary bird of night
 Thro' the thick shades now wings his flight,
 And quits his time-shook tow'r ;
 Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
 In philosophic gloom he lay,
 Beneath his ivy bow'r.
 With joy I hear the solemn sound,
 Which midnight echoes waft around,
 And sighing gales repeat.
 Fav'rite of PALLAS ! I attend,
 And, faithful to thy summons, bend
 At WISDOM's awful seat.

She

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
 Where no false shews of life deceive,
 Beneath the lunar ray.

Here folly drops each vain disguise,
 Nor sport her gaily-colour'd dyes,
 As in the beam of day.

O PALLAS ! queen of ev'ry art,
 That glads the sense, and mends the heart,
 Blest source of purer joys :

In every form of beauty bright,
 That captivates the mental sight

With pleasure and surprize :
 At thy unspotted shrine I bow :
 Attend thy modest suppliant's vow,

That breathes no wild desires :
 But taught by thy unerring rules,
 To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
 To nobler views aspires.

Not FORTUNE's gem, AMBITION's plume,
 Nor CYTHEREA's fading bloom,

Be objects of my pray'r :
 Let AV'RICE, VANITY, and PRIDE,
 Those envy'd glitt'ring toys divide,
 The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
 Each moral beauty of the heart,
 By studious thoughts refin'd ;
 For WEALTH, the smiles of glad content,
 For POW'R, it's amplest, best extent,
 An empire o'er my mind.
 When FORTUNE drops her gay parade,
 When PLEASURE's transient roses fade,
 And wither in the tomb,
 Unchang'd is thy immortal prize ;
 Thy ever verdant laurels rise
 In undecaying bloom.
 By thee protectèd, I defy
 The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lye
 Of ignorance and spite :
 Alike contemn the leaden fool,
 And all the pointed ridicule
 Of undiscerning Wit.
 From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
 The dull impertinence of life,
 In thy retreat I rest :
 Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
 Where PLATO's sacred spirit roves,
 In all thy beauties drest,

He

He bade Ilissus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme,

Of Perfect, Fair, and Good :

Attentive Athens caught the sound,

And all her list'ning sons around,

In awful silence stood :

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth

Confess'd the potent voice of TRUTH,

And felt its just controul.

The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,

And Virtue's soft persuasive charms,

O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the POET's song,

The PATRIOT's free, unbias'd tongue,

The HERO's gen'rous strife ;

Thine are Retirement's silent joys,

And all the sweet engaging ties

Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled Names confin'd,

To the supreme all-perfect mind

My thoughts direct their flight :

Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force

From thee deriv'd, eternal source

Of intellectual light.

O send her sure, her steady ray,
 To regulate my doubtful way,
 Thro' life's perplexing road :
 The mists of error to controul,
 And thro' its gloom direct my soul
 To happiness and good.
 Beneath her clear discerning eye
 The visionary shadows fly
 Of folly's painted show :
 She sees thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
 That all but VIRTUE's solid joys
 Are vanity and woe.

To a GENTLEMAN,

On his intending to cut down a GROVE,
 to enlarge his Prospect.

By the Same.

IN plaintive sounds, that tun'd to woe
 The sadly-fighting breeze,
 A weeping HAMADRYAD mourn'd
 Her fate-devoted trees.

Ah!

Ah ! stop thy sacrilegious hand,
 Nor violate the shade,
 Where nature form'd a silent haunt
 For Contemplation's aid.
 Can'st thou, the son of science, bred
 Where learned Isis flows,
 Forget that, nurs'd in shelt'ring groves,
 The Grecian genius rose?
 Within the Plantane's spreading shade,
 Immortal PLATO taught;
 And fair LYCEUM form'd the depth
 Of ARISTOTLE's thought.
 To Latian groves reflect thy views,
 And bless the Tuscan gloom ;
 Where Eloquence deplor'd the fate
 Of Liberty and Rome.
 Retir'd beneath the Beechen shade,
 From each inspiring bough
 The muses wove th' unfading wreathes,
 That circled VIRGIL's brow.
 Reflect, before the fatal ax
 My threaten'd doom has wrought ;
 Nor sacrifice to sensual taste
 The nobler growth of thought ;

Not

Not all the glowing fruits that blush,
 On India's sunny coast,
 Can recompense thee for the worth
 Of one idea lost.
 My shade a produce may supply,
 Unknown to solar fire;
 And what excludes APOLLO's rage,
 Shall harmonize his lyre.

ODE to a WATER-NYMPH.

YE green-hair'd nymphs! whom PAN allows
 To tend this sweetly-solemn * Wood,
 To speed the shooting scions into boughs,
 And call the roseate blossoms from the bud;
 But chief, thou NAIAD, wont so long to lead
 This fluid crystal sparkling as it flows:
 Whither, ah! whither art thou fled?
 What shade is conscious to thy woes?
 Ah! 'tis yon poplar's awful gloom;
 Poetic eyes can pierce the scene,

Can

* A seat near * * finely situated with a great command of water, but dispos'd in a very false taste, which gave occasion to this Ode.

Can see thy drooping head, thy with'ring bloom,
See grief diffus'd o'er all thy languid mein.

Well may'st thou wear misfortune's fainting air,
Well rend those flow'ry honours from thy brow,
Devolve that length of careless hair,

And give yon azure veil to flow

Loose to the wind. For ah ! thy pain

The pitying Muse can well relate :

Ah ! let her, plaintive, pour the tend'rest strain,
To teach the Echoes thy disastrous fate.

'Twas where the alder's close-knit shade entwin'd
(What time the dog-star's fires intensely burn,)

In gentlest indolence reclin'd,

Beside your ever-trickling urn

You slept serene ; all free from fears,

No friendly dream foretold your harm,

When sudden, see ! the tyrant Art appears

To snatch the liquid treasures from thy arm.

Art, Gothic art, has seiz'd thy darling vase,

That vase which silver-slipper'd Thetis gave

For some soft story told with grace,

Amid th' associates of the wave ;

When in sequester'd coral vales,

While worlds of waters roll'd above,

The

The circling sea-nymphs told alternate tales
Of fabled changes, and of slighted love.

Ah ! loss too justly mourn'd ! for now the fiend
Has on yon shell-wrought terras pois'd it high,

And thence he bids its streams descend,

With torturing regularity ;

From step to step with sullen sound

The forc'd cascades indignant leap,

Till pent they fill the basin's measur'd round,

There in a dull stagnation doom'd to sleep.

Lost is the vocal pebble's gurgling song,

The rill soft-dripping from its rocky spring,

No free Mæander winds along,

Or curls, when Zephyr waves his wing.

These charms, alas ! are now no more —

Fortune, oh ! give me to redeem

The ravish'd vase ; oh ! give me to restore

Its pristine honors to this hapless stream !

Then, nymph, again, with all their native ease,

Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,

Shall wildly warble, as they please,

Their soft loquacious harmony.

Where-e'er they vagrant chuse to rove,

There will I lead, not force their way,

Whe-

Whether to gloom beneath the shadowy grove,
 Or in the mead reflect the sparkling ray.
 Not HAGLEY's various stream shall thine surpass,
 Tho' Nature, and her LYTTELTON ordain
 That there the NAIAD band shou'd grace
 With ev'ry wat'ry charm the plain ;
 That there the frequent rills shou'd roll,
 And health to ev'ry flow'r dispense,
 Free as their master pours from all his soul
 The gen'rous tide of warm benevolence ;
 Shou'd now glide sweetly plaintive thro' the vale
 In melting murmurs querulously flow ;
 Soft as that master's love-lorn tale,
 When LUCY calls forth all his woe :
 Shou'd now from steepy heights descend,
 Deep thund'ring the rough-rocks among,
 Loud as the praise applauding senates lend,
 When England's cause inspires his glowing tongue.





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